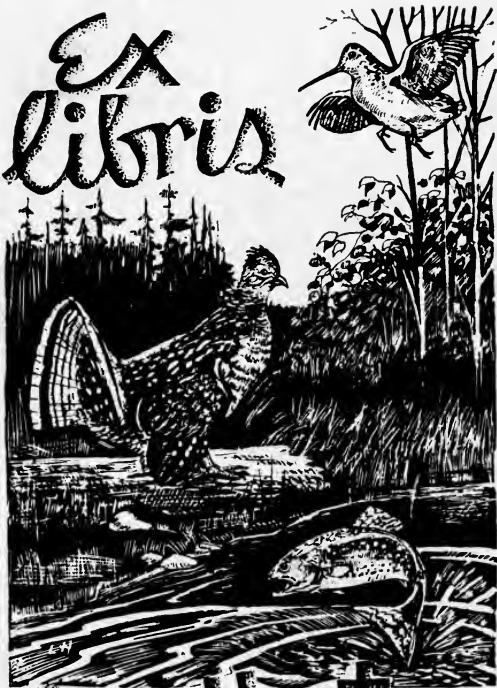


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HINTS ON ANGLING.

LONDON:
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HINTS ON ANGLING,

WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR

ANGLING EXCURSIONS IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM,

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED SOME
BRIEF NOTICES

OF THE

English, Scottish, and Irish Waters.

BY

PALMER HACKLE, ESQ.

Palmer Hackle, Esq.

"When with his lively ray the potent Sun
Has pierced the streams and roused the finny race,
Then, rising cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light on ether bear the shadowy clouds."—THOMPSON.

LONDON:

W. W. ROBINSON, 69, FLEET STREET.

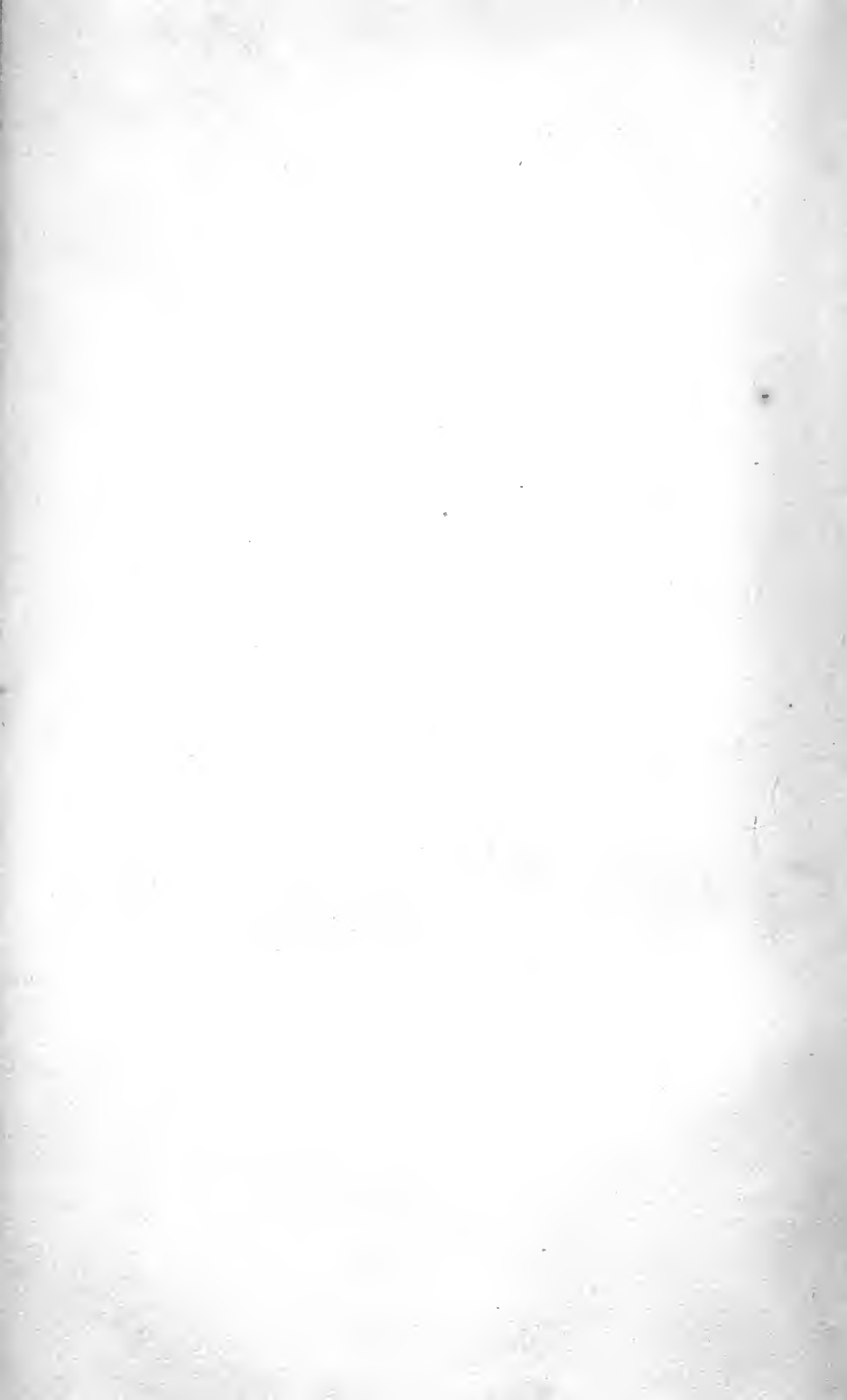
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TO THE
YOUNG ANGLERS OF ENGLAND,
(A NOBLE AND ADVENTUROUS RACE,)

The following Pages
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

GENTLE reader, let us have a quiet *tête-à-tête* with you for a few short minutes. We take you, like an old and tried friend, by the button of your coat, and coolly lead you into our small *sanctum*, to tell you our private notions, and thoughts, and fancies, concerning this little work of ours, which we entreat you to read, and of course advise you to buy.

Now, don't fidget about, pray; but seat yourself snugly in an author's easy chair, and listen with partial patience, if you please, to our light gossip. After all, you must allow there is nothing like a quiet private confab with a dear and kind friend. Scarcely anything can excel—few merely social matters can equal—the truthful

concord of warm hearts and full heads; the kind sidelong turning up of the patient anxious ear; the gentle half-whisper of smiling consent and regard; whilst all the time the merry fire is blazing and crackling with the brisk clearness of a frosty season; the candles are shining brightly, the windows closely shut; the bottles and glasses sparkling on the table; the kettle bubbling and singing, and steaming on the hob; and, in short everything seeming to urge the cosey settlers, in such a pleasant and happy fix, to do nothing but “talk—talk—talk.”

Well, we have been rambling up and down in France and Belgium for many years; with our rod in our hand, and fishing-basket on our back, dropping a line in this canal, or that river, and throwing the light fly on the surface of yon pebbly stream; some days sporting with the bright tiny bleak; on others with the greedy pike; and oftentimes with the dazzling salmon and the playful trout. We have trudged over hill and dale, mountain and valley, and through city and village, with great glee and some profit, both to our bodily frame and mental powers; and

dreaming that every human being who is worth his salt should be an angler; we have bethought ourselves that we might venture, without even the show of pride, to take upon ourselves the task of telling the world the result of our rambles. We have no vain object to serve; no latent spirit of envy to appease; no sordid purpose to answer. We have a warm feeling towards all writers on angling, both ancient and modern; and our only desire is that the world will not think us too bold and proud, if we presume to throw our own sayings and doings and gleanings, into the common stock of angling, knowledge, and peaceful pleasure.

We confess we feel a great deal of bashful shyness, in thus doffing our cap in the face of the great names who have gone before us as authors on rod-fishing; but still we take courage from the thought, that there is more of the true milk of human kindness in the veins of anglers, than in those of any other class of human beings. What errors, therefore, either of language, plan, notion, or feeling we may have fallen into, will, we trust, be kindly and fairly passed over, as

things that belong to our very nature as human and erring creatures.

The world, now-a-days, seems all alive and full of bustle; and we have long foreseen that vast numbers of people, will, in future years, flock over from England to France and Belgium, and other not very distant countries. This view of things has been to us a strong motive for printing our book; because we wished to furnish our fishing friends with such a guide as would render their visits to these countries pleasant and full of sport. On those parts of France and Belgium, which lie along the coast nearest to England, or are close to it, we have been more minute in what we have said, than on those places which are more distant and remote from the shores of Britain; because the latter are not so often seen by the angler who rambles but for a short time in these foreign lands. But, we trust, that on whatever side he may enter into France or Belgium, he will find the rivers near the spot sketched out and treated of, with such care and pains, as will make his progress along the smaller streams he may visit at once easy

and rapid. There is no river of any note forgotten or passed over in the wide range which our subject includes.

The plan of our book differs from that of any other we have met with on a kindred subject; but we hope it will be looked upon as founded on good logic, and the very nature of things. We have four leading parts—the *first* treats of fish and their natures and instincts; the *second* of the kinds of tackle and baits used in catching them; and the *third* and *fourth* of those countries, rivers, and streams within the scope of our work where they are to be found.

Our object has been to make our treatise useful, both as a common fishing-book, and also as a partial guide to the districts and countries to which we desire to direct the views of the British angler.

No excuse need be made, we hope, for the slight notice we have sometimes taken of subjects not closely allied to the art of angling. We have glanced at them from an idea, that the angler in France or Belgium would be more or less a lively, well-taught, thinking person, with a mind

open to such things as might, from their nature, be fitted to employ and improve a fleeting moment in his casual ramblings.

As we do not profess to be anything beyond mere simple anglers, we enter into no learned and subtle account of our finny friends, leaving such fine statements, couched as they often are in Anglo-Greek or bastard Latin, to the forward children of science who are growing up so fast on all sides.

And, now, kind and patient reader, having said thus much in our prattling style, by way of "getting your ear," as it is called in the language of the very cunning ones, and thus creating some previous feeling in our favour, we request you will turn your eye upon the next leaf, and do us the honour to muse awhile on those varied themes, which we have thrown about, somewhat at random it may be, in the pages of our Introduction.

HINTS ON ANGLING,

ETC., ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

“ALL Fish,” says old Caspar Schwenkfeld, in his *Therio Trophæum Silesiæ*, “by reason of the nature and custom of the elements from which they have sprung and derive their virtue, and on account of their cold and gelatinous nature, are very difficult of digestion. They also generate cold and phlegmatic blood, from whence many similar grievous disorders date their origin; for they weaken the nerves, and prepare them for paralysis: and as they injure the more cold and damp stomach, so, on the contrary, they greatly benefit the more bilious and warm.”*

Whether a London alderman, or any other distinguished gourmand, revelling on the delicate white flesh of the rich turbot, or gloating over the rosy charms of the luscious salmon, with their approved delicious and appetising sauces, would be inclined to subscribe to the opinion of the old Prussian physician, is a problem of

* Edition, Leipsic, 1603.

very easy solution. The illustrious gastronome who can placidly pack away six pounds* of fat flesh messed up into that apoplectic compound, called turtle soup, previous to a more elaborate and *Warner-like* attack on the venison and other important and insinuating viviers, is not a likely subject to be frightened from his piggish propriety by the lucubrations of a silly old foreign physician, who never dined at a city feast, and could not explain the recondite harmonies which subsist between the velvet calipash and the verdant calipee. Fish will, indeed, continue to be devoured in spite of medicinal prognostics, and sanatory suggestions; and as it is to be presumed, they must first be caught before they can be eaten, the art of catching them will still attract the attention of, and exercise an influence over, a very large portion of mankind.

There are few men who are not fond of fishing in some shape or other. Some spend the best years of life in fishing for position and preferment; not unfrequently in disturbed and dirty waters, belying their own consciences, and trampling on the rights and hopes of their fellow-men. Some fish for money, pelf, dross; indifferent as to the manner how, unscrupulous as to the means employed; most commonly in other people's pockets, regardless alike of widows' tears and orphans' wrongs. Others again, with sleek exterior and elongated visage and pious phrase, disguise the sharp hooks of their sensuality and worldliness, under insinuating baits, gathered amidst the glories of futurity and anointed with the unguents of eternity, to beguile the feeble and unwary, and to extract from other

* See Kitchener's Cook's Oracle, "small receipt for turtle soup"; or Cobbett's Register for August, 1808.

men's awakened fears, or the misdirection of their best affections, the solid enjoyments of a fleeting scene which they affect to despise, whose harmless pleasures arouse their holy indignation and kindle up their religious zeal. Mankind, in fact, are angling in one direction or another through all the various walks in life; and it is perhaps beyond a question, that the veritable angler—the enthusiast of “the gentle craft,”—who treads the margin of the mountain-stream, or paces the placid meadows, or muses by the babbling waterfall, and seems to steep his spirit in the vast ocean of heavenly blue which gushes out from the deep fountains of the sky, is more harmlessly, and intellectually, and therefore more rationally, employed, than all the others put together. His innocent pleasures are founded on no man's wrongs; his enjoyments cost no bitter and unavailing tears; his luxuries are purchased at no fearful price of human sweat and blood; his wealth is not wrenched from the stores of the feeble, nor wrung from the pittances of the wretched; nature pours out for him with lavish hand the secret abundance of her inexhaustible treasury; and rich, in her pure and sinless gifts, his soul swells with the sublimest gratitude, and holds dread converse in its trembling joy with the Infinite and Eternal.

Old Izaak Walton has a budget of odd, quaint fancies, about the origin and antiquity of fishing. Following, it may be presumed, some antiquated fabulist, he imagines that Seth was the first who devoted himself to the gentle art; that he taught it to his children, and bequeathed it to mankind at large, by engraving the method, in common with music and other arts, on the large pillars which he is supposed to have erected, and which, surviving the

havoc of the universal deluge, preserved the knowledge of these arts for the immediate descendants of Noah. These dim traditions—for which old Izaak has been undeservedly sneered at by one of his commentators—may or may not be the mere dreams of old enthusiasm ; but there can be little doubt, that fishing, like hunting, must necessarily have been practised at a very early period for the purposes of mere animal subsistence, before the other arts of life could possibly have been called into existence. Some have supposed that all these matters, like the knowledge of God, were revelations to the first man ; and truly there seems to be no insurmountable difficulty in the way of adopting this solution. The arts of fishing, hunting, and even mining, with many others, are spoken of in Job and Genesis, not in a formal and stately manner, as if announcing a new or recent discovery, but purely as a matter of course, as a mode of illustrating the subject in hand, by a plain allusion to practices familiar to the reader, and perfectly intelligible to every body. Spinning, weaving, mining, coining, working in iron and brass, making spears, swords, hooks, etc., etc., appear to have been as common in the days of Abraham and Job, as at this hour ; and the fourth only in descent from Cain, is called the father of those who are recorded in the fourth chapter of Genesis as being eminent for their excellence in particular arts. The germs, the first faint principles of this species of knowledge, might be communicated to the first man by a special revelation, which would be left to man's own ingenuity and dexterity to expand and improve ; and, indeed, a high degree of excellence, a vast improvement in these matters, seems to have been effected as early as the fifth in descent from Adam. If the harp and the organ, at present the noblest

instruments of modern science, however rude and imperfect in their earlier structure, yielded up their secret harmonies to the touch of Jubal ; if the crude and unmanageable iron and tin became elastic and obedient in the hands of Tubal Cain ; why may we not suppose that suitable instruments for hunting and fishing, those very first employments of the noble fathers of our race, would be invented and adapted with all speed, for such an important and, indeed, necessary purpose ?

In the days of Moses, we know the Israelites ate freely of fish (which was served up with cucumbers as salmon is at present), in the land of Egypt, as is recorded in the eleventh chapter of Numbers ; and through the works of the later prophets continual allusions are made to the practice of fishing, and the implements, such as nets, hooks, etc., employed in the process. It is recorded of the great Solomon, that he “spake of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of *fishes* ;” and we may well regret the loss of these works, as a book on angling by the wisest of men would have been a treasure indeed. That the art was sufficiently common in the days of the Saviour, must be obvious to the most casual reader of the New Testament ; and it has always appeared somewhat extraordinary and suggestive to our minds, that the greatest revolution the world has ever witnessed—the greatest change which has ever been effected on human society, and which is destined to advance and increase, until all mankind shall share the benefits of its influence, both in this world and in another state of being, was brought about by the agency of a few poor fishermen. It would seem as if the innocency and harmlessness of their gentle occupation had acted as a becoming preparation for that life of gentleness and charity, and purity and benevolence,

which was to distinguish them above all men, and give them their glorious pre-eminence in the universal church of Christ.

As we descend the stream of time, we find the Greeks and Romans, as well as all the people of the wide East, in the full practice and approval of the art of fishing, not merely as a means of livelihood, but as a source of recreation and pleasure. The ancient Athenians had a law about the sale of fish, which might be adopted with advantage by the sage gourmands who preside over the rules which regulate the London markets. "Fishmongers," says the Greek law, "shall not lay their stinking fish in water, thereby to make it more vendible." And again, "that fishmonger shall incur punishment, who shall over-rate his fish, and take less than he first proffered them for." The Romans held fish in the highest estimation; and the accounts which have descended to us of their magnificence and extravagance, in breeding and preserving them for the purposes of luxury and recreation, are scarcely credible. In later times, the attention of the legislators of Europe has been frequently directed to the subject; and the gentle art for centuries ranked amongst the necessary accomplishments of the finished gentleman. In our own day, the love of the craft seems to have lost none of its old ardour and influence; and, despite the sneer of shallow pride, or the smirk of pompous dulness, the votaries of the angle still bid fair to be as numerous and enthusiastic as during any former period. In England, the taste for this healthy, rational, and innocent enjoyment, increases every day; and in France, the enactment of a wise law on the subject, secures an abundance of sport for the fair and genuine angler, the hater of nets and traps, and trimmers and ground baits, the veritable

enthusiast, who loves to wander in the free air and wide champaign, and relies for success solely on his own patience, dexterity, and skill.

To gratify this peculiar taste, so universal, as to be almost natural, books on fishing, on the habits and haunts of fish, and on the most approved methods of catching them, have of late years issued from the press as "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa;" and the avidity with which they are bought up, and their contents devoured with delight by both old and young, incontestably proves that the gentle art has lost none of its attractions, even amongst the false maxims and affected superiority of modern civilisation.

We have perused most of the books on Angling, which have teemed from the press within the last five and thirty years; but without passing any judgment on their general or particular merits, we confess we have still an unalloyed fondness for dear old Izaak Walton. Taking all things into consideration, he is the best author on the subject; and he has certainly been the most fortunate in point of reputation and fame. We like his quaint, local and personal style. It accords most beautifully with the subject-matter of his work. We do not know how to account satisfactorily for the fact; but we always feel a peculiar pleasure in reading books written upon the plan of Walton. The mind seems to delight in roaming about from one incident to another; a habit which appears to produce the same kind of pleasure as we derive from the well-regulated conversation of a few intelligent friends, whose memories are well stored with amusing and instructive anecdote.

There is, besides this, another source of pleasure in perusing literary works like old Izaak's. They become as it were, dramatic by age. It is one of the privileges of

time, to shed a species of poetry upon that on which he has long looked, which is felt by all minds. The comic representations of Congreve, Etherege, Wycherly, Vanburgh, Farquhar, etc., etc., were, when first written, merely witty portraits of every-day characters, scenes, and events; they are now poetical, because they belong to another age. Time throws a halo around them, which they did not at first possess; and that which originally tickled the intellect, now excites and fills the imagination. Hence it is, that all records and pictures of old times are pleasing, and have ever been so; and hence also, is it, that books written in a quaint and familiar style, have ever retained a firm hold on the public mind.

We find from History, that this has been an interesting species of literature in all ages. Pliny the elder says that he always felt inexpressible pleasure in perusing works full of incidents and personal familiarities. It is said of the great Grecian lawgiver, that he read with avidity all local and personal chronicles of his time, and considered them more improving than profound and formal essays on political topics. Lord Bacon had a similar turn of thought; for it is related of him that the members of a club-house in Paternoster-row, which he frequently attended, gave him the name of Lord Gossip, from his delight in anecdotes, and his propensity to individual and personal matters.

Walton, too, has been a fortunate writer, in point of literary reputation. This may easily enough be accounted for. The ordinary history of literature tells us, that many authors have established a fame as durable as the rocks themselves, by a lucky and well-timed selection of a particular subject. There are many things which come within the sphere of literary treatment, which will never

bear repetition. They are invested with just that portion of interest to make them always agreeable, when treated of by *one* particular pen; but no more. All attempts to give variety and enlargement to such topics, necessarily prove abortive and ridiculous. The reason on which this canon of literary criticism rests cannot be satisfactorily accounted for, except by simply referring it to the natural order and constitution of things. What more interesting to the feelings of human beings, at all times and seasons, than the grave? — yet Gray's *Elegy* is the only one that ever has been or ever will be written, under the auspices of immortality. There can be no doubt, that there have been hundreds of authors since the time of De Foe, who could have written as good a Robinson Crusoe as his own; but the stigma of a repetition would nullify whatever ability and genius might be displayed in such an undertaking. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is a striking illustration of the paramount influence of a well-timed treatment of a particular subject. Mankind will never tolerate a second Don Quixote; nor will the adventures of Gil Blas ever lose their influence by any rival attempts to delineate the same kind or class of human characters and events. Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and his *Tale of a Tub* set all imitators or improvers at defiance. Precisely so is it, with respect to Izaak Walton. He has taken up a certain position from which no one can hope to dislodge him, let his talents and acquirements be what they may.

The superior facilities which modern travelling, through the agency of steam, affords for visiting different countries with rapidity and security, will in all probability greatly increase this species of literature, and thus furnish the youth of England with fresh motives for enlarging

their ideas and expanding their intellects, by inducing them to obtain, through the medium of a noble and healthy recreation, a closer and more accurate acquaintance with foreign manners and habits, than was permitted to a former generation, or may be extended to that which is to follow. Who knows whether an intercourse of this kind, begun in youth, and continued on through advancing life, may not influence to a considerable extent, the opinions of the young men who are to form the future statesmen and legislators of Europe, and beget in them those kindly, rational, and Christian feelings of mutual benevolence and good-will, which may assist in preserving to an indefinite period the benefits of that peace which the nations now enjoy—the continuance of which must unquestionably prove of incalculable benefit to all.

We make these observations with a view to direct the attention of our young sportsmen to a part of the continent which lies within a day's journey of their own shores, abounding in all the requisitions for an intellectual angler,—cheap, secure, beautiful; a part over which thousands of British youth dash away every year, bestowing upon it a mere transient passing glance, to spend their time, health, and money, in the enervating climes of the south; a part of which they literally know nothing, save the names and localities of two or three of the principal towns, with perhaps their most notorious *cafés* and other dissipated and scarce reputable haunts; a part also, which, abounding in valuable public libraries where every facility is liberally afforded to the stranger, will enable him to combine rational recreation and intellectual enjoyment, to an extent not to be exceeded in any country under the sun.

This part of the continent—the north of France—is rich, too, in historical recollections, which must be ever fresh and verdant in the breast of an Englishman. Here lies the scene of those exploits which the pen of Froissart has bequeathed to all time; where the noblest chivalry the world has ever witnessed, displayed its unrivalled courage and its indomitable valour. Amidst these swelling hills, fertilised by the best blood of France and England, lie the glorious battle-fields, which, after the lapse of four centuries, still ring out their imperishable renown; and when the wanderer gazes on the field of Cressy or the green mounds of Azincour, his eye must indeed be dim, and his English heart indifferent to the throb of patriotism, if the one does not kindle, and the other glow, beneath the inspiring recollections. Amongst these forest hills, imagination may still call into existence the long decayed banner of Pucelle, and the wondrous and inspired maiden may again walk forth in her beauty and her pride, to snatch from reluctant hands the laurels they had so hardly won. In fact, the roaming enthusiast can scarcely set his foot on a single spot in these fruitful plains which is not enriched by human blood; on which some noble heart has not broken; which has not been the scene of some dreadful carnage or some stirring incident; and the celebrated “Field of the Cloth of Gold” remains a lasting record of the arrival of a new order of things,—the last public display on the theatre of Europe, of the noble and high-minded chivalry of former days, before it passed away for ever.

The plunderers of the sword have ceded place to the plunderers of the pen, and the other crafts which torture modern civilisation; but the throbs and throes of the nations of Europe—those unmistakable hints which

occur from time to time in every country—are sufficient to convince the thoughtful mind, that although the age of chivalry is passed, the age of public justice and national happiness has not yet arrived.

The English angler on the continent, it must be remembered, is a somewhat different personage from his brother who plies his art in his own native land. The former will, in most cases, be a man of lively curiosity and enterprise. He will know something of the history of Europe; have a taste for some departments of the fine arts; will possess political sentiments and feelings more or less excited; the past events of the world's history will still be matter of deep interest to him; and, in fact, he will generally be a person who has some fair acquaintance with the current literature of the age. On this account, a book on angling in a foreign land must necessarily deviate, both in matter and arrangement, from a similar work, which proposes for its end merely the ordinary purposes of a domestic manual. On entering into a foreign country, a man's feelings and curiosity must be very considerably excited, no matter what may be the amount of his knowledge, or the current of his opinions. The difference of manners, religion, language, and political institutions, must develop new trains of thought, and evolve new rules of judgment; and hence it is that no art or amusement has the same limited range for the wanderer, that it has in his own country.

Our main object, and indeed our heart's desire, is to extend the art of angling amongst all classes of persons. We know it is calculated to exercise a beneficial influence on their minds and morals, and to give the younger part of the community a really right direction. The art, in its very highest degree of perfection and skill, may soon

be acquired ; and, when once thoroughly understood, it abides with its votary through life. To those whose ardour and enthusiasm are apt to evaporate, when unexpected difficulties present themselves and success seems uncertain or remote, to all such we shall submit some remarks made in our own hearing to persons of this very class, by one of the most accomplished literary anglers in Europe, Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh. To a gentleman who was lamenting that his success in the art was not equal to his anticipations, the professor addressed himself in nearly the following words, words so highly characteristic of the man, and which made so deep an impression upon our mind when we heard them, that we committed them to writing on the spot, and have religiously preserved them ever since.

“ The want,” said the professor, “ of success in fishing, sir, most commonly arises from want of prosecuting the object with indomitable perseverance. For it may be observed of a certain class of men, that they owe their success in life, and fame after it, to their having seized, and acted on one leading idea. Of the men whom the world allows to be really great, a large portion may be fairly assigned to this class. The very greatest men have perhaps been versatile; and have possessed minds capable of grasping and carrying into active practice, ideas and conceptions of a cast and nature the most opposite and apparently irreconcilable. These, it must be confessed, are of the very first class of greatness. Cæsar was not only a commander of the first order, but an orator, second only to Cicero, and an author second to none amongst the writers of prose. Homer not only astonished mankind by the sublime conceptions of the *Iliad*, but also captivated them with the descriptive beauty and romantic

pathos of the *Odyssey*, and at last amused them with the heroic burlesque of the 'Battle of the Frogs and Mice.' Shakspeare was equally great in tragedy, comedy, romance, and broad farce. Ariosto mingled all these together in his exquisite *Orlando Furioso*, as did the inimitable Cervantes in his unrivalled *Don Quixote*. Aristotle was an imaginist and poet, as well as a logician, philosopher, and philologist. Bacon was an essayist and natural philosopher, as well as an annalist and a lawyer. How different, however, is the second class, as we may term it, of greatness. Here we see men arriving at eminence, merely by chalking out and steadily pursuing one undeviating road through life; by carrying out in all its ramifications one sole idea; steering continually by one guiding star; acknowledging a soleness of object, a unity of aim, and a singleness of apprehension. Thus we see the single great idea which led to the discovery of America, constituted the whole life of Columbus; and we know that the plan of his Indian conquests filled the daily thoughts, and conjured up the nightly visions of Alexander the Great. Thus the destruction of Carthage was the sole policy of Cato; the subversion of the Roman power the very life of Hannibal. The whole soul of Galileo was evidently bound up in the discovery of the true solar system — and universal empire the perpetual dream of Charles the fifth and Napoleon. Thus also the life of Bentham was one long codification, and the invention of the spinning jenny the darling object of the indefatigable Arkwright."

The art of angling has been sometimes censured, and indeed condemned by the foolish and over-sensitive, on the ground of its cruelty. Now this is sheer folly and nonsense. That we have now become, as a nation, a

very refined and particularly sensitive people, is a truth which daily experience and sundry acts of parliament oblige us to acknowledge. The ordinary sphere of humanity has long been too confined for our deep and numerous sympathies; and we have been driven to seek objects of compassion from almost every department of animated nature, in order to give full expression to our kindly and benevolent feelings.

But who are they who sympathise so deeply with, and deprecate so piteously, the cruelties which the angler inflicts?—Why, truly they are, for the most part, sanctified old maids, having long annuities, money in the funds, and sums deposited in savings' banks; a certain class of gentlemen clad in snug surtouts, with white neckcloths flourishing genteel black sticks, as they lounge about the doors of coffee-houses, confectioners', and fruit-shops in a forenoon; comfortable, pursy tradesmen, retired from business, their capacious legs immersed in lamb's-wool stockings, who now amuse themselves with dabbling in railway shares, and joint-stock companies of all sorts above the moon or under it; timid old ladies out of petticoats, in the shape of antique bachelors who cultivate melons, subscribe to horticultural societies and flower-shows, bid at auctions for tulips and Dutch roots, and give an enormous price for tortoise-shell tom-cats, and real poodle puppies; persons particularly moral and religious, according to their own notions, who are great patronisers of lying-in hospitals, eye and ear infirmaries, and those ostentatious inventions of modern charity—soup-kitchens, where, decked in white aprons, they take their station on Saturdays, like good Samaritans as they are, to ladle out the greasy abomination. Add to these, pluralist parsons with three livings, who preach four times a-year,

and invite their curates to dine with them once, to cement the bonds of Christian charity; poor-law guardians who are dissolved into tears once a-week over the miseries of pauperism, and expend their valuable time in weighing out ounces of cheese, and measuring out gruel as a substitute for carrion soup; worn-out public functionaries who have wasted their lives in riotous eating and drinking, and have retired upon a "compensation" sufficient to keep out wind and water; — these, and such as these, with a few others of a different but equally contemptible stamp, are the principal personages who pour forth the tears of sympathy and regret over the sportive cruelties of the unfortunate angler.

To give a particular instance, in which this species of extravagant and mock sentimentality was publicly exhibited, we shall mention a peculiarly interesting scene, which was enacted about five years ago by the then lord mayor of London and the lobster merchants of Billingsgate. It would appear, from the police reports, that the most inhuman and, indeed, diabolical cruelties had been perpetrated for many years in the London market, by a certain class of lobster fishermen, who, being grossly ignorant of the humanising doctrines of the age, had followed the ancient and cruel practice which is termed "pegging" the lobsters. The necessity for this heathenish and barbarous custom, arose, it was alleged, from the uncultivated and quarrelsome propensities of the lobsters themselves, which, not having been placed under any civilising influences whatever, did, when removed from their natural element, and put into unaccustomed baskets, squabble and, indeed, quarrel in a terrible manner on their way to the metropolis, previously to being scalded to death and remorselessly devoured by the most tender-hearted and

philanthropic citizens on the face of the globe. His lordship denounced this horrid practice with all that effective and dignified eloquence which usually characterises civic circumstances, and matters touching the well-being and happiness of the creature. His lordship's judicial habits enabled him to discover two unfortunate truths ; namely, that lobsters were *animals* ; and that, consequently, they came under the humane protection of an "act of Parliament." After having pursued this refined and subtle argument through all its most distant and logical ramifications and consequences, he stumbled upon a most important fact, which seemed to arouse all his best feelings and acutest sensibilities. It occurred to his lordship that, in addition to the cruelty of this nefarious practice, it exercised a fatal influence on the flavour and condition of a favourite delicacy ; which was more than sufficient to decide the merits of the question. His lordship saw at a glance into the very pith of the matter. His stomach poked him into the very marrow of the case. All reasoning on the subject was immediately set aside, and the "uneducated" and irreligious lobster "peggers," were denounced by his benevolent lordship, as the most savage and barbarous monsters that were ever allowed to go unhanged.

We have always maintained, that we were prepared to take the accusations of *cruelty* urged against the angler into serious consideration, when those who advance these charges relinquish the habit of eating fish—when they declare their intention of renouncing beef, mutton, veal, and sucking pig—when they shudder, instead of slobber, over crimped salmon and cod, an operation which, to be effective, must be accomplished whilst the fish are alive—when they reject stewed eels, because they are invariably

skinned before life is extinct—when they discard the delicate shrimp from their breakfast tables, previous to a philanthropic visit to some public meeting, because they must of necessity be boiled alive, in order to obtain their brilliant colour and delicious crispness—when they cashier capons, on account of the odious process by which they are fattened—when they turn with loathing from tender turkeys, and choice chickens, and darling ducks, because rusty penknives are thrust down their throats, and their gullets gashed about, and they are in this state, of torment and agony, hung up by their heels till the wretched life distils from them drop by drop, that their flesh may be sufficiently white for the fastidious eye of the sleek man of meretricious mercies—when, we repeat, the daily delicacies obtained by such practices are renounced with becoming horror, and the practices themselves denounced with all the frothy energy of an Exeter Hall orator—*when* this is done, but not till *then*, there will be time enough to discuss the question of cruelty—*then*, perhaps, it *may* be necessary to advance a serious argument in defence of the angler's calumniated recreation, against the hypocrisies of the passing hour.

The angler has been often ridiculed as a fanciful man, and the amusement itself condemned, as calculated to extend the power of the imagination beyond its wholesome and legitimate boundaries. His “vagaries,” as they have been termed, have often been the theme of heavy jokes and leaden sarcasm, by the grave, slow-blooded, calculating, sober, jog-trot plodders of this world—the totters-up, the patient seekers of pelf, the dot-and-go-one men, who universally indulge in this species of merriment. But we must stand up for our craft; and, therefore, we may plainly retort upon our opponents, that “vagaries”

are not confined to anglers. If you want them in perfection, you must go elsewhere. You must go to the grave formal treatises, put together by the plodding, the diligent, the calculating, the scientific—you must go to engineers without wigs, and doctors with them—to calculators of levels, distances, diameters, and forces—to chemists, and laborators, and manipulators of all kinds—to men, in short, of grave physiognomies, dirty hands, and begrimed countenances, who never were in love with any thing but cog-wheels, high-pressure engines, convex rails, furnaces, horizontal chimneys, retorts, spirit-levels, theodolites, and spinning jennies. In fact, if you want to see the “vagaries” of the human mind on the “high ropes,” in the highest state of rankness, you must go to a *patent office*, or a parliamentary agency establishment. There, together with the rarest efforts of human ingenuity, you will find a strange admixture of extravagancies beyond the dreams of madmen, the exaggerations of the poet, or the speculations of the philosopher. It is impossible to caricature the list of projects of the brain exhibited in such places. Sir Able Handy’s plan of making saw-dust into deal boards, or the hunting razors by which a man might shave himself when galloping after the hounds, are far below some of the supereminently intellectual pursuits of the day, which are patronized and fostered and cherished and *paid for* by a “discerning public.”

It has been objected to the art of angling, that it is an idle waste of time, which might be turned to far better account; a devotion of valuable and irrevocable hours to a pursuit undeserving so great a sacrifice. This, we apprehend, is a quiet way of begging the entire question—a cool assumption of the very fact which the objector is bound to prove. The angler alleges that his hours are

not wasted, in any sense deserving of the term. If, for his favourite pursuit, he renounce the marts of gain, and surrender the opportunities of accumulation, and so leave less of the world's wealth behind him when he goes to his long home; he affirms that he has sufficient for all his rational wants,—that, if his means be shorter, his desires are limited in proportion; and he contends that worldly appliances may be obtained at too costly a price; that in his estimation, they are not worth the daily sacrifices which are made for them; that they confer no happiness which cannot be procured without them; that, judging by the examples which crowd around him, he dreads their corroding influence on the affections, and deems them a poor exchange for that equanimity of mind, independence of thought, and elevation of sentiment, which are engendered by a close intercourse and secret communing with the mysterious agencies of nature. At all events, the gentle craft is liable to no objections on this score, which are not also strictly applicable to every other pursuit which passes under the name of a “recreation.” What, we may ask, can be more absorbing than modern “fox-hunting”? The fascinations of this amusement are admitted on all sides. In the hands of our nobility and gentry, it has actually become a mere matter of ordinary business, one of the necessary occupations of life; and expensive establishments are kept up for its indulgence and gratification. All this necessarily engenders a taste for expense and display in the matter; and the habits of our youth are not, we imagine, very materially benefited by the mode in which the “brilliant day” is too frequently terminated. Will any one seriously contend that this is a more innocent, more soul-elevating, and less time-wasting amusement, than the angler's calumniated occupation?

Objections of a similar kind may be made to shooting, cricketing, and boating; to say nothing of the less doubtful amusements of play-going, card-playing, billiards, etc., etc. In what respect, then, we may demand, that has reference either to the promotion of health, or the elevation and discipline of the mental faculties, do any of these pursuits possess the slightest advantage over the calmer, and more placid recreation of the unpretending angler? The world judges harshly and erroneously on this subject; and the worst of it is, generally acts upon a judgment which is altogether indefensible. The wealthy and well-connected rector, in England, for instance, gallops across the country after the hounds, shares in all the wild excitement of the noblesport, and fights the battles of the day over again, amidst the flow of generous wine, at some convivial aristocratic board. The poor, working, drudging curate of the next parish, who muses away a few quiet hours, gladly stolen from graver pursuits, to lighten the burden of "hope deferred," is sneered at as a dull spooney, or reprehensible idler, with a "stick and a string," who may pick his mutton-chop unregarded by his luckier neighbour, and wonder over his tumbler of middling beer, what will be the cut of the next act of Parliament, which will be kindly made the law of the land, for the special direction, improvement, and control of the half-starved curates of the establishment. Every body knows this to be the truth; and every body will be able to call to his recollection hundreds of instances of this kind; and yet, every body—such is the uncontrollable influence of wealth and outward appearance in stocking-weaving England—every body praises, and patronizes, the expensive, extravagant, conviviality-producing amusements which appertain to the wealthy, and upper classes, and joins in the vulgar

witticisms, which the heaviest blockhead feels he has a sort of patent right to indulge in at the angler's expense.

Such opinions, however, were not always current; and most probably the time is not far distant, when the present frothy, bubbly, state of things shall have been blown away by an inevitable catastrophe — that a more wholesome and healthy mode of thinking will pervade the public mind, and cultivate among our youth, a taste for gentler pursuits, more favourable to mental improvement, and intellectual development. They will thus learn, that if, in the vigorous amusements of hunting, cricketing, boating, etc., etc., they may invigorate their bodies, and nerve their limbs, and practise their courage for the hour of their country's glory, or the season of her necessity, they may also, in addition to these corporeal advantages, derive health, recreation, elevation of sentiment, and intellectual discipline and culture, by the side of murmuring brooks, or gentle rivers, casting the once despised line across the rippling stream, and feeling the full excitement of the sport, as the strong trout plunges short, or effectually hooks himself in his eager risings.

To shew the estimation in which the art of angling was held in bye-gone days, it may suffice to notice an ecclesiastical canon on the subject, enunciated in times when the church was disciplined by a sufficiently strict rule, though not perhaps in accordance with modern acts of Parliament. The canon is alluded to by Walton; but the reason assigned by the commentary for the permission given to spiritual persons to enjoy the pleasures of angling, is worth transcribing. The canon * states, that hunters have generally been sinners, citing the case of Esau; and that fishermen, in the scriptures, have commonly been deemed holy. The commentary runs thus,

* Decretals, Lyons, 1671.

“Sed quare prohibetur venari, et non piscari? quia fortè piscatio fit sine clamore, venatio non: vel quia major est delectatio in venatione; dum enim quis est in venatione, nihil potest de divinis cogitare.” The great Ambrose, in his thirty-third homily, treats this subject in the same spirit; and, indeed, the common sense of mankind, apart from the authority of the church, would naturally lead to the conclusion, that a recreation of so quiet and contemplative a nature as the amusement of angling, is far more appropriately adapted to soothe the leisure hours of one who has received a commission to treat of purely spiritual themes, to proclaim the tidings of redemption, and declare the terms of human salvation—to point the way to heaven, and himself tread the self-denying path—than a bold, violent, boisterous indulgence, which must necessarily banish gentle and patient thought, and too often requires undue sacrifices to the charms of society, not always of the better sort, and to the seductions of a conviviality not always confined within becoming limits. When we think of the early founders of our faith, and contemplate their gentle and devoted characters, a fox-hunting parson does, indeed, seem a strange anomaly; and yet in the present state and condition of the English church, such a one, if highly connected, or endowed with a superabundance of the “mammon of unrighteousness,” may perchance obtain some distinguished mark of approbation, even from the hands of a successor of the Apostles. We have no wish to speak harshly of a church in which we were nurtured, and which we love, perhaps, a great deal more than many who bear her orders and receive her emoluments; but we must be allowed to say a word or two in behalf of our “gentle craft,” and with all due submission, we venture to suggest it to spiritual

persons as a far more seemly and appropriate recreation, than the wild excitement of the chase, with its accompanying taste for horses, and the somewhat vulgar amusements of the stable.

In the rules and ordinances* for the guidance and discipline of the French clergy in their mode of living, choice of amusements, etc., etc.,—a clergy, who have to contend with the powerful remains of indifference or infidelity—the spawn of the Revolution still active amongst the middle classes—and who are fighting with zeal and energy an arduous and truly uphill battle—it is expressly forbidden to join in the amusements of the chase, whilst, at the same time, the humble and gentle art of angling has no interdict imposed upon it, because it is a quiet, innocent recreation, not only not incompatible with, but the actual promoter and encourager of study, meditation, and prayer.

The art of angling is also to be approved and defended on account of its popular spirit. We have no feeling in common with the cant and intolerance manifested in England of late years, against the peculiar amusements and pastimes of the people. On the contrary, it always affords us the most lively gratification to see men unbend from the wasting pressure of incessant toil, and throw themselves into the vortex of unrestrained and rational hilarity; and amongst the various kinds of amusements, none, in our humble opinion, surpasses fishing. In this fascinating pursuit, the old and the young, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the aristocrat and the plebeian, may mingle

* *Principes de conduite, ordonnances et statuts au diocèse d'Arras, imprimés par ordre de Monseigneur l'Evêque d'Arras.* Arras, 1825.

indiscriminately with each other ; drink copiously out of the same varied fountain of fun, frolic, and contemplation ; and each class can throw its modicum of delight into the common stock of enjoyment. Among the class of *our* conservative principles, there is one which we hold in deep veneration, viz., the social and individual advantages of the old system of English sports. We dwell upon the remembrance of these with a reverence bordering on idolatry. The pastimes and sports of our forefathers were manly and generous exercises, giving at once health to the body, and firmness and elasticity to the mind. The whole train of amusements in old days was calculated to render the youthful generation active, sprightly, nimble, vigorous, and courageous, and to rear them up to useful and honourable manhood. With what enthusiasm and right good-feeling do we ponder over the pages of Fitz Stephen, wherein he tells us, that in the year 1130, “ In the holidays, in the summer, the gents are exercised in leaping, dancing, shooting, *fishing*, wrestling, casting the stone, and practising the shield ; and the maidens trip with their timbrels, and dance as long as they can see.”

But angling is not only a most agreeable and delightful amusement—it also imparts health and long life to its zealous and devoted disciples. We have witnessed its powerfully healing virtues, even at the very gates of death itself. When we have seen a poor wretch abandon himself to habits of unmitigated intemperance—when he has thrown off every feeling of decency and decorum—when we have perceived the reddened eye, the blotched face, the trembling hand, the tottering step, the dull and idiotic air ; when he has endured repeated attacks of “ delirium tremens,” and his liver has become enlarged, and as hard as a Norfolk dumpling—when he has shivered

all over with palsy, and his very bowels become feculent with disease—when he has had a hard dry cough, one that comes by fits and seems to tear his emaciated carcase to pieces—when his breath has been like the effluvium of a jakes, or the exhalations of a rotten fen—when rising from his frowsy and restless bed, he has not been able to swallow a single mouthful, nor carry that mouthful to his head without previously drenching his stomach with bitters and brandy—when dry colic and offensive diarrhœa have taken turn and turn about in his miserable intestines—when his legs have been swelled as big as mill-posts, and surcharged with water—when tapping has grown useless by repetition, and belladonna ceased to act—when his chest has been as full of bilge-water as the wreck of a leaky herring smack—when, in fact, he has become one incarnation of filth and disease, we have taken him by the hand, led him quietly to the banks of some pleasant stream, and put a rod into his languid grasp; and then, with the indispensable assistance of Father Mathew, have restored him with renovated health to his heart-broken family, and again made him a useful member of society.

We love angling, too, because it takes us from the confusion, the filth, and the social and moral degradation of large towns and cities. It places us in close contact with one of the most important divisions of human labour and skill—the cultivation of the soil, which is the real foundation of all national wealth and true social happiness, and which the ancients held in such high estimation that they ascribed divine honours to those who were successful inventors of useful and practical modes of husbandry. Every thing connected with the land is calculated to foster the best and noblest feelings of the soul, and to give the mind the most lofty

and sublime ideas of universal nature. To men of genius and contemplative habits, the roaming along river-banks, and beside placid waters, gives rise to the most refined intellectual enjoyments. Such persons move in a world of their own, and experience joys and sorrows, with which the world cannot intermeddle. How lively, then, how pure, how refined, how truly exquisite, must those delights be to the mind which can penetrate into Nature's works, and gaze with instructed eye on the woods, the rocks, and waterfalls! And how evanescent and worthless does every thing appear, which such a one leaves behind him in the crowded and pent-up city!

It must, in short, be obvious to the most careless observer—apparent to the most prejudiced antagonist of the gentle art—that, the frequent opportunities afforded the angler of contemplating the ever-varying aspect of nature, cannot fail to be attended with advantages of no mean order; inasmuch, as such contemplations have a direct tendency to elevate the mind, and subdue and purify the heart. Under the influence of those awful sublimities, which mountain, and rock, and tree, and torrent throw around their united presence, the mind imperceptibly assumes a tone which harmonises with these striking scenes; and as the giant shadows sweep across the broad brow of the majestic mountain, and the free breeze comes laden with mysterious music through the waving boughs, which sob and sigh in unison with the passing strain, the full heart gushes over in its deep delight, and the imagination teems with those shadowy phantoms of unseen glory, to which the poet's soul owes some of its loftiest aspirations.

Amidst the calmness and repose of more quiet and placid scenery, where the sublime gives place to the

picturesque and beautiful; where the hills slope up from the rich green-sward, and the river murmurs through the verdant meadows, and the village spire peeps over the trees, and the tinkling bell announces the hour of prayer; where the flocks whiten the tree-less front of some green promontory, and the distant mill-clack just makes itself heard above the hum of bees, and song of birds, and lowing of distant cattle, and the thousand soothing sounds which spring up from the ongoings of the village day;—the mind insensibly falls into a musing train of gentle thought; and images of peace, and tranquillity, and gentleness, rise unbidden on the soul, fill it with a calm and quiet joy—a sea of gentle hopes and benevolent projects—and banish away all the sordid maxims and ungenerous principles which are engendered in the smoky town, amidst the scufflings of rival traffickers, or the heartlessnesses of the amassers of wealth. The heart becomes sensible of better influences than these; and the thoughts which owe their origin to the impressions which are derived from the contemplation of natural objects, are generally such as religion sanctifies, and reason approves. The stern and remorseless passions of our nature yield to the genial suggestions; and there must indeed be an ineradicable root of bitterness, a tenacious germ of malignity, in that breast which is not softened by the calm silence of eternal Nature, or filled with generous impulses of benevolence and good-will, by the music of her persuasive voice. The patriarch of old, “went out to meditate in the field, at the even tide;” the Saviour himself sought the sublime solitude of the still mountain, when he went forth to pray; and the early Christians reared their simple altars amidst the secret recesses of the sanctuaries of nature, where, free from the interruptions of

relentless persecution, they might forget the surrounding world of temptation and hostility, and hold deep communion with their God.

The angler, although not actuated by such high motives, still perceives and acknowledges the influence of such scenes, and often—we confidently appeal to our brethren of the craft—often, as his eye roams over the sweet scenery which surrounds him, the tear—holy type of penitence—rises almost spontaneously, the indescribable thought kindles in his heart, and the warm prayer gushes unpremeditated from his soul, sincere, heartfelt, true—because offered when none can hear, and none behold, but He who neither slumbers nor sleeps.

THE INVITATION.

The early sun is rising fair and bright;
And dancing lightly on each spangled spray,
The pearl-drops glisten in the dewy light,
That bathes in fragrant balm the morn of May.

The thick white mists are springing far and fast,
Beneath the glowing orb's absorbing beam,
To swell with showers the light clouds floating past,
Predicting glorious sport in pool and stream.

Oh! what a gush of joy o'erwhelms the soul,
When Nature pours her matin song of praise!
What waves of sweet, sad visions round us roll!
What deep and thrilling dreams the mind amaze!

The gladsome heart bounds joyous, warm, and free,
And throbs with rapture in the morning breeze,
Which, fraught with mild and mystic melody,
Comes fresh and frisking o'er the whispering trees.

Arise, thou sluggard! Hark! The lark on high,
His wild entrancing wood-note bravely rings;
He revels joyous in the morning sky,
And soars away, and still, in soaring, sings.

What frantic rapture does his strain prolong!
No chilling, passionless performer he!
His little soul is steeped in floods of song,
And pours its joy in that mad ecstasy.

Sleep on, sleep on, those notes are not for thee;
They cannot drown thy deep and drowsy snore;
No joy for thee, in mountain, stream, or lea;
Thou lov'st thy bed than morning ramble more!

For thee, the angler's is a vulgar art;
His simple pleasures earn thy ready sneer:
Well, well, in quiet peace at least we'll part,—
My song affects not uncongenial ear.

But thou, my friend, with kindred feelings rife,
Wilt join the social converse grave or gay:
Laugh at the passing joke, or share the strife,
When smart discussions loftier themes display.

Come, haste away; and where the clear streams glide,
Armed with the tapering line, and well sprung rod,
Muse on the moral of their lapsing tide,
Or hold dread converse with a present God.

Ah! who can tell the holy thoughts that crowd,
Thick o'er the heart when all around is still,
When nothing moves but shade of passing cloud,
And nought is heard but hum of yonder mill.

Give me, Great Father, give me strength and health,
A liberal heart, affections kind and free;
My rod—my line—be these my pride, my wealth!
They yield me present joys—they draw my soul to Thee.

PART I.

DESCRIPTION OF FISH.

ACCORDING to the plan we have ventured to lay down, we shall commence with a description of the fish usually sought after by the angler. At the head of this enumeration, we place

The Salmon — Le Saumon.

The SALMON is a noble fish, and most deservedly retains the very highest rank in the angler's estimation. He is the prince of fresh-water visitors; and his title to precedence has never yet been questioned. His magnitude, his keen and lively eye, his muscular powers, his rapid and graceful motions, his beautiful proportions, his shining silvery scales, his intellectual instincts, and his superior, rich, and delicate flavour, unite in establishing his decided superiority over all other fish. Neither should it be forgotten that salmon-fishing is considered the angler's highest sport, whilst it affords the best criterion of his professional skill. Indeed, angling for this noble fish, may be deemed the measure or standard of the angler's

dexterity, the test of his professional proficiency, the legitimate object of his loftiest aspirations; affording an undeniable proof of his fitness to take his stand amongst the most accomplished adepts of this interesting craft.

Much has been written, especially of late years, on the nature, habits, instinct, etc., of the salmon—much that is amusing—much that is not a little fanciful—and much that is altogether wide of the mark.

Young and enthusiastic anglers are, in some degree, like young and inexperienced travellers and navigators; they are constantly seeing something new, perpetually encountering marvels and prodigies. Their powers of generalising are, as yet, but feeble and in the bud, and fancy or wild conjecture too often usurp the place of reason and fact. In the following observations, we shall confine ourselves to those every-day appearances connected with the nature and peculiarities of the salmon, which present themselves to the attention of all intelligent anglers of this valuable and interesting fish; and carefully avoid those refined speculations and theories, which belong more properly to the science of natural history, than to the art of angling.

The salmon spawns generally in the months of September and October; but there is a difference in this respect, in different rivers. This fact has been fully verified in Parliamentary reports, framed with reference to projected laws for the preservation of this kind of fish. It is during this particular season of the year, that the salmon are to be seen passing up the rivers in enormous shoals, and leaping over every obstacle which lies across their path. The extraordinary power and agility the fish display in these remarkable leaps, have long been the wonder of the naturalist, and a theme of admiration to

the angler. They will spring over rapid falls, from seven to ten feet in height, and force their way against a powerful volume of descending water. It is when the salmon are running up streams of this description, broken by rapids, and crossed by cataracts; and when they thus meet with apparently insuperable obstacles to their progress, that enormous quantities are killed by poachers and fish-hunters, with spears, leister and nets. We have frequently seen a band of men come down to celebrated salmon-rivers, in the north of England and in Scotland, with a cart and horse, and in a very short space of time catch as many fish as the horse could draw. In fact, the destruction of salmon at this season is quite appalling; and were it not for the vigilance of the guardians of the rivers, and the strictness of the laws, the species would scarcely be able to exist, under the constant repetition of practices so manifestly destructive and unfair.

The mode in which the salmon disposes of its spawn, has been often dwelt upon and discussed by scientific anglers. But, as the subject does not immediately and necessarily come across the path of the sportsman, we shall not enter upon any elaborate description of this peculiar process, but rather content ourselves with a few general observations on the matter.

For the secure and effectual deposition of its spawn, the salmon invariably selects pure running streams, with gravelly bottoms. All slow, stagnant, sluggish, and clayey bedded rivers are carefully avoided, or at most very, very seldom entered. In their choice of the stream, the fish never make any very serious mistake; but are conducted by an almost infallible instinct, to a safe and suitable place of deposit, with all the certainty and regularity that experience and reason could themselves confer. Salmon

generally swim pretty close to the bottom of the river, and pursue their onward course with rapidity and decision; and, indeed, some naturalists have affirmed that they frequently run at the rate of five-and-twenty miles an hour, in waters where they encounter no obstacles.

When the gill, or male fish, finds a proper place, he works in the ground with his nose, until he has made a hole or bed sufficiently large for the reception of the spawn; and when this subaqueous nuptial couch is all prepared, he looks out for his mate; and they jointly take possession of their temporary residence. When the process is finished, they both return to their haunts in the river; or dash back to the sea on the first favourable opportunity.

After the roe has been deposited a sufficient length of time in the bottom thus channelled by the industrious fish, it is quickened into life by some inscrutable process, and becomes salmon fry, which attain a length of from four to seven inches by the months of March or April. They then go down to the sea; and, in the months of June, July, or August, return to their native streams, increased by rapid growth and the fattening powers of the salt water, to a weight of from four to seven pounds.

There is a fact connected with these young salmon-fry, which every fly-fisher who has plied his art in a salmon-stream will verify; namely, that they take the artificial fly with singular voracity in the months of March or April, *just before* they leave the river for the sea. And what is very curious, sometimes the angler will get nothing almost all the day but these *smelts*, as the young salmon-fry are called; and sometimes again, he will scarcely catch one, but trout only. The one is often in the finest humour for taking the fly, when the

other will not look at anything you may put on the line. At other times, on the contrary, we have found both trout and smelt, darting at the same fly with equal voracity and determination.

In some salmon-rivers, in the north of England and in Scotland, it is forbidden to catch the smelts; or, at least, it is expected that the fly-fisher should throw them all in again; but as far as our observation goes, we have never seen this rule obeyed to any extent, even by the most scrupulous and high-minded angler. With the mass of fishermen, the maxim unhappily holds good, that "all are fish that come into the net."

There are two particular movements of the salmon, which the fly-fisher will find it absolutely necessary to attend to in his dealings with this monarch of the stream; namely, his furious leaping when he is hooked, and his taking what is termed the "sulks," when exhausted by vain exertions to escape.

After a fish has taken the fly, he often makes several desperate springs out of the water; and, if he happen in his fall to come across the line, he will most certainly either snap it, or break his hold. We have occasionally seen their springs so frequently repeated, that the fish was deprived of his best strength in a great measure, by the unusual exertion, and killed in a comparatively short space of time.

When, however, a fish takes the "sulks," the matter assumes a very ominous appearance. In nine cases out of ten, you will lose him and your tackle also. He will run to his haunt either under a stone, or some old tree root, at the bottom of a deep hole, and there lie perfectly still. In this situation stones have been thrown down upon him, sticks have been poked into his den, and other similar

devices practised upon him, but all without avail. Now, as your line is necessarily so frail that you can do nothing when a dead lift comes; nothing is left you, but just to pull away until you break your gut or cast line, and leave the gentleman for another bout.

Some anglers provide themselves with small leaden rings, which being put on the line, run down till they hit the nose of the sulking fish, when off he bolts with revived strength and activity, to renew the exciting and dubious strife. But sometimes even this plausible scheme fails in its object; and then the disappointed angler must console himself as well as he can for the loss of his anticipated prey.

The salmon reaches a considerable size in many of the rivers of Europe; some attaining the enormous weight of seventy or eighty pounds. The general weight is greatly below this; and from ten pounds to five-and-twenty may be considered a high average, even in the best salmon-rivers.

There has been a controversy among anglers and naturalists, whether the salmon-trout and the salmon be one and the same fish. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that the salmon-trout is a distinct species from the genuine salmon.

The Trout—La Truite.

Next in importance to the salmon in the estimation of the genuine fisherman stands the TROUT. He is the standard commodity of the enthusiastic angler. There are many expert and experienced fly-fishers who never enjoyed the exciting luxury of hooking and killing a salmon; but no man can fairly lay claim to the appellation of an "angler," if he cannot kill trout with the rod and line in some way

or other. There is something about trout-fishing which has exalted it in all ages above every other branch of the art, except, of course, that of salmon-fishing. If we attempt to analyse their preference we shall find it resolve itself into something appertaining to the attributes, qualities, or habits of this beautiful fish. He is an intellectual kind of creature, and has evidently a will of his own—he looks sagacious and intelligent—he sedulously avoids thick, troubled and muddy waters—loves the clear and mountain stream—displays an ardent ambition to explore the rivers to their very source—is quick, vigorous, and elegant in his movements—likes to have the exclusive command of the stream—keeps up a rigid system of order and discipline in the little community of which he is a member—exhibits a remarkable degree of nicety and fastidiousness about his food—is comparatively free from vulgar, low, and grovelling habits—entices his pursuer into the loveliest scenes of nature's domains—calls forth from man, his great enemy, the utmost efforts of his ingenuity and skill—and, in a word, in every stage of his existence, preserves a superior and dignified demeanour, unattainable by any other living occupant of the streams.

These may be styled the social and intellectual qualities of this glorious fish. His physical constitution is equally entitled to our respectful consideration. He boasts a prepossessing and fascinating figure moulded in strict conformity with the most refined principles of symmetrical proportion, sparkles in all the gorgeous colours of the rainbow, and occupies a distinguished position in the important science of gastronomy.

These seem to be the more prominent reasons why the trout holds so high a rank in the angler's estimation. There must be *mind*, real or imaginary, in every thing

which enjoys human attention, in order to fix our serious consideration, and secure our lasting esteem.

The trout, in disposing of its spawn, follows the identical rules which govern the salmon in this important process. He runs up rivers and torrents and brooks, in the months of September and October, and seeks out the most retired water flowing over gravelly bottoms for this annual operation. Like the salmon, he leaps over formidable obstacles in his progress, although he cannot cope, in point of muscular agility, with the prince of the waters; still, in proportion to his size, the trout possesses quite as much physical vigour and daring as the lordly salmon. The leaps the trout will take when ascending the rivers in autumn are really quite astonishing. If we examine even the smallest rivulet or burn which runs into any good trout-stream we shall find it full of small trout-fry, the produce of the spawn which the parent fish had, under the pressure of apparently insuperable difficulties, contrived to deposit. A trout of a pound weight, will often clear a leap four feet high.

The period of the year in which trout are in the finest condition varies in different countries, and even in different rivers of the same country. The seasons also exercise a considerable influence. If the winter has been open and mild, the trout will be in fine order much earlier than if there had been long sharp frosts and heavy falls of snow. We have, in some rivers, such as the Tweed and Coquet, caught trout in tolerably good condition in the months of February and March. In the months of June and July they are generally supposed to arrive at their highest degree of perfection in strength, richness and flavour.

The trout varies in size in different rivers and different

countries, from the small Welsh trout of half a pound to the giants of some foreign rivers, which occasionally reach a weight of twenty or thirty pounds; but the general run of fish in trout-streams averages from half a pound to a pound and a half. In waters where they are very numerous, the number caught below half a pound will, in ordinary cases, far exceed those caught above that weight. It is an almost universal rule that where trout are large they are scarce.

The age which trout generally attain has been a long disputed, and is as yet an undecided question among naturalists and anglers. Experiments have been made in ponds to settle this point; but such tests are not quite satisfactory, in as much as they are, in some degree, artificial contrivances, and place the fish out of their usual haunts, habits, and modes of living. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that the longevity of the trout varies with the country, and the nature of the stream it inhabits.

We shall here recite two instances relative to the age of this fish, which have been noticed in other books on fishing. The first is the statement that a trout died in August, 1809, which had been in a well at Dumbarton castle for eight-and-twenty years. The other account is taken from the *Westmorland Advertiser* of some years ago. "Fifty-years since, the proprietor of Bond-hall, near Broughton, in Furness, when a boy, placed a male Fell-beck trout in a well, in the orchard belonging to his family, where it remained till last week, when it departed this life, not through any sickness or infirmity attendant on old age, but from want of its natural element, water—the severe drought having dried up the spring—a circumstance which has not happened for the last sixty years. His lips and gills were perfectly white, although

his head was formerly black and of a large size. He regularly came, when summoned by his master by the name of 'Ned,' to feed from his hand on snails, worms, and bread. This remarkable fish has been visited, and considered a curiosity by the neighbouring country, for several years."

The progress of trout towards maturity has also been a fruitful topic of discussion, and indeed remains undecided at the present hour. Some contend that they grow comparatively quickly; others, on the contrary, maintain the opposite notion, and affirm that their growth is singularly slow. For our own part, we conceive them to be fish of slow growth; and we also imagine that many of them never attain any great size. We advance this opinion on the strength of two or three general facts, which have been repeatedly verified during an experience of thirty years' standing, and which also may be tested by the experience of every inquisitive and observing angler, who will direct his attention to the subject.

In the first place, in really good trout-streams, you will always find year after year the great mass of the fish nearly about the same size, no matter in what particular year you angle, or what kind of bait you use. We could name twenty trout-streams in England and Scotland, where ten out of every twelve fish caught in all seasons, will be within an ounce weight of each other. Now this uniformity among such numerous tribes can only be accounted for, on the supposition that they are of slow growth, and remain long stationary at the same size. If there were always a progressive increase going on, even according to the most moderate scale of 'advance, we should not find this uniformity; but we should see trout of all sizes, and this, too, in regular and equal proportions.

In the second place, we find that large trout are seldom caught in rivers which abound with this fish. A fish of unusual size is one in perhaps ten thousand; and the number of intermediate grades is very small indeed.

And, in the last place, from a careful personal observation of bright clear rivers in dry hot seasons, you will perceive that the trout are all about the same size; and should you detect any rare instances of difference among them in point of bulk, you will, perhaps, be inclined to agree with us, that the very diversity is strikingly confirmatory of the slow and almost imperceptible growth of these interesting fish.

Trout congregate together, and keep up a regular system of discipline and order among their tribes. This is easily discernible in clear bright streams, during fine sunny weather. You will sometimes see a dozen or a dozen and a half of trout all arranged, according to their sizes, in exact order. The largest of the troop take the lead; and the others fall behind, two and two, or three and three; the smaller fellows being always stationed at the bottom of the line. We have seen fish remain in this position for many hours without moving a single inch. If a little food be dropped in among the number the largest always claims, and is invariably allowed the privilege of first taking possession.

All trout have their holds, or haunts, or places of retreat. These are commonly some large stone, or trunk of a tree, or old timbers about mills, or overhanging rock. Each fish has his regular track or portion of water to range about in, and seldom trespasses on the liberties of his neighbours. If one of these divisions become vacant, it is soon filled up by a new occupant.

Trout will remain for many weeks in precisely the same

spot. In the hot and dry summer of 1826, we observed a large fish about four pounds in weight, who for ten weeks never moved out of a small but rather deep stream. We tried him at intervals both early and late with fly, worm, and minnow; but all to no purpose. Soon after, a flood came down the stream, and we saw him no more.

It is by taking cognisance of these holds, or haunts, that an angler who knows a river well possesses such a decided advantage over a stranger, however skilful and expert. The former knows to a certainty where the fish are lying; and if he be unsuccessful on one occasion, he is almost sure to succeed on another.

Trout pair at the latter end of June and in July, and are invariably both of the same size. They roam together, feed together, exist together, and seem to delight in each other's society. We have sometimes fancied that they express feelings of commiseration and affection for each other in times of peril and danger. This notion is founded on the following circumstances, which have occurred to us over and over again in the course of our experience.

In fine, clear, still water, during bright hot weather, and under shady groves, we have discovered two trout which have paired, and with a worm, carefully dropped before their noses, have succeeded in hooking one of them. As the only way to kill a fish in such a situation is to hold him tight, and depend on the strength of the tackle, we have seen his companion sail round him, when struggling at the top of the water, and appear to be sensible of his danger. Even when the fallen fish lay panting and prostrate on the surface, we have known his mate come up, as if to assist him, and almost, in her affection, lay herself by his side. After the fish was

drawn out of the water, his companion immediately abandoned that particular locality ; but whether from a deep sense of an irreparable bereavement, we must leave to the opinion of the reader.

There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that trout are remarkably susceptible of atmospheric influences. It is perhaps impossible to explain this; but our opinion is founded on circumstances like the following, which have fallen under our observation over and over again in many parts of Great Britain. We have started some beautiful morning with rod and fly, anticipating noble sport from the favourable aspect of the weather, the sky perhaps clear and settled, with a gentle breeze from the west or south west—a more promising day could not well be imagined. The river was fished with uncommon care and assiduity; all kinds of flies were tried in their turn, and every dodge which experience teaches was successively resorted to, but never a fish could be hooked; miles of ground were walked over, but not even a solitary rise could be obtained, and the fellow-craftsmen whom we met in our rambles were in precisely the same predicament. The waters, in fact, appeared as still and quiet as if there was not a single trout in them to disturb the calm surface. Well, in a short time, out comes the explanation. The next day is ushered in by a violent storm of snow or rain—the waters rise—the floods come down—and the fish get gorged with food to their heart's content. Now, in our humble opinion, for we speak with diffidence on the subject, this is a striking exemplification of the existence of a powerful instinct for a given end or purpose. The secret influences of the atmosphere, unperceivable by man, intimate to the wakeful and conscious fish that an abundant supply of food is at hand; and on this account

they have no inclination to forestall the copious repast which awaits them.

We never saw trout take freely immediately before or during powerful thunder-storms.

The Pike, or Jack—Le Brochet.

All the writers who have treated on fishing agree in describing the PIKE as the king or tyrant of the fresh waters. He has acquired this title by his extraordinary and shark-like voracity. Anecdotes illustrative of this peculiarity are detailed by numerous authors; and indeed every body at all familiar with the habits and practices of this fine fish must have witnessed some remarkable proof of the accuracy of the general opinion.

A few years ago, in a preserve in Lincolnshire, a large pike was seen to snap at a swallow as it poised lightly over the water in search of flies; and a friend of ours once took seven or eight right good fish out of a pool at the tail of a lock, not far from the Earl of Winchilsea's seat in that county, with a few pieces of uncooked bacon. He went to the spot—a well-known resort for pike in those days—unprovided with bait; and on his arrival, owing to the extreme clearness of the water and the coldness of the day, he was unable to procure any with his cast-net. The lock-keeper urged him to try a lump of his bacon. In despair of getting any better bait; and unwilling to leave a favourite spot without a trial, he adopted the suggestion, and in a very short time despoiled the pool of its occupants, consisting of seven or eight respectable fish.

Hundreds of stories of a similar kind are commonly related, and may be found in the fishing-books, but notwithstanding the numerous undoubted instances of his

remarkable and fearless voracity on record, we have always found the pike a very dainty fish, and very difficult to catch in those preserves and pet waters where small silvery roach are very numerous. He can, in such situations, procure a delicate and plentiful repast whenever he wants one; for, greedy as he is, he does not, like the human glutton, eat for mere eating's sake: the one eats to live, the other lives but to eat; and, therefore, the fish may be considered the more respectable gourmand of the two. When his appetite is on, he is furious: when it is appeased, he is scarcely to be tempted. Practised trollers are well aware of this, and thoroughly understand the difference between the "*runs*," when a pike is hungry and in earnest, and when he is neither the one nor the other. When not stimulated by hunger, he is any thing but voracious, and will mouth a bait and play with it for a quarter of an hour in sheer sport, without the slightest intention of swallowing it. In this condition, he will often allow himself to be hauled about and quietly pulled up to the surface of the water, and then, with a careless flap of his tail, he coolly drops the bait from his jaws, and lazily rolls down again into deep water.

The pike is generally believed to be a long-lived fish. Numerous stories are recorded more or less authentic, confirmatory of the prevailing opinion: and there can be little doubt, perhaps, that he will live to a very great age, if well fed and undisturbed. This fish, however, has too many enemies to allow him to survive many seasons, except in stews and private waters where he can remain secure and unmolested.

Many anecdotes are preserved respecting the size which the pike is supposed to be capable of attaining. Wales is said to contain numerous enormous fish in its

deep mountain tarns; and Ireland, that land of exaggeration,—boasts of fish of the extraordinary weight of seventy or eighty pounds. In the spring of 1843, a pike was exhibited in London at a fish-monger's in Piccadilly, which was caught in some private preserve. He was immensely long, and was *ticketed* to weigh sixty-nine pounds and a half. How far such statements are to be believed one can scarcely determine, because no one seems to have taken the trouble properly to authenticate any very remarkable instance. Sometime in or about the year 1820, a pike, said to be thirty-six pounds in weight, was taken out of Whittlesea mere, in Huntingdonshire, and exhibited alive in a small brewing tub, at Trinity College, Cambridge, on the morning of the audit-day. Whether or not he was served up at the capital dinner which occurs on that occasion, we do not remember; but perhaps the ravages of five-and-twenty years may have spared some old "blue-gown" who may have a more perfect recollection of the circumstances.

But what are these pigmies, compared with the monster whose carcase was preserved at Mannheim, and may be there yet for aught we know to the contrary? Part of the story has been a pet affair with most of the book-makers on fishing, from Walton downwards; but all of them have shrunk from the *entire* narration in sheer despair, it is presumed, of being able to stuff it down the throats of their readers. Monsieur Pesson Maisonneuve, however, in the third edition of his "*Manuel du Pêcheur*," has no such foolish scrupulosity; and so he ventures on the following story, citing Eleazar Bloch,* who published a

* There is a splendid copy of Bloch's work in the library at Arras.

magnificent work on Ichthyology, under the auspices of the then King of Prussia as his authority for the marvel. "In 1497, a person caught at Kaiserslautern, near Mannheim, a pike which was nineteen feet in length, and which weighed three hundred and fifty pounds! His skeleton was preserved for a long time at Mannheim. He carried round his neck a ring of gilded brass, which could enlarge itself by springs, and which had been attached to him by order of the emperor Frederick Barbarossa, two hundred and sixty-seven years before." Monsieur Pesson Maisonneuve concludes the anecdote with this apposite and truly pathetic explanation, "What a tremendous quantity of animals more weak and feeble than himself, he must have devoured, in order to nourish his enormous bulk, during such a long series of years!"

This is certainly a very queer-looking story; but it does not appear to be very intelligible on what grounds the fishing-book makers presume to withhold the *bigger* and better half of it.

In March, if very warm, and in April, these fish leave their accustomed deep and quiet haunts, and seek for gulleys, creeks, broad ditches, and shallow reedy or pebbly places, in order to deposit their spawn, which they leave near the surface to be acted upon by the rays of the sun. It is said, but perhaps without much truth, that when thus obeying the impulses of nature, such is their lazy and absorbed condition, that they may be taken by the hand, much in the same way that trout are occasionally tickled.

During this period, they should never be molested nor disturbed; and indeed until this peculiar season is entirely over, the pike is not worth catching. When in season, he is a good, firm, and, cooked *brown* after the French

mode, a very fine, and indeed most excellent fish. When out of season, he is about as filthy a compound as can well be imagined.

September and October are fine months for pike-fishing; but if the angler can stand the weather, the winter months are decidedly the best for large fish. Mr. Dalton's keeper, at Fillingham Castle, will tell you that the troller invariably catches the largest fish in his magnificent pond on sharp frosty days, when there is a thin film of ice spread over the surface of the water; and, in corroboration of this, we are in a condition to state, that a good pike and perch were taken by trolling, out of a large *étang* in the *marais*, near St. Omer, in the Pas-de-Calais, on the sixteenth of January, in the very depth of the severe winter of this present year, 1845,—the ice, which was very thick, being previously broken, to enable the angler to get his bait into the water.

The pike, like some other fish, is supposed to be affected in his hues, by the complexion of the water in which he lives. However this may be, it is unquestionably true, that pikes taken out of canals, rivers, and rapid streams, are generally of a brighter colour, and more brilliant in their tints, than those which frequent deep pools and large weedy lakes. The latter are commonly much darker, and their sides tinged with a deep yellow; and some of those taken out of the *marais* in the Pas-de-Calais, are frequently quite tawny, and striped across the back and sides, like a Bengal tiger. The river and running-water fish have, too, a finer flavour, and are in every respect, both for the sportsman and the cook, far superior to their brethren of the pond and the pool.

Formerly, the pike was a scarce and expensive fish in England: and some curious anecdotes are collected in

the fishing manuals illustrative of the fact. Now, however, he is to be found in most of the British waters adapted to his nature and habits; and there is scarcely a private pond in the kingdom, of any respectable dimensions, which is not well stocked with these noble fish.

The pike must be carefully excluded from trout-streams, otherwise the trout will very soon be gone.

Superstition, which has touched everything connected with this world, more or less, has not spared the pike. A little bone in the form of a cross, which is said to be discoverable in the head of this fish, has been worn by the credulous, as a sort of talisman against witchcraft and enchantment.

Medicine, too, has had its weaknesses on subjects of this kind. The heart of the pike is recommended to be eaten against the paroxysms of fevers; his gall to be used as a liniment in affections of the eyes; his mandibulæ dried into dust, against pleurisy; and little fishes found in his belly were prescribed, when dried, as a draught for poor persons in consumptions, etc., etc. These follies have passed away; but the age which patronises the absurdities and extravagancies of animal magnetism is scarcely in a condition to brag of its superiority in matters of this kind.

There are various methods of catching the pike, which will be described in the proper place.

The Perch — La Perche.

The PERCH is a handsome, noble-looking fish, a bold, dashing biter, and a courageous resolute fellow when hooked, never yielding as long as he has any strength remaining, but fighting bravely to the last. He is extremely

voracious when hungry, and will dash at any thing that comes in his way. Indeed, he will often follow a smaller one of his own species when hooked, and make every effort to devour it. In short, he is altogether, when large, one of the best fish for sport which the fresh waters contain.

The perch is gregarious, and in the matter of taking bait remarkably imitative; so that when you have caught one, you should invariably remain some time in the same place, as there is every probability you will ultimately get all there are. This is so commonly understood among anglers, that it is quite a proverbial matter, known to every school-boy, and invariably acted upon by all the lovers of the gentle craft.

In March and April, and perhaps in May, according to the season, the perch cast their spawn, so that they should be suffered to remain unmolested at least until July or August. In May and June they are out of condition, and are then of a pale bad colour and most execrable flavour, very different from the deep bright hues which make them like bars of gold in the water, and the sweet, firm flesh which distinguishes them in September and October.

The perch is very prolific. Picot, of Geneva, opened a fish of a pound weight, the ovarium of which weighed a quarter of a pound, and contained 992,000 eggs. Their increase in favourable situations must consequently be enormous.

This fish reaches a considerable size. Some authors affirm that he has attained a weight of nine or ten pounds. Perch have been occasionally caught in Whittlesea mere of six pounds; and we ourselves took a few, five and twenty years ago, which reached within a few ounces of four pounds each. During the severe winter of 1844 and

1845, one was caught near St. Omer which was embedded in a lump of ice, and must have weighed five or six pounds. The frost had surprised him in some shallow place, and had literally frozen him up. The angler, however, must deem himself universally fortunate who succeeds in killing perch, whose average weight shall reach a pound and a half, or even a pound. Excellent sport is to be obtained with fish much below that weight; for, as he is a fearless dashing fellow, he will always afford the angler more amusement than any other fish twice his size, with the exception of the trout and the salmon, whose magnificent leaps and rushes, none who have ever experienced them can possibly forget.

The perch frequents deep weedy holes, the stone walls about locks and mills, reedy streams, where the water passes freely, and invariably those places where there is a constant or frequent rapid fall of water. If you can keep your line down, the stronger the stream in which you angle for perch the better; but more will be said on this matter in another place.

Perch are to be met with almost everywhere. There is scarcely a river in England, adapted to his nature and habits, in which he cannot be found. The lakes in the north of England are full of these fish; and private ponds in which pike are preserved generally abound with them, as the jack will not eat the perch unless urged by extremity of hunger; and then he seldom recovers the effect of the perch's sharp and penetrating dorsal fin.

The flesh of the perch was deemed salubrious by the old mediciners, and they were accustomed to prescribe two little round bones in his head, to be dissolved, and taken as a remedy for the "stone." There are various modes of cooking the perch. The best way with which

we are acquainted, is to fry him in butter, and then serve him up with rich hot shrimp sauce. In Scotland they make what is called a "water-soucy" of him; but this is a flabby, wishy-washy affair altogether: the flavour of the fish is lost in that of the onion, and you wish in vain that you could lose the taste of the onion as easily.

The Carp—*La Carpe*.

The CARP is a very handsome fish, and is very highly esteemed for the table, especially on the continent.

He is to be found in most of the ponds and rivers of Europe; but he chiefly affects those waters which have a very gentle flow; and in haunts of this kind, his flesh acquires the highest degree of delicacy and *goût* of which it is susceptible. Perhaps those fish are the best, both in colour and flavour, which are taken out of lakes or ponds of pure, limpid water, which is continually changed by a placid current perpetually drawing through them, the bottoms of which are covered with fine sand or pebbles. If, in addition to these advantages, the water which drains into these ponds or lakes from the surrounding lands, fall over a shingly or gravelly soil, the carp will be of splendid quality, and become a most delicious fish.

The carp will live to a very great age; and in favourable situations will attain a very large size. It is said that the big old carp which are to be found in the fosse of the chateau at Fontainebleau were put in, in the time of Francis I. Buffon speaks of carp in the fosse of Port-chartrain which were a hundred and fifty years old, and possessed all the vivacity and agility of ordinary fish. Others are spoken of by some authors which had attained the age of two hundred years.

We must, however, take all these stories about the ages of fish *cum grano salis*. It is extremely difficult to obtain correct information on such a subject, especially as the evidence, from the very nature of the case, must necessarily be of a very loose and inadequate description. The weight of fish is a more tangible affair; and on this point we cannot be deceived, if proper precautions be adopted. Carp, if only half the statements on record be true, will undoubtedly reach a very large size, especially in the north of Europe, where they seem to be highly prized, and very carefully protected. Pallas says that the Volga produces carp five feet long. "In 1711," says Eleazar Bloch, in his splendid work, "a carp was caught near Frankfort on the Oder, which was more than nine feet long, and three round, and which weighed seventy-pounds!" In the lake of Zug, in Switzerland, one was taken which weighed ninety pounds. Monsieur Pesson Maisonneuve seems to think their size varies according to the places they inhabit, and the food they feed upon. "In France," says he, "they reach ten or twelve pounds; in Germany they become monstrous. They are taken in Pomerania thirty or forty pounds in weight; and in Prussia fifty pounds is a common size!" For our own part, we should like to see some of these extraordinary fish, but much fear we shall not be so fortunate.

The carp spawn in May, and even in April, when the spring is forward and warm. They seek out quiet places covered with verdure, in which to deposit their eggs; and it is said that two or three males follow each female, in order to swim over and impregnate the deposit. At this season, carp which inhabit rivers and running streams, endeavour to get into more tranquil waters; and if, during their migration they meet with unexpected

obstacles, they are very resolute and determined in their efforts to overcome them; leaping, it is affirmed, after the fashion of the salmon, five or six feet in height, in order to accomplish their purpose.

The carp multiplies prodigiously. A carp of half-a-pound in weight, has been found, on examination, to contain 237,000 eggs; one of a pound-and-a-half, 342,000; and one of nine-pounds, the enormous number of 621,000 eggs.

The carp is very tenacious of life. Many anecdotes illustrative of this fact are on record. Indeed, in France it is no uncommon thing to transport them to great distances from one lake to another, wrapping them in fresh wet grass, and dipping them every twenty-four hours of the journey into fresh water for a few minutes to allow them to recruit their strength. In this manner, they are made to perform very long journeys with comparative security, and scarcely any risk of loss.

Carp are subject to many diseases. We ourselves have seen them covered with spots like the small-pox; and some of the large old ones are frequently nearly white, as if infected with a kind of leprous disorder.

It is difficult to decide where are the favourite haunts of the carp; but that angler will always have the best chance of success, who selects the most retired and quiet spots, and carefully excludes *himself* from observation.

The carp is a cunning, shy fish, and requires very skilful management.

The flesh of the carp is soft, fat, luscious, well-flavoured, and nourishing.

In Prussia, the head is preferred on account of the excellence of its flavour. The intestines also are esteemed delicacies, when eaten with pepper, ginger, and salt.

The mediciners have dabbled with the carp, as well as with most other fish. His fat has been used as a mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves, when suffering under what is termed "hot-rheumatism." His gall has been applied as a liniment for sore eyes. A small triangular stone, supposed to be discernible in the jaws of the carp, is said to act as a styptic when ground to a fine powder; and has been found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. And "above the eyes," says an old physician, "two little bones exist, semicircular in shape, which are diligently preserved by noble females against the lunatical disease." All this seems sufficiently absurd; but the age which swallows Parr's pills, and pins its faith on the cold-water system, is scarcely in a condition to laugh at it.

The carp is an excellent fish when satisfactorily cooked; for accomplishing which, almost any cookery book will furnish a tolerable receipt. The soft-roed fish are much sought after by epicures as a delicate dish; and indeed, some writers attribute to them the property of restoring consumptive persons to perfect health.

The Tench — *La Tanche*.

The TENCH is a handsome thick fish, of a greenish-yellow colour, with a peculiarly greasy slippery skin. His form and appearance give one the idea of great richness and delicacy; and indeed, when properly cooked, he is really a very delicious fish.

Tench are found in nearly all parts of Europe, but only in lakes, *marais*, ponds, and weedy rivers, where there is little or no current. They prefer stagnant muddy waters to any other; and during the severity of the winter, like eels, they bury themselves in the mud. In the hot days of summer and autumn, they are to be seen basking and

floundering about under the large leaves of the water-lily; and in the deep *étangs* in the *marais*, in the Pas-de-Calais, we have seen them wallowing about in shoals amongst the weeds and lilies, beneath the hot burning sun, apparently regardless of the approach of our boat until we could almost touch them.

These fish spawn late in the spring, or early in the summer, according to the lateness or forwardness of the season; and seek the most secluded and weedy places, clogged-up, as it were, with vegetation, to deposit their eggs, which are of a greenish colour, and very small. They are wondrously prolific, and increase prodigiously if undisturbed. In a female weighing about three pounds and a half, there were counted more than 297,000 eggs.

When particularly well nurtured, and in a favourable situation, the tench will occasionally attain a weight of seven or eight pounds. This, however, is of rare occurrence; for, although the fish grows very fast, he will seldom be found to exceed two or three pounds.

Like carp, tench are extremely tenacious of life, and may be carried very long journeys in wet grass, without the slightest fear of losing them.

Many medicinal properties have been attributed to the tench; but who will vouch for their authenticity? It has been credited, that when cut into pieces and placed on the soles of the feet, his flesh will overcome the virulence of the plague, and dissipate the heat in the fiercest fevers; that, when applied alive to the brow, he will relieve pains in the head; that, planted on the nape of the neck, he will allay inflammations in the eyes; and that, when held in contact with the lower part of the body, he will effectually cure the jaundice.

These notions are now exploded; but Walton seems to

be of opinion, that the Jewish physicians of his day were in possession of secrets of unquestionable value, derived from the supposed peculiar medicinal qualities of this fish, which had been handed down by a long tradition from the days of Solomon. He gives no authority for this opinion; but old Izaak's fancies even, must always appear respectable in the eyes of an enthusiastic angler.

The tench has been called the physician of the pike; the latter being supposed to rub himself against its soft mollifying skin, when sick or wounded. This idea does not seem to rest on any sufficient foundation; and yet it is almost universally credited.

The flesh of this fish is rich, luscious, and delicate, although somewhat muddy in its flavour; but the ancients, who have afforded some illustrious instances of their familiarity with the gastronomic art, and their appreciation of the delicacies which nature supplies, considered the tench very difficult of digestion, and held him in very slight estimation; and an old Silesian physician, who seems to have shared their prejudices, says, "The tench is a vile neglected fish, very flabby and glutinous, bad of digestion, a food fit only for paupers and serfs." If he had ever eaten him, when under the influence of Dr. Kitchener's receipt, he would have smacked his lips, and revoked his opinion altogether.

The Barbel—Le Barbeau.

The BARBEL is a well made, handsome, and powerful fish, very active and vigorous; quite the sort of fellow to try the strength of the angler's tackle, and the dexterity of his hand. He is very fond of rapid waters which run over a stony bottom, and will lie for a long time in a boiling current under shelving banks near old stone walls

and piles, or about sunken trees or old timber. In these sorts of places the larger fish are generally to be found; and as the barbel dreads alike fiery heats or extreme cold, he commonly lies near the bottom, and haunts the deepest parts of the stream.

The barbel is gregarious, and is to be found in many of the rivers of England; but the Trent and the Thames are perhaps better supplied with this fish than any other British streams.

Stories have been told of the barbel having attained a weight of fifteen or twenty pounds; but these are instances of very, very rare occurrence, as he seldom exceeds eight or ten pounds; and even this is deemed a very large size and by no means usual. These fish spawn early in June. Walton says in April; but perhaps they vary according to seasons and situations. They deposit their eggs on the surface of stones in the narrowest and most rapid parts of the stream. Walton says they burrow under the stones to deposit their eggs; but *for once* Walton is perhaps wrong

The barbel, it is supposed by some authors, never casts spawn until in his fifth or sixth year.

The barbel is a long-lived fish. His flesh is white and delicate in appearance; and, when cooked according to the receipt for stewing tench and carp, he is not altogether the most despicable of all fish, and might perhaps be eaten by a very hungry man.

He will live four or five hours after he has been taken out of the water. This fish is supposed to possess the peculiar power of causing the water to bubble up on the surface above his head, when he makes his respirations. The eel is also believed to exhibit the same faculty; but as these air-bubbles may be accounted for in a more satis-

factory manner, we may be permitted to doubt these notions altogether.

The barbel takes his name from the beard or wattles which hang about his mouth; and when he is young and very small, he is called in France "Barbillon." With these beards or wattles, says Walton, he is able to take such hold of weeds and moss, that the sharpest floods cannot move him from his position. He seems to have the power of rooting into the mud, and pig-like wallowing in the mire and weeds, at the bottom of deep holes and under overhanging banks.

This fish feeds on flies, bees, bugs, wasps, maggots, worms, slugs, snails, and all similar kinds of bait; but anglers have invented or adopted various other baits to entrap this wary shy-biting fish, which will be noticed in the proper place.

The eggs of the barbel are supposed to be injurious; and an opinion once prevailed in the north of Europe, that they who partook of them copiously would "shrink up in great danger of life." This, perhaps, is an exaggeration; but there can be no doubt that the spawn of all freshwater fish is more or less pernicious.

The Bream—*La Brême*.

The BREAM is a great, flat, coarse, ugly fish, strong in the water, but utterly detestable on the table. The French, it is true, are of a different opinion, and hold him in rather high estimation. All we can say is, "So much for taste." The French gastronomes, however, seldom make mistakes of this description.

This fish frequents still places in deep placid waters; but prefers the retirement of ponds and lakes where the water is still, the place undisturbed, and the bottom weedy and muddy.

The bream is to be found in most of the slow still rivers of England, and sometimes attains a very large size: he is then very much like a pair of bellows in shape, and not very superior, we apprehend, in flavour. In the north of Europe, this fish has been known to reach the weight of twenty pounds; and, in 1749, there were taken at a single draught, out of a large lake near Nordkiæping in Sweden, five thousand bream, the aggregate weight of which was eighteen thousand pounds. We have ourselves caught them four and five pounds in weight, and have heard of other people catching them still larger; but this size is by no means general.

The bream spawn late in June or early in July, and at that season seek out the level shelving sides, or the muddy bottoms, of rivers well grown with weeds. Each female is accompanied by three or four males. They multiply very rapidly; and, indeed, 137,000 eggs have been counted in the ovarium of a single female. During this season, it is said, the males are covered with little tubercles like the small-pox, which disappear when these processes are over. "At this season," says a French author, "they make a great noise as they swim in numerous flocks; and yet they distinguish the sound of bells, or the tambour, or any other analogous tones, which sometimes frighten them, retard them, disperse them, or drive them into the nets of the fishermen." Surely, all this must be purely fanciful! Our author gives no authority for the statement, neither does he say that he ever witnessed the circumstance himself.

The bream grows very fast, and is remarkably tenacious of life when taken out of the water during cold weather. He can then be transported alive to a great distance, provided he be carefully wrapped up in snow, with a

morsel of bread steeped in alcohol placed in his mouth. This is a plan successfully practised in some parts of France.

There are said to be three or four varieties of bream in the waters of the Seine. The fishermen in that river give the name of "Henriots" to the young fry, and that of "Brêmites" to the middle-sized fish.

Bloch says, "This fish is little esteemed; and still less when he has been taken out of muddy waters, which give him a most detestable flavour."

Perchance the receipt for cooking tench might enable a very hungry school-boy to swallow a morsel or two; but even then, perhaps, it would be necessary to abandon both sight and recollection.

The Chub—La Chebanne.

The CHUB is a strong, compact, but rather clumsily built fish, well adapted to afford capital sport to the angler; but is a very miserable affair in the hands of the cook. Walton gives a receipt which he says will make him eatable, but who will be at the trouble of trying it? The French, who understand this department as well as, or perhaps better, than any other people under the sun, pronounce him a villanous fish; and they are most certainly right. His flesh is woolly and watery, and has a nasty sweetness about it which is absolutely nauseous. Perhaps the best mode of serving up the chub, would be to imitate the Irish manager's method of performing Hamlet—send up the richest receipt you can get, hot and piquante, *omitting the fish!*

The chub spawns about the time of Easter, and is probably very prolific. His eggs, which are yellow, and about the size of a grain of poppy seed, are deposited on

the gravel in very shallow water. The operation is supposed to occupy a period of about eight days.

Most of the rivers of England contain chub. He haunts deep, quiet holes, under overhanging banks; frequents the bottoms of old walls, and deep retired nooks, where piles and old posts stick up out of the bottom, and yet he likes occasionally to fight against strong rushing streams, and to contend with the most rapid waters. The chub of the river is far finer and more active than his brother of the pond or lake; indeed, he is not often found in the latter, unless they communicate easily and freely with some river, or constantly open current.

This fish attains a considerable size. It is said, he will sometimes weigh six or seven pounds; and in France he has been known to reach a weight of ten pounds. Fish of this size, however, must be very scarce; as few sportsmen can boast of having seen them so large. A chub was caught in the Thames in the month of May, 1844, by a friend of ours, which weighed four pounds. He was a very strong active fish, shot across the river like an arrow on feeling himself hooked, and fought well for a full hour, before he could be got out of the water. He was caught with a common gut line; and therefore required considerable indulgence, before he could be overcome. This was considered a remarkable fish.

Chub are gregarious, and in hot weather may be seen basking on the surface of the water over some deep hole in considerable numbers. The moment they become sensible that they are observed, they sink down in an instant, being perhaps, with scarcely an exception, the shyest of all river fish.

The Roach—Le Gardon.

The ROACH is supposed to be so called, on account of the redness of his fins. He is a poor mean fish as far as eating goes; but he is a handsome, strong fish, and will afford the angler capital sport when he rises at the fly, which he commonly does about the months of August and September, both boldly and freely.

Roach are gregarious. They love limpid and clear waters, and yet are to be found in still and muddy rivers and ponds. They frequent almost all the ponds, rivers, and lakes in Europe; and in some places are inconceivably numerous. Many of the rivers and ponds in England are full of them; and in France they are very abundant everywhere, particularly in the neighbourhood of Paris. In the *marais* of the Pas-de-Calais, and about Peronne there are millions of them. In some countries, in the north of Europe, and particularly on the banks of the Oder, they are so plentiful that they are commonly used for manuring the land; and Bloch assures us, that before the *marais* on the Oder were drained, such enormous quantities were constantly caught, that they supplied the neighbouring villages with abundance of provender on which to fatten their pigs.

Roach spawn about June, and, Walton says rightly, may be fished for a fortnight after that process is accomplished. They cast their spawn in narrow, weedy, grassy places, and are very prolific. In the ovarium of an ordinary sized roach, were counted 125,000 eggs.

At a certain season—the spawning season—roach have been observed to migrate like the salmon, trout, carp, etc. “In the spring,” says a French author, “the

roach mount up the rivers in a very singular order. The males and females separate themselves so as to form distinct troops. One troop of males takes the lead, a troop of females follows without mingling with the other; and at last a second troop of males closes the march. They go very close together; and if any accident separates them on their route, they quickly re-form their battalions, and resume their march when the danger is passed." We never noticed this habit ourselves; we never heard of any sportsman who ever did; and we never before saw any account of it in any book;—it may, however, be true for all that, although it savours strongly of the fanciful.

The roach attains a large size. They are said to have been killed in England of the weight of two pounds; but in the French waters they reach a larger size than this, and give the angler a good deal of trouble, as they require delicate tackle to deceive them. The roach is by no means the stupid reckless fish some represent him to be; on the contrary, he demands a fair amount of skill and caution, and affords very respectable sport, when of good size and in full season.

There is a fish of the roach species, called in England the RUDD, which is very numerous in the waters of France, and is there designated, "ROACH-CARP." Walton seems to think the rudd lies between the roach and the bream. Other writers declare it to be a separate fish altogether; but most probably it is a genuine cross between the roach and the carp. In France, this fish attains a great size. He abounds in the fosses round the fortified towns in the north of France, is a bold biter, and a very strong active fish. He is rather better eating than the roach; but few anglers would catch him for the

sake of cooking him. After all, the best use to which either the one or the other can be put, is to make a bait of him for the voracious pike.

The Dace — La Vendoise ou Dard.

The DACE is a well-made, salmon-shaped, strong-built, handsome fish, of a bright silvery hue. He frequents clear rapid waters, and is very frequently found in the same streams with the trout. It makes but little difference to him whether the water be deep or shallow, provided it be bright and tolerably rapid.

These fish are gregarious, and, in favourable waters and well-adapted positions, are to be found in very large shoals. They are found to inhabit all suitable waters in nearly every part of Europe, and are very numerous in the Pas-de-Calais, and many other parts of France.

Early in the summer the dace casts its spawn, and is very prolific. He multiplies with enormous rapidity; and the rather so, that he is enabled to avoid numerous enemies both on land and in the water, from the remarkable rapidity with which he swims. This fish deposits an immense quantity of eggs of a dirty whitish colour, and feeds freely on worms, gnats, and flies. Other bait, however, will tempt him, as we shall show in the proper place.

The angler may enjoy first-rate sport with the dace, because he is bold and dashing, and for his size a very strong fish; he fights hard, and dies game. The cook, perhaps, would rather not be troubled with him; but as he does not seem to be in much request, no, not even with bream-eaters, receipts for cooking him are scarcely necessary: and yet, when fresh and fried nicely in butter, he is a capital addition to the breakfast-table.

The Gudgeon—*Le Goujon*.

THE GUDGEON is a very handsome, active, well-shaped little fish; most delicious in flavour when properly cooked, and deservedly considered very *recherché* by the gastronomes of France.

This fish is to be found in almost all the rivers of England, and indeed of Europe. He prefers running waters and rapid curling streams which flow over a pebbly or sandy bottom, although he will live and thrive in lakes and ponds through which a gentle draw of water continually passes.

The gudgeon is supposed to spawn about the month of May. Walton says they breed two or three times a year. This does not appear to be very clearly established; but the prodigious rate at which these fish increase, would seem to lend a certain degree of probability to the notion. A French writer says, "They pass their winter in the lakes and large ponds, and in the spring remount the rivers, where they deposit their spawn on pebbles and stones. This operation is, with the gudgeon, a very laborious affair, and the fish is frequently occupied an entire month in the difficult process. Towards the autumn the gudgeons gain the lakes." This does not appear to be the general opinion, neither is it our own; but Walton, who after all is a very high authority, seems to entertain some such notion of the migratory habits of this fish, although his language is vague and uncertain.

The gudgeons, undoubtedly, multiply prodigiously, and in certain favourable situations are to be found in immense quantities. The waters of the Pas-de-Calais abound with this fish, and they are to be caught freely in a small rapid stream within the very walls of St. Omer, as well as in the surrounding running waters.

Gudgeons are used in some parts of France to stock lakes, ponds, and rapid streams, as food for pike, eels, and trout.

When the gudgeon is well cleaned and wiped perfectly dry, rubbed over with egg and bread crumbs, fried *crisp* in butter, and served up with *hot* melted butter, and new well-buttered hot household bread, he is a very delicious fish. At the breakfast-table, when in this condition, he is inimitable. The French have many modes of cooking him; but we think none better than this.

The Bleak—L'Able ou Ablette.

The BLEAK abound in nearly all the rivers and fresh waters of Europe; but they are to be found in prodigious numbers in the Caspian sea, from whence, according to some authors, they were originally introduced into Europe.

This fish is very active, handsome, and well formed, and when first taken out of the water, shines like a bar of silver. His beautiful sparkling scales are used by artists to give to the mock pearls the beauty and brilliancy of those of the East. The white scales only are employed in this ingenious process.

The bleak spawns in May or June and multiplies prodigiously. It is well that he does so; for he has many enemies. Waterfowl are said to prefer this fish to any other.

These merry fish are to be seen constantly in fine warm days playing on the surface of the water; but they infinitely prefer rushing, powerful streams, in the middle or on the borders of which, they are to be caught in the greatest quantities, and with the most surprising rapidity.

There is a very fine kind of bleak in the fosses beneath the ramparts of Bergues and St. Omer, in the Pas-de-Calais, and similar places in the north of France, which are as big as ordinary herrings.

There are many modes of catching this fish, which will be considered in the proper place: suffice it to say here, the best bait for him is a gentle, the very worst, a worm.

The bleak is a very excellent fish, when cooked according to our mode of frying gudgeons. Cooks do not like him, because he gives them too much trouble in the preparation.

The Pope or Ruffe.

Walton calls this fish the RUFFE-PERCH; and it is known to all the school-boys in England under the familiar appellation of the "Tommy Ruffe," at whose unfortunate expense they often enjoy a vast deal of rather cruel fun. They stick the strong sharp fin on his back into a large cork, and in this fashion launch him into the water. The cork prevents him from sinking; and so poor "Tommy" swims about on the very surface of the water until some accident, or extra exertion, rids him of the cork, or some water-rat puts him out of his trouble.

These fish are found in almost all the waters in England, and roam about in large shoals. The ruffe fearlessly frequents the haunts of the pike and the perch; and, indeed, is generally found in company with the perch, secure under the protection of his strong dorsal fin, which presents an obstacle too formidable to be encountered by the most voracious of his fresh-water brethren.

The ruffe prefers deep water which flows gently over a clear sandy bottom. He is an excellent biter, greedy and bold, and will afford the young angler very good sport, as he fights hard, and, for his size, shows a great deal of game.

This fish spawns in May and is very prolific.

The ruffe is a very delicate, sweet-flavoured fish, and cooked after the mode which we have recommended for dressing gudgeon, makes a very respectable dish. Nine

times out of ten these sorts of small fish are far preferable, in point of sweetness and flavour, to the larger ones; but the cooks uniformly run them down, because they are troublesome to prepare for the frying-pan.

The Eel — L'Anguille.

Few fish are better known than the EEL. He frequents all the rivers and waters of Europe, where the cold is not too severe; and he is to be met with on the most sumptuous as well as on the most frugal tables, the food alike of the rich and the poor. But common, and apparently well-known as he is, no fish has been the subject of more absurd errors, ridiculous prejudices, and puerile conceits.

The haunts of this fish are familiar to every angler. He inhabits all kinds of waters, ponds, lakes, ditches, trout-streams, rivers. No water is too dirty for him, and none too pure. He thrives in the muddiest holes, and grows fat among the stones of the mountain torrent. A fresh-water fish in all his habits, yet if he gets into the salt-water, he shows little anxiety to leave it again; and though it evidently affects his colour, he grows prodigiously in it, and gets as fat as butter. No matter where he may be fishing with a sunk bait, the experienced angler is never surprised when he pulls out an eel. In short this fish is almost universal, and his attachment to one place rather than another, is highly problematical. Wherever he can get food, there he is; nay, indeed, he has been sometimes found in situations, where, to all appearance, he could get none.

Various have been the opinions about the mode in which eels are generated. Writers on fishing, one after another, recapitulate the old opinions, and nearly in the same words. We are told that one ancient author supposed

they were born of the mud; another, from little bits scraped off the bodies of large eels, when they rubbed themselves against stones; another, from the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown in the water; another, from the dews which cover the earth in May; another, from the water alone, and so forth. All these notions, however, are now exploded, and the process more satisfactorily explained.

The following statement wears a reasonable appearance, and will account for the story from Bowlker, quoted in "The Angler's Sure Guide."

The eel proceeds from an egg. The egg is hatched in the body of the female as in fish of the "ray" species. A slight pressure on the lower part of the body of the female facilitates the egress of the young ones. But in order that the eggs may be capable of being hatched, there must of necessity be some intercourse with the male. This, we may presume, is accomplished in the same manner as amongst snakes. The eggs are of course more or less numerous in different fish. It sometimes happens that the female eels disembarass themselves of their eggs, before they are hatched; but this must occur very seldom, because it has never yet been clearly ascertained where, in such cases, the eels deposit them.

Now, this, which is an abridgment of the more elaborate account of a French author, seems to be a plain and rational account of the matter, and is, in all probability, not far from the truth.

Many anecdotes have been told about the nocturnal migrations of eels. The fact of eels having been found in detached ponds which had not been stocked with them, has given rise to many marvellous notions, and many extraordinary conjectures. It is not at all improbable that eels may wander about at night amongst the long

dewy grass, in search of slugs, worms, mice, etc., etc., and it is not at all unlikely that they may, during such rambles, stray away into other waters; but still, nobody appears to have seen them under such circumstances. The belief is indeed, almost universal, but we have never yet seen, or heard of, a well-attested statement of the fact.

There is, however, another, and a perfectly natural and rational way of accounting for eels being found in improbable or unexpected situations; and as the fact on which it is founded, can be verified by unexceptionable witnesses, we do not hesitate to advance the opinion.

In the month of July, in the year 1844, a party of ladies and gentlemen residing at St. Omer, in the Pas-de-Calais, took an evening stroll along the road towards Calais, immediately after a short, sharp, summer shower. When they reached the avenue beyond the gate of the town, they were surprised to find the road under the trees thickly studded with small frogs, about the size of large garden spiders. Some were hopping about, splashed and covered with wet dust; some were crushed under the feet of the passengers, and more were dropping from the thick foliage of the overhanging lime trees, yet wet with the summer shower. These circumstances were witnessed by numerous respectable persons, who, taking the locality and other considerations into account, unanimously adopted the opinion—what other could they arrive at?—that these little animals had been drawn up into the clouds from some neighbouring *marais*, and dropped again amongst the trees and long grass, when it discharged itself of its contents. Now, if frogs can be transported in this way, why not eels also? Whoever has noticed the tribes of little eels about two inches long, and as thin as a knitting kneedle, which, at certain seasons

of the year, swarm in millions about the doors and walls of locks and sluices, in their progress up the rivers, can have no difficulty in believing that such minute animals could be as easily carried from one water to another by a powerful natural agency, as the little frogs which studded the avenue at St. Omer. How are the islands in the great southern ocean constructed and peopled? The coral insect raises his labours above the wave. The sea heaves her sands upon his work. The birds drop their excrements, containing probably seeds which still retain the principle of vitality. The tempests which sweep over those vast wastes of water, come laden with insects, and small reptiles, and the slight germs of animal and vegetable life. The storm-driven savage runs his vagrant canoe into its shallow bays for shelter and security; and the adventurous European is one day surprised by discovering the fertile and peopled isle, where his chart speaks of nothing but interminable waves. All this goes on every day; and yet we anglers are conjecturing and theorising, how a few little eels, as light as thistle down, can be transported from one water to another, at a distance, it may be, of perhaps a few hundred yards!*

Eels increase in numbers most prodigiously. They will also reach a very large size. In Italy—a magnificent

* The bishop of Norwich recently read a paper to some scientific society on this very subject. He had noticed some little eels in the thatch of a cottage, and thence inferred that the spawn had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays. Now, reeds are always thoroughly dried before they are used as thatch; and this process, we apprehend, would destroy the vitality of the spawn which the bishop seems to think eels deposit. Perhaps his lordship, if these hints should meet his eye, may be induced to prefer the solution in the text.

country for the angler—they are taken, it is said, of the weight of twenty pounds. In Albania, they are stated to be occasionally as thick as a man's thigh. And some writers have affirmed that in Prussia, they have been sometimes caught ten or twelve feet in length. We ourselves, have often seen them of five or six pounds in weight; and fish of this size are by no means uncommon in the waters of the Pas-de-Calais, and other departments of France.

The eel is a fish of very slow growth; but, as a set-off against this, he seems to be endowed with the gift of very long life. Writers on fishing generally limit him to a period of five or six years; but a French author who speaks with the greatest confidence on the subject, says, "Experience has proved that the eel will live for a century. How, otherwise, can the prodigious increase of these animals be explained; since it can be demonstrated that the females do not breed before they are twelve years old. The eel increases until his ninety-fourth year. Each female therefore can produce during a period of eighty-two years; and this satisfactorily accounts for the enormous quantity of eels to be found in the waters which are adapted for them."

Our author gives no authority for these positive statements; but one thing is now pretty certain; this fish must be longer lived than Walton (following Bacon) and others have supposed him to be. Ten years of life, the limit assigned by these authors, with his very slow growth, will not suffice to account for his extraordinary increase. In all probability, the French writer, if not minutely correct, is still not very far from the truth.

The eel is exceedingly voracious, and a most indiscriminate feeder. Nothing can be too delicate, and few

things too nasty for his ravenous appetite. Many years ago, we were present when some schoolboys caught a very large one, which was wriggling about in a pool of water, just above a mill, after the stream had been suddenly run off. Two of them pulled off their clothes, and after a long struggle—the fish being so strong and slippery that they could scarcely hold him—they succeeded in bundling him on the bank. To our surprise he had a large half-decayed water-rat in his mouth. One-half he had succeeded in swallowing; but the other was too big for his throat, and remained hanging out of his jaws. The rat was rapidly decomposing; and in a day or two, if the boys had not spoiled the feast, he would probably, like the boa, have completed his meal.

Many instances of his voracity have been recorded, but this anecdote we can vouch for. Several individuals are still alive who were present on the occasion; and should these pages meet their eye, their memory, like our own, will perchance leap back with a feeling of pleasure over a period of thirty years.

Eels are very abundant in the Seine. In that river there are several varieties of the eel, some of them distinguished for their wondrous voracity; and which destroy vast quantities of smelts, shads, and bream. One species is so astonishingly ravenous, that he has obtained from the inhabitants the name of the “dog-eel.” The gluttony and voracity of this variety are said to be most extraordinary.

The flesh of the eel is delicate, white, firm, and, when fed and well-nurtured in favourable waters, truly delicious. He was interdicted as an article of food by the Jewish law-giver on perfectly intelligible grounds, quite unconnected with his good or bad qualities, as an article

of food; and Numa forbid him to be used in the sacrifices which were offered to the gods, on grounds equally *unintelligible*, unless we admit the very probable conjecture that he blindly imitated the Hebrew legislator. The mediciners of later times have denounced him as an unwholesome and indigestible fish; but *malgré* the ordinances of legislation and the dicta of physicians, he will continue to be gobbled up, by all who like a good thing to the end of time.

Either fried like a gudgeon, as we have prescribed elsewhere, or served up in the receipt which we have suggested for cooking tench, he is a most admirable fish; seldom equalled, never excelled. A particularly fine sort is caught in the river Nene; and at the Angel at Peterborough, in former days, stewed eels were to be obtained in perfection. The last time we dined there, we fancied they had lost the art; but we were rather in a hurry, and perhaps scarcely allowed the cook sufficient time.

There is a mode of cooking them called spatch-cocking, or spitch-cocking. This is a very capital method and any of the cookery books will explain the manner how.

Collared also, he is a delicious fish, and makes a most piquant addition to the breakfast-table. We have tasted him so good under this sort of discipline, that we cannot refrain from recommending the illustrious process. The eel served in this way, and sauced with a little pepper and vinegar, would make the Pope himself the best *maigre* dinner his holiness ever dreamt of.

This fish was in high estimation among the ancients; and the ladies of Greece and Rome were in the habit of wearing bracelets and other ornaments made in the form of this fish, the head and tail forming the clasps. Modern

artists who affect to imitate the ancients in this matter, construct these ornaments in the shape of adders, vipers, and other snakes, forgetting that, in nine cases out of ten, the eel, and not the snake, is designated on the antique ornaments and *bijouterie* which time has bequeathed us.

The eel is subject to a disorder of a leprous character. When under the influence of this disease, he is mottled with numerous little white spots, which give him an unhealthy, and, indeed, a disgusting appearance.

The Lamprey—La Lamproie.

The LAMPREY is exactly like an eel in form, and also in colour; but he possesses some remarkable characteristics which are peculiar to himself. Close to each eye he has two ranges of small orifices, four on one side, five on the other, and, independent of these, behind each eye he has seven more through which he effects his respirations. He is slippery like the common eel, and swims with great force and activity, being a remarkably muscular fish. He possesses the faculty of attaching himself to stones, etc., by means of his mouth, which, from the elasticity of his lips and the strength of his crooked teeth, acts as a kind of sucker and enables him to hold on to stones and posts, etc., with singular firmness. A lamprey of three pounds—for he reaches a larger size than writers on angling commonly imagine—has been known thus to lift a weight of about twelve pounds. On account of this peculiarity, he is denominated by some naturalists the “Petromyson” or “Suckstone.”

The lamprey spawns in the spring, and ascends the rivers and streams for this necessary purpose. The eggs of the lamprey are about the size of a grain of mustard-

seed, of an orange colour, and are deposited in very considerable quantities.

These fish have been known to attain a weight of more than six pounds. Their flesh is difficult of digestion, and is said to have killed Henry I., who was very fond of them.

The lamprey is very tenacious of life, and will live nearly as long out of water as an eel. He is to be found in lakes and ponds during the winter, and in rivers during the summer. He frequents some of the English waters, and is to be found in most parts of France. Those of the Loire and the Seine are held in the highest estimation.

There are several kinds of lamprey. That called "seven-eyes" is the most common *now* in the waters of England; but this is not the fish that killed the king. Writers on fishing are in the habit of attributing this exploit to the small lamprey which is at present to be found in England; but this is a mistake, for the larger species which seems to be banished from our island, was the true regicide.

The Char.

The CHAR is a fish which, from his being confined to the lakes in the north of England and Scotland, is not familiar to sportsmen generally; and indeed very little seems to be known about him at all.

He is a handsome fish, spotted like the trout, and attains a very fair size—Walton says fifteen or sixteen inches in length—and is of an admirable flavour. His habits are enveloped in considerable obscurity, and his admitted rarity renders him an object of comparatively little interest to the brethren of the angle.

Epicures attach a high value to this fish; and "potted char" is constantly advertised in the newspapers as a

standard delicacy. How it is made is another matter; but as few things in England can escape adulteration, most probably the char undergoes the profitable process. Bleak and sprats as well as sardines have long since been converted into anchovies; and as long as John Bull will consent to pay for *names* instead of *things*, so long will the concoctors of sauces continue to fleece him, in common with all the other harpies who prey upon his enormous gullibility.

The Loach—La Loche.

The LOACH is a curious-looking fish, having all the appearance of being a cross between the eel and the barbel. He seems to avoid the more calm and tranquil water, and to prefer the curling streams of small rivers which occasionally rush over pebbly and gravelly bottoms.

The loach is covered with a viscous matter, and really *has* scales, although they are scarcely visible; he is remarkable also for the *barbillons* or wattles which hang from his upper lip.

This fish can be transported alive to a very great distance, provided the water in the vessel in which he is conveyed be continually agitated, and a cool season, such as the middle of autumn, be selected for the occasion.

Linnæus has left it on record that Frederick I., king of Sweden, procured these fish from Germany, and naturalised them in his own country. By a careful attention to the precautions just mentioned, they were enabled to survive the long and difficult journey.

The flesh of the loach is considered a great delicacy, especially in autumn, and also in the spring when he is full of spawn. At these two periods he is preferred by the French gastronomes to all other fish; and these most

competent judges affirm that there is nothing comparable to him when he has been killed by immersion in wine or milk. In matters of the mouth the French really are a refined people; but this seems to be refining with a vengeance.

Loaches spawn in the later spring and breed freely. They will live a very long time in small trunks, provided they are placed in the very middle of a rapid stream.

The Minnow—Le Véron.

Walton calls this fish the *PENK*, which has been corrupted into pink, and in Ireland into pinkeens; and if this were the only liberty which some fishing-book makers have taken with dear old Izaak, there would be nothing much to complain of on that score at least.

The minnow is a remarkably handsome little fish, beautifully coloured and shaped, as exquisite in his graceful proportions as the salmon himself. He casts his spawn at the commencement of summer; multiplies prodigiously and rapidly, but is supposed—erroneously perhaps—not to possess the power of spawning until arrived at the age of four years. He frequents limpid waters and rapid currents, and generally swims near the surface when undisturbed. He delights in rivers with pebbly or sandy bottoms, and is invariably to be found in the same streams with the trout.

The flesh of the minnow is very delicate, white, wholesome, tender, and of a delicious flavour; especially when treated according to our receipt for cooking the gudgeon.

He can be fished for at all seasons, winter or summer. This fish lives a very short time after he has been taken out of the water.

**The Smelt—L'Eperlan. The Stickleback—L'Épinoche.
The Flounder—Le Carrelet.**

These fish are treated of in some fishing books, but, as they are in fact salt-water fish, and but of little importance to the angler, they are scarcely legitimate objects of consideration in a work like the present.

SMEELTS are as good fish for the table as the sea produces. They require very little cleaning, but they must be rubbed perfectly dry. When they are smothered with egg and bread crumbs, and crisply fried in pure dripping, and served up with rich hot melted butter, they are without any exception the sweetest fish in the world. They are so delicate that the happy epicure may gobble them up, heads and tails and all, regardless of bones.

Angling for smelts must be a very sorry business. We never heard of any body but Londoners attempting such sport ; but cockneys are a peculiar race, and sometimes do very funny things.

STICKLEBACKS are nasty little fishes, with sharp fins on their backs, or rather sharp spines, which you will do well to avoid touching. Formerly they were very numerous in some parts of Lincolnshire ; and Pennant tells a story, which has been carefully copied by some writers on these subjects, about their utility as a valuable manure. The agriculturists of Lincolnshire—perhaps the best in the kingdom—occasionally spread the sprat over their land, near the coast, as a rich unguent previous to a certain description of cropping ; but the men who expend thousands a year in bones, and freight large vessels with guano,

would laugh at the luckless wight who should impute to them the wretched practices of their predecessors in the undrained fens.

Some writers on fishing have described the tackle and baits best adapted for attacking and killing this miserable little fish; but our notion is, that the angler who can waste his time and disgrace his art in such a pursuit, ought decidedly to have the pleasure and honor of inventing his own apparatus.

FLOUNDERS are, strictly speaking, salt-water fish; but they will invariably work up into fresh water, whenever they have the opportunity. The best places to catch these fish are the sides of rivers when the tide is making; and the mouths of fresh-water sluices, which discharge their streams into the salt-water. On the salt-water side of such sluices, when the tide is out, and a sharpish fresh is running through the sluice doors, the flounders assemble in vast numbers, in order to revel in the fresh water, or work their way through the partially opened doors of the sluice. If the angler will cast into this running water a strong line armed with two perch-hooks, one above another, with a bullet attached to keep them down; and if he will bait these with fresh boiled shrimps—the heads and tails of which he has previously pinched off, the flounders will keep him sufficiently busy, and will try both his tackle and skill. In this manner we have caught hundreds; some of which were of a very large size.

This mode of fishing for the flounder is very common in some parts of Lincolnshire, and is by far the most successful method of dealing with him, as well as with most other flat fish.

Such fish as these, after all, can seldom interest the

angler unless he happen to reside near the coast ; and, strictly speaking, they scarcely appertain to a work of this description. Still a casual resident at a watering place in England ; or a sojourner at Gravelines, Dunkirk, Calais, Ostend, or any other continental coast-town may perhaps find these few brief hints of some use to him.

PART II.

MATERIALS FOR ANGLING.

WE come now to the second part of our work, which treats on the *materials* of angling—the instruments and contrivances by which fish are usually caught—and the best modes of using and adapting them for different kinds of fish.

This is an important division of the sportsman's knowledge; and no small portion of his enjoyment is derivable from his thorough acquaintance with it in all its various branches.

We supply the following list of articles for the full equipment of a first-rate angler's establishment: at the same time, we by no means intend to insinuate that the real sport of the genuine enthusiast is necessarily dependant on such a copious catalogue. Where economy or necessity demands a more curtailed stock of materials, the energetic and zealous angler will prosecute his favourite amusement with ardour; and invention and contrivance will, for the most part, supply the place of a more formal and ostentatious assortment of implements:—

Rods for salmon and trout-fishing, trolling, worm and fly-fishing, spinning the minnow and bleak.

Hair lines, Indian weed, plaited silk and hair, and patent and other lines for trolling.

Reels for running tackle.

Hooks for trolling on wire or gimp, for the gorge or snap.

Minnow, gudgeon and bleak tackle, and baiting needles of various sizes.

Hooks tied on gimp, hair, and gut, of various sizes.

Loose hooks of all sizes.

Paternosters for perch-fishing.

Cobbler's-wax, sewing silk, and a few balls of small twine.

Floats of various sizes, and plenty of spare caps for floats.

Split shot and bored bullets of various sizes.

Disgorger, clearing ring and drag.

Landing-net, a gaff, and kettle for live bait.

Gentle-box, and bags for worms.

A fishing-basket, creel, or game pouch.

A pair of pliers, a pair of scissors, and a good pocket knife, both with large and small blades.

A parchment book of artificial flies.

A parchment book for general tackle.

A book for containing the various articles requisite for making artificial flies. The following list of materials is necessary for this purpose :—

Cock and hen hackles of all colours; as red, ginger, black, dun, olive-grizzle, and stone-colour. Peacock's herl, copper-coloured, green, and brown. Black ostrich's herl. Fowl's spotted feathers.

The feathers of the turkey, the partridge, the grouse, ptarmigan, pheasant, woodcock, snipe, dotterel, landrail, starling, golden plover, common pee-wit, wild mallard,

bustard, sea-swallow, wren, jay, blackbird, thrush, blue pigeon, silver pheasant, parrot, and the tame and wild duck.

The fur of the mole, water-rat, and hare's ears.

Mohair, dyed of all colours.

Fine French sewing silk of all colours.

Flos silk of all colours.

German wools of all colours.

Silk twist, cobbler's and bees' wax.

A pair of pliers, a pair of fine-pointed scissors, a small slide vice, and a few fine pointed strong dubbing needles.

Silk-worm gut, from the finest to the strongest; and salmon gut single and twisted.

Lengths of the white and sorrel hairs of stallions' tails.

And lastly, a variety of fly-hooks.

Fancy, of course, exercises a considerable influence over all enumeration of this kind, even when furnished by professed sportsmen. Some anglers, for instance, prefer the London hooks; some the Kirby sneck; and some must have the true Limerick bend. The best plan perhaps is to have a respectable assortment of all; for in particular situations, and during peculiar seasons, they have *all* their individual advantages.

Fishing-Rods.

A good FISHING-ROD is one of the angler's most important instruments: indeed he is nobody without it.

The qualities which a rod must possess will, of course, vary with the nature of angling. There need be no great difference between a salmon and a trout rod for fly-fishing, except you fish in very wide streams, or on

lakes in open boats. In such cases we would recommend a good double-handed rod, from sixteen to eighteen feet in length, as the best that could be made for salmon-fishing. A rod of this size, and for this specific purpose, ought to have a free and equal spring in it, from the butt to the top. This is of vital importance in dealing with large fish.

A single-handed fly rod ought to be from twelve to fifteen feet in length. It should be as elastic as possible, and constructed of such materials as will unite lightness and elasticity with durability and strength. An experienced dexterous fly-fisher can never get hold of a rod which is too light and springy; although a rather stiffish weapon is better for a beginner. The most beautifully elastic rods we have ever seen were made of ash and lance wood. All rods with metallic root-pieces must necessarily be of uneven suppleness, although of late years the manufacture of this description of rod has very materially improved, with reference to this radical defect.

The salmon and trout fly-fisher, ought always to be provided with two or three spare top-pieces, in case of accident from loss or breakage.

A trout-rod for trolling with minnow should be from twelve to fourteen, or even sixteen feet in length, of a good firm build, not by any means so elastic as a fly-rod. A rod for worm-fishing ought to be firmly constructed, of the same length as a fly, and pretty stiff in the hand. For what is called "bush-fishing" with the worm, a much shorter rod will answer the purpose; and the stiffer it is the better.

A pike rod ought to be very strong and stiff, and as straight as an arrow. The length should not be more

than fourteen feet; though for our own part we think ten feet long enough. The rings through which the line travels should be strong and large; and in our opinion the fewer the better.

The rod for spinning the minnow is recommended by some experienced anglers to be made of bamboo cane, and to be from eighteen to twenty feet long, with a stiff top. A similar kind of rod, but only about twelve feet in length, is used by some in angling with the ledger bait for the barbel.

The rod adapted for roach and dace varies according to the nature of the fishing ground. If the angler has to poke over high banks, or lofty reeds, the rod should not be less than twenty feet and very light; but if the sport be pursued from a boat, or on water easy of access, a rod of twelve or fourteen feet will be long enough.

For the convenience of travelling (either in England or on the continent) what is called "a general rod" is the most eligible. It is so contrived, by means of top joints of various degrees of length and elasticity, to answer the several purposes of fly-fishing, trolling, or bottom-fishing. The whole affair may be so packed up as to be no more trouble than a single rod, or even an ordinary walking-cane.

Fishing-Lines.

FISHING-LINES are made of various materials, and of various degrees of strength and length, depending entirely upon the kind of angling for which they are required.

For salmon and trout-fishing, whatever method we adopt, nothing is so good as a *pure horse-hair line*. If you have a line for fly-fishing with any portion of silk in

it, you can never throw a line of any considerable length, with the requisite steadiness and precision. The reason is obvious. When the line has been a short time in the water, the silk gets *soaked*, becomes soft and flabby, and falls heavily on the water. On the other hand, a good hair line invariably preserves its firmness and elasticity.

If the angler be fishing on lakes or large rivers for salmon, he will require from eighty to one-hundred yards of line, but if on a moderate-sized stream, from forty to fifty will be quite sufficient.

Some fly-fishers have their lines tapered at the bottom, in order to connect the gut and flies more immediately with it; and indeed this plan is now quite the fashion. But with all due deference to the prevailing mode, we ourselves prefer the old "cast line" of about four or five feet in length, and of from four to six or eight hairs in thickness, on which to place the gut and flies. The line thus prepared can be thrown much truer, and possesses also other advantages over a tapered running line.

Lines for trolling, are made of silk, silk and hair, and various other materials. In the process of trolling, the lightness and elasticity of the line are not of so much consequence as in fly-fishing; but, for our own part we prefer hair lines before any other, even for this sport.

The line called a paternoster for perch-fishing, is made of strong gut or gimp, on which are suspended at certain distances, three or more hooks; the whole is connected with the wheel-line, by a small swivel.

Fish-Hooks.

There are two celebrated localities where the best

hooks are manufactured—London and Limerick, and the hooks assume the name of these respective places.

Good hooks are of essential importance to the angler; and we would earnestly recommend all our countrymen who visit the continent for the purpose of fishing, to provide themselves amply in England with these necessary articles, of all sorts and sizes. The French hooks we can assure them are very indifferent indeed.

Fishing-floats.

FLOATS are necessary things in certain kinds of angling, and in some particular waters; but they are nevertheless, as all our best brethren will admit, necessary evils. For our own part, we never behold a grown-up specimen of humanity angling with a float, without regarding him with a compound feeling of compassion and derision. The float is associated in the mind of the sportsman with the infantile and imbecile part of the craft; and when more lofty and dignified sport has been long enjoyed, it is scarcely possible to bring back the mind to the placid endurance of such appendages.

Landing-Net and Gaff.

These sort of things are perhaps absolutely necessary in particular rivers and waters, where, owing to the nature of the banks and sides, it is difficult to land large fish. When made in a portable manner, so as to be carried in a fishing-basket or creel, they are occasionally useful adjuncts to an angler's equipment. They are quite unnecessary, however, in streams which have a broad and channelly bed; and we should never recommend them in such situations, for this plain reason, that fish are easily enough brought to shore from

water of this description, by any angler of average dexterity. Besides, there is more skill required in capturing a fish with the slight tackle of a fly-line, and landing him without any extraneous assistance. All this uncertainty and suspense connected with his sport, is one of the prime elements in the amusement of the angler, and ought never to be materially diminished by any mechanical contrivances.

On the Method of making Flies.

The intelligent reader will bear in mind that all verbal or written instruction on this mechanical process must necessarily be very imperfect. Fly-making is just one of those delicate and minute matters, which can be learned effectively only by imitation. You will learn more in one hour by the eye, than in a twelvemonth by the understanding. The best thing, therefore, a young angler can do, who is ambitious to excel in this department of the craft, is to get some friend who understands making artificial flies to instruct him in the business. Any one may soon acquire the requisite degree of knowledge; and a little patient practice will speedily render him an adept.

But, in conformity with the general practices observed in treatises on fishing, we shall here subjoin a few directions in detail for making artificial flies. We take the account substantially from Captain Richardson and others; because anything like originality is quite out of the question in an operation so purely mechanical.

The surest way to complete a number of flies is to have every necessary material arranged immediately under your eye; every article separate and distinct so as to be grasped in a moment; and all the hooks, gut, or hair,

wings, hackles, dubbing, silk, and wax neatly assorted, and prepared for instant use. The hooks require to be sized for your different flies; the gut demands the most careful examination and adjustment; the hackles must be stripped, and the dubbing well waxed; the silk must be carefully assorted, and of the very finest texture; and the wings must be tied the length of the hook they are to be fastened to, in order that the fibres of the feather may be all brought into the small compass of the hook. This previous care and trouble not only save time in the process, but ensure a degree of neatness in the execution that is otherwise almost unattainable.

The tying of the wings is thus performed. A piece of well waxed silk is laid in a noose on the forefinger of the left hand; the wings, or feathers, are put in the under part of the noose, and at the distance of the length of the wing required; the thumb is then applied closely to the feather, and with one end of the noose in the mouth, and the other in the right hand, the noose is drawn quite tight, and the silk is then cut within an inch of the knot, thus leaving a handle by which to hold the wing. If the thumb be not firmly pressed the feathers will be pulled away.

FIRST METHOD.—How to make a fly with the wings in the natural position in the first instance.

Hold the hook by the bend, with the point downwards, between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand. With your waxed silk in your right hand, give one or two turns round the bare hook, about midway; lay the end of the gut along the upper side of the hook (if tied on the under side the fly will not swim true, but continually revolve) and wrap the silk firmly until you get within a few turns of the top. Then you must take

the wings, lay them along the shank with your right hand, and hold them stiffly in their place to the hook with the left hand. This done, tie the feathers tightly at the point of contact with two or three turns; cut off the superfluous ends of the feather, and, tying the head of the fly very tight, you must carry the silk round the hook, until you come to the knot which fastens the wings. Divide the wings equally, and pass the silk through the division, alternately, two or three times, in order to keep the wings separate and distinct from each other.

Now prepare the hackle, by drawing back the fibres; taking care to have two or three less on the but, on that side of the feather which comes next to the hook, in order that it may revolve without twisting away.

Tie the but-end of the hackle close to the wings, having its upper or dark side to the head of the fly. The Scotch reverse this, and tie the hackle with its under side to the head, and also strip the fibres entirely from that side which touches the hook. Take the dubbing between the forefinger and the thumb of the right hand, twist it very thinly about your silk, and carry it round the hook as far as you intend the hackle or legs to extend, and hold it between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, or fasten it at once. Then, with your pliers, carry the hackle round the hook, close under the wings, down to where you have already brought your silk and dubbing; continue to finish your body, by carrying over the end of the hackle; and when you have made the body of sufficient length, fasten off, by bringing the silk twice or thrice loosely round the hook, passing the end through the coils to make all snug and tight.

Some finish the body of this fly thus: when the

hackle is fastened, after it has made the legs of the fly, the bare silk is carried up to the legs, and there fastened.

SECOND METHOD.—This manner of proceeding differs from the first in the fixing on of the wings. When you have fastened the gut and hook together, to the point where the wings are to be tied, apply the wings to the hook with the but of the feather lying uppermost; then, when the wings are well fastened, pull them back into the natural position alternately; and, having your silk firmly tied to the roots of the wings (and not *over* the roots), the fly is to be completed as in the first method, having cut off the roots of the feather.

THIRD METHOD.—This includes the Irish mode of tying flies, and is the plan generally adopted in the tackle shops.

There are two ways of finishing a fly by the head.

If the wings are to be reversed or turned back, they are to be tied to the hook first, but not immediately turned back; the silk is carried to the tail of the fly, when the dubbing is carried round the hook until the putting on of the hackle; the hackle is tied by the point, and not by the but. Having finished the body, twist on the hackle close up to the wings, and fasten by one or two loops; then divide the wings, and pass the silk between them, pulling them back to their proper position, and finishing the head; fasten off by one or two loops.

The Irish tie over the roots of the wings, which interferes with their action in the water and renders them lifeless.

If the wings are placed at once in their natural position, and the fly is to be finished at the head, the gut must be tied on the hook, beginning near the head and

finishing at the tail; twist on the body up to the legs, fasten on the hackle by the point, finish the body and the legs, and then apply and fasten the wings; and, when properly divided, cut off the but-ends, finish the head, and fasten off your silk by one or two loops.

Thus concludes the method of making the winged fly.

To make the Palmer, or Hackle Fly.

The making of the PALMER, or HACKLE FLY, with the cock's or hen's feathers, is simply as described in the foregoing methods, namely, by twisting on the legs and body, taking care that the hackle has fibres as long as, or rather longer, than the hook it is to be twisted upon.

But in making hackle-flies with the feathers of other birds, such as the snipe, dotterel, &c., the feather is prepared by stripping off the superfluous fibres at the but end, and then drawing back a sufficient quantity of fibre to make the fly. Take the feather by the root, and point with both hands, having its outside uppermost, and put the whole of the fibres into your mouth and wet them, so that they may adhere together, back to back. When the gut is fastened to the hook, you must tie on the feather near to the head of the hook, then twist it twice or thrice round the hook, and fasten it by one or more loops; the fibres of the feather will then lie the reverse way. Cut off the superfluous parts of the feather that remain after tying, and twist on the body of the required length; fasten by two loops; draw down the fibres of the feather to the bend; and the fly is finished.

If tinsel, or gold or silver twist, be required for the body of the fly, it must be tied on after the hackle, but carried round the body before the hackle makes the legs. If the tinsel be required only at the tail of the fly, it must

be tied on immediately after the gut and hook are put together, the hackle next, then the body, etc.

BAITS, ETC.

THE different kinds of baits used in fishing are extremely numerous, and demand the angler's particular attention, as well with reference to their nature, as to the various modes in which they may be applied.

We shall notice these under the head of each fish.

Bait for Salmon.

In treating of bait for this magnificent fish, we shall confine ourselves entirely to the artificial fly. This is the only kind of bait worthy the attention of the genuine angler, or which will secure him unvarying success. We have always considered the employment of any other artifice for luring this noble inhabitant of the streams as directly implying something both frivolous and debasing, alike unworthy of the angler's reputation and the character of the fish. It must always be borne in mind, that the real angler has a certain kind of fame to support. It is not the mere catching of fish which confers his reputation, but the mode and manner of doing it. And therefore it is that an angler, having, what the old Scottish covenanter called, "the root of the matter" in him, will on all occasions be remarkably particular and sensitive, as to all the movements and appliances connected with his cherished amusement. There must be nothing low and grovelling—nothing which may seem to involve an idea that he is pursuing his fascinating calling under the influence of any motive, but the pure love of his sport. Better lose a thousand fish a day, than adopt or sanction any practices which have even an appearance,

however remote, of running counter to the high principles of his profession.

The size and colours of the flies to be employed in salmon-fishing must always vary according to the nature of the waters, the state of the wind, the season, and the depth and brilliancy of the stream. There are scarcely any general rules to be laid down, that are not subject to many exceptions. It is the knowledge when general rules are to be followed and when they are to be departed from, that forms such an essential part of an angler's skill, and stamps him as a master of the art. Experience must be our sole guide in this important matter.

On angling for salmon in France and Belgium, a considerable diversity of opinion prevails amongst sportsmen as to the nature of the flies required, both in regard to size and colour.

Some gentlemen of extensive experience and admitted knowledge, uniformly fish with dull-coloured flies; others again, whose claims to respect are equally high, employ extremely gaudy ones. As far as our own observation and practice go, we submit the following list as the most likely to prove successful, when the waters are in good condition; for this is a most essential point.

No. 1. Limerick. A red cock hackle, ribbed with gold twist; with drake wings of a tolerable length, and standing well out from each other.

No. 2. Body—orange mohair ribbed with gold twist; legs—a black hackle, and mottled grey feather of the mallard's wing.

No. 3. A red cock hackle, ribbed with gold twist, and wings of the woodcock set considerably apart.

We have never personally known very large and gaudy flies do much on the continent. The conformation

of most of the rivers which contain salmon, is, in our humble opinion, decidedly unfavourable to the employment of big bright flies. Indeed, in many streams, unless they are very much ruffled by heavy winds, the expediency of using large brilliant flies may be safely questioned; and for this simple reason: if an angler look steadily and attentively at a large fly when in the water, he will discover that it does not lie evenly on it, so as to preserve the shape of a natural fly; the hook is too heavy for the superstructure of feathers, and hence the fly rolls about in a very awkward and unnatural manner. This, it will be admitted, defeats the great end and object of fly-fishing—*deception*.

The practice, however, in Ireland, is to use very large and gaudy flies; and it is but natural to infer that the general practice arises from a conviction of their utility. O'Shaughnessy, of Limerick, manufactures those which are most used and most esteemed.

Mr. Hansard has recently published a work on "Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales," in which he recommends the following flies for that particular country.

FOR THE SPRING. "Wings—dark brown mottled feather of the bittern; body—orange silk or worsted, with broad gold twist; and a smoky dim hackle for legs."

FOR SUMMER. "Wings—the brown mottled feather of a turkey-cock's wing, with a few of the green fibres selected from the eye of a peacock's tail-feather; body—yellow silk and gold twist, with a deep blood-red hackle for legs."

Every fly-fisher who has visited Scotland in pursuit of his favourite amusement, must have observed what an immense variety of flies are commonly used, and with almost equal success, by the numerous anglers who

frequent her streams. We have seen salmon caught in the Tweed, the Esk, and Clyde, with the rudest possible imitations of flies, shining in all the colours of the rainbow. Indeed, we have witnessed this fact so repeatedly, as to found upon it the opinion that salmon are caught in Scotland with much ruder implements, and with far less skill and dexterity than in any other country with which we are acquainted. This may seem fanciful; but nevertheless circumstances have fixed upon us the belief. We once saw a shepherd-boy, in Peebles-shire, kill a prime salmon of twelve pounds weight with a common hazel rod, and an ordinary hair line, without a reel or winch of any kind, and with a fly exactly like a humble bee. He hooked the fish in the deep part of a strong stream, and had the sagacity and promptitude to throw his rod immediately into the water after the rushing fish. The force of the current took it down to the calmer end of the stream, where the stripling caught hold of it again, and instantly succeeded in running the salmon into the next stream, and so on, until he had artfully exhausted the fish and forced him into a shallow part of the water; here he got him stranded with admirable dexterity, and eventually captured him in capital style.

Instances of this kind are common all over the mountainous part of the country, where the greater portion of the native anglers never use either reel or winch, or any analogous contrivance whatever for their common hair lines. Whenever a large fish is hooked, they dash after him, or throw the rod into the water, after the fashion of our shepherd-boy, and endeavour to regain it when the strength and spirit of the fish are comparatively exhausted.

This mode of salmon-fishing gave rise to the famous

story told of Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, namely, that a large salmon once carried him on its back smack across the Tweed! The origin of the joke was the following incident.

Five-and-twenty years ago, Hogg's residence was the favourite resort of many celebrated literary anglers, both English and Scotch. One day in the month of March, he took out his rod, in the native fashion, without a winch, with a view of trying for a dish of trout, as a sort of savoury prelude to the bottle of Glenlivet and jolly evening with some expected friends. After a few casts he happened, with an ordinary trout-fly, to hook a tremendous salmon of *forty-two pounds* weight! When he saw what he had got hold of, he threw his rod instantly into the stream, and made no attempt whatever to interfere with his magnificent competitor. For three hours the fish swam about with the tackle; but the shepherd becoming impatient, went into the water and got hold of his rod again. By careful manœuvring and admirable dexterity, he succeeded in bringing his enormous victim within three or four yards of the shore. At this eventful crisis, Hogg ran out of the water, threw his rod on the gravelly side of the stream, and then plunged in again, with the intention of literally *tossing* his noble prize on the shore. He was successful in giving him a famous throw, but failed to land him. In this emergency, he threw himself flat down upon the fish, and a glorious struggle ensued in the shallow water, the shepherd grasping the salmon in his arms, the fish struggling and splashing at a tremendous rate, and both plunging and rolling about in their furious strife. At this juncture some of his Edinburgh friends came in sight, and seeing him in the water, sorely buffeted by the salmon and

nearly exhausted, hurried to the spot. By the united efforts of the party, who were of course delighted with such an adventure, the splendid fish was hauled ashore, to the no small gratification of the inmates of Altrive House, which rang till the "wee short hours" with this deed of piscatory chivalry. Professor Wilson was of the party, and turned the laugh as usual against the shepherd, by seriously maintaining that he had actually been carried on the fish's back from one side of the Tweed to the other.

The flies to be used in Scotland in ordinary salmon-fishing may be enumerated as follows, the angler filling up the catalogue according to his fancy or experience.

No. 7. Limerick. The body—claret and orange mohair, or red cock's hackle, with green tip ribbed with gold twist; legs—black hackle; wings—turkey feather with white tip.

No. 5. Body—greenish yellow mohair, ribbed with gold twist and red tip; legs—black hackle; wings—mottled grey.

No. 4. Body—one half pale red, the other half orange mohair with gold twist; tip—turkey's wing; legs—red hackle; wings—the black and white tail-feather of the turkey.

The English rivers are but of little importance in salmon-fishing; and, on this account we need give no formal enumeration of particular coloured flies for these waters. The best method perhaps is to get flies dressed on such sized hooks, and in such colours as will generally answer at all seasons, for trout, salmon, sea-trout, whiting, etc.

As a general principle, it may be safely stated, that a certain degree of gaudiness is indispensable in all salmon-

flies; and the angler will find from experience that light-coloured and showy bodies, and grey-coloured wings, are never-failing instruments of success. This principle, it is true, may be modified in a variety of ways, but it can never be entirely departed from without mortification or disappointment.

When the salmon takes the fly, the angler must immediately give him line, and particularly bear in mind that the slightest degree of rashness at this crisis will set him at liberty in an instant. No matter how seasoned or how strong your tackle may be, no one can ever succeed in turning a salmon when he is first hooked. It is only by giving him comparatively gentle tugs, or letting him feel the weight and pressure of the line at short intervals, that you can make him rush about backwards and forwards so as to exhaust his strength.

The most unreserved patience is here absolutely indispensable. Many fish will require unremitting care and skill for two or three hours before they will yield; and few of any size can be landed as they ought to be in less than an hour. When the river the angler is fishing has a broad shelving bed on each side the stream, between the water and the banks, and there are no trees nor bushes to hamper and perplex his operations, then his work is comparatively easy and expeditious. But, on the contrary, when the river is narrow in its channel, and fills it completely up, and when trees and brushwood abound, it is always a work of difficulty and extreme uncertainty to kill a large salmon with a fly; and if the bottom of the stream be full of roots of trees, large stones and reeds, the case becomes still more desperate and hopeless.

When the fish bounds repeatedly out of the water, the

chances are that he will succeed in breaking his hold, either by the mere force of his fall into the stream, or by tumbling across the line; the latter accident scarcely ever fails to set him free. There is a remarkable difference in salmon with reference to their particular movements; some never leap at all, whilst others are at it continually. When the fish takes what is called "the sulks," the chances of killing him are very problematical.

A salmon will rise again and again at the fly after he has once missed it. In this respect he differs widely from the trout. We have seen the salmon miss the fly a dozen times in succession, and at last take it greedily. Should he, however, be slightly hooked in any instance, and break off, he will come no more, at any rate not for some considerable time.

It is an essential part of an angler's knowledge to be able to detect with a glance of the eye, the most probable places where salmon may be expected to lie. When fishing in lakes, he must necessarily take the water at hazard; but in rivers and smaller streams, a considerable latitude is afforded him for a display of judgment and skill. It is not often that the fish are to be found in long straggling streams, comparatively shallow and not leading directly into deep water. They are always very shy about trusting themselves in such places. On the contrary, a rapid stream leading directly into a sheet of deep, and comparatively still water, is the most probable haunt for fish. Many large fish, however, never go into the streams at all; they keep in deep water amongst large stones, bush-roots, and old sunken roots of trees. When therefore there is a fine curl on the water, and it is otherwise in good condition, the deeps are the places for finding fish. The shallow end or tail of a good long deep,

where there is a broad bed of gravel or slopes, is, in all salmon rivers, a favourite spot with the fly-fisher.

Bait for Trout.

Trout-fishing is the very principle of life to the practised and enthusiastic angler. It is that which gives vitality and animation to all his movements, and constitutes him what he really is. Without the trout and the salmon he would be, in many respects, a truly pitiable object; nearly reduced to that degraded state which would fully justify Dr. Johnson's snarling definition of the angler's profession.

Bait for trout may be comprehended under three leading classes; flies, trolling with fish, and worms. All other modes we consider fanciful or unfair, and shall therefore leave them unnoticed, and confine our remarks to these three leading departments. In so doing, we shall ground our observations, almost exclusively, on our experience of five-and-thirty years' standing, and a range of waters surpassed by few brethren of the craft.

Fly-fishing is the most successful, and, by immeasurable degrees, the most delightful mode of angling for trout. It is graceful and gentlemanly, and can be enjoyed by all who exhibit any anxiety to acquire the art. It is also the most independent mode. You take your rod, fishing-creel, and fly-book, and roam away over half a kingdom, without any further care about bait, or incumbrance from nets or fish-kettles, or other trumpery. In point of exciting the mind, it is infinitely preferable to all other modes of exercising the "gentle art." The constant attention which the angler must pay to his flies as they glide on the water—the repeated changes of locality—the calm and placid pleasure infused into the soul by

sparkling and gushing streams—the constant exercise of his skill in casting his line—the gentle tantalising of his hopes by frequent unsuccessful risings at the fly—the dexterity and management requisite in killing a fish with such delicate materials—and the uncertainty which always hangs over his successful capture, all tend to awaken and keep alive that feeling of the mind on which rests the whole charm of the art. In short, in fly-fishing all the elements are judiciously combined, which contribute to render angling an agreeable and healthy amusement.

Before we enter into any detail with reference to the application of artificial flies, we beg to make a few preliminary observations, which may possibly be of use to the inexperienced fly-fisher.

This mode of fishing has given birth to an enormous mass of discussion and conjecture, as to the best kinds of flies for particular countries and waters, so cumbrous and voluminous as to be quite forbidding and confounding to the younger professors of the art. Imagination has been allowed to usurp the place of judgment; and trifling theories, that of comprehensive and well-digested experience. A fly-fisher goes to the water agitated by a thousand fancies, as to what kind and colour of fly the fish are likely to take; and if he be not successful in hooking fish after three or four casts, down he squats and puts on another set of flies. This sort of thing occupies nearly the whole day; he is constantly shifting his tackle, so that in the evening his creel is as empty as it was in the morning.

Now, we have long arrived at the conclusion, *that anglers are vastly more fastidious about the shape and colour of their flies than trout are.* The fact seems to be, that

when trout are inclined to feed on this kind of bait, it does not much signify what shape or colour your fly is, provided the SIZE be strictly attended to. Any great disproportion in this particular will decidedly mar all chance of success. When a stream has been completely covered with what is called the "may-fly," and the fish rising at them in all directions, we have filled our creel in quick time with other kinds of flies, as opposite as possible, both in shape and colour, to that particular insect.

Now it is a commonly received notion amongst many expert anglers, that when trout are rising at these flies they will scarcely look at anything else. Nothing can be more erroneous, as experience will amply testify if proper means be employed. True it is, we have occasionally met with a few instances, where trout dashing rapidly at the natural fly, have obstinately refused the artificial fly; but in all such cases as have come under our observation, we have, upon inspection, invariably found the rejected fly *too large in size*. On the substitution of a *small one*, somewhat in conformity perhaps as to shape, though it may be decidedly opposite in colour to the insect on which the fish were feeding, *the evil has been immediately rectified*, and trout taken with great rapidity.

But what we consider almost decisive of this question is this; when we traverse a fine trout-stream, we often meet in the course of our rambles ten or a dozen brother anglers, all well skilled in the craft, and employing an endless variety of fly. If the fish be in good humour, the whole fraternity bear testimony; the difference in the number of fish each one has got will be but very trifling, and will well enough be considered referable to the difference of time they may respectively have been on the rivers, or the casual advantages which some might enjoy over

others by falling in with better streams. Mutual congratulations and compliments are here the order of the day, and the superior excellence of particular flies eagerly commented on. But, on the other hand, when the fish have no inclination for the fly, we find the reverse of all this. Every one shakes his head in despair, and swears he has tempted them in vain with every conceivable object in his fly-book. Now all this, which is an every day occurrence, is inexplicable, except upon our theory, that when the fish are inclined to feed they are not nice to a shade of colour; and when they are not, the best ingenuity of man may be displayed to no purpose.

We fished for five or six successive seasons some of the finest and most prolific rivers in England and Scotland, in company with one of the very best fly-fishers in Great Britain, the author of most of the papers in "Blackwood's Magazine" on this art; and we invariably used different coloured flies. It was quite astonishing to see how nearly, on finishing in the evening, we were to each other in point both of number and quality of fish. If one had a bad day so had the other; and if good both participated in the success.

In the north of England, and in Scotland, there are angling matches very frequently, between two first-rate fly-fishers, to decide who shall kill the greater number of fish on a given day, both traversing the same tract of water, taking the streams alternately, just as they come to hand, and beginning and finishing at certain points. These exploits generally attract a good deal of attention for a considerable distance round the country. We have ourselves witnessed four of such contests; and on these occasions the difference between the rivals never exceeded eight or ten fish, out of a day's sport yielding from eight

to ten dozen each; and in only *two* cases had the contending parties a *single fly alike!*

In addition to these statements, we must be allowed to add, that we fished one entire season for trout with only two kinds of flies—the red and black palmer; and we were as successful on the whole period as any of our angling competitors.

Now these statements and facts are introduced, not with a view of enforcing, in a dogmatical spirit, any general rules for the government of fly-fishers, but solely to guard young beginners from falling into a fidgetty and fastidious habit of perpetually changing flies, whenever their success is not commensurate with their hopes. We never knew a fancy angler with an old bit of gut. The fact is, there are general rules in this art as well as in every other; but they must be deduced from carefully collated facts. One grain of reasoning founded on experience is worth a ton of theory and speculation in such cases.

There is a fertile source of deception as to the trout's fondness for particular flies which deserves our notice; it is this:—having cast our line over a stream, when we draw it across, the bob-fly is the first which by the mechanical process can solicit the attention of the fish. When, therefore, trout are in the humour, this will, in the majority of cases, *appear* to be the favourite fly, and the angler notes down on the “tablet of his memory” that such is really the case. We have often changed the flies on this account, with a view to testing the fact. That which seemed to be the favourite fly was put on the stretcher, and an entirely different fly mounted as the bob, and yet the result was just the same; the latter became apparently the favourite fly, and the stretcher was comparatively neglected.

This we feel confident arises solely from the mechanical arrangement of the flies, and the manner in which the line is thrown. The bob comes over the nose of the fish first, and he takes it immediately, never calculating on what may be behind him. We would therefore advise all young anglers to pay strict attention to this matter, before they adopt any hasty conclusion as to the preference which the fish may seem to give to any particular fly.

In conformity with the inference fairly deducible from these general observations, we shall not furnish the reader with any elaborate or pompous list of flies; but confine ourselves to such standard and every-day articles of sport, as will not, we hope, disappoint the angler, provided he is content to put up with a solid though apparently homely bill of fare.

Flies for France and Belgium.

The RED HACKLE and RED PALMER flies, on No. 6, Limerick, will prove killing bait in these countries, in the early part of the season. As summer advances, the same flies on hooks two sizes less will answer the angler's purpose well; if ribbed with gold tinsel, they will be still better in the months of May and June.

The DOTTEREL HACKLE is a sure fly; the body made of yellow silk, and the legs and wings of the feather of the dotterel. The sizes of the hooks may vary from 6 to 10, according to the condition and clearness of the water.

A black cock's hackle body, with wings from the woodcock's wing, on Nos. 6 to 8, will be best for April and May.

A red cock's hackle body, with wings of the grey drake, on Nos. 4 to 10: this is a standard fly, both for

salmon and trout, nearly all the year round, both on the continent and in Great Britain.

A body made of copper-coloured peacock's herl; legs—a black cock's hackle; and wings either of the water-hen's wing, or from the woodcock's breast. This fly, if slightly ribbed with gold tinsel, will answer admirably in June and July after a flood. It may be wrapped on hooks from Nos. 6 to 10 according to circumstances.

Flies for Great Britain and Ireland.

The flies above-mentioned, as favourable for the waters of France and Belgium, will be found equally killing in Great Britain and Ireland; but in addition to this small but efficient list, we shall add the following more copious catalogue of what we consider the best flies for all waters and all seasons; and, we doubt not, the angler who is not over fastidious, will find it sufficiently ample for all effective purposes.

THE CHANTRY FLY. Body—copper-coloured peacock's herl, ribbed with gold twist; legs—black hackle; wings—partridge's brown herl feathers or pheasant's tail. Hook, Nos. 9 or 10.

MARCH BROWN. Body—fur of the hare's ear, ribbed with olive silk; legs—partridge hackle; wings—tail-feather of the partridge; tail—two or three fibres of the partridge feather. Hook, Nos. 8 or 9.

THE BLUE DUN FLY. Body—dubbed with water-rat's fur, and ribbed with yellow silk; legs—a dun hen's hackle; wings—the feather of the starling's wing; tail—two fibres of a grizzled cock's hackle. Hook, No. 10.

THE CARSHALTON COCK-TAIL FLY. Body—light blue fur; legs—dark dun hackle; wings—the inside feather of a teal's wing; tail—two fibres of a white cock's hackle. Hook, No. 9 or 10.

THE PALE YELLOW DUN FLY. Body—yellow mohair, or martin's pale yellow fur, tied with yellow silk; wings—the lightest part of a feather from a young starling's wing. Hook, No. 12.

THE ORANGE DUN FLY. Body—red squirrel's fur, ribbed with gold thread; legs—red hackle; wings—from the starling's wing; tail—two fibres of red cock's hackle. Hook, No. 9.

THE GREAT RED SPINNER. Body—hog's wool, red and brown mixed, ribbed with gold twist; legs—bright red cock's hackle; wings—the light feather of the starling's wing; tail—three fibres of a red cock's hackle. Hook, No. 7.

THE BLACK GNAT FLY. Body—black hackle, or ostrich's herl, tied with black silk; wings—the feather from a starling's wing. Hook, No. 13.

THE BRACHEN BLACK FLY. Body—peacock's herl, dressed full, and tied with purple silk; wings—feather from a pheasant's breast. Hook, No. 9 or 10.

THE RED ANT FLY. Body—peacock's herl, made full at the tail, and spare towards the head, red or ginger cock's hackle; wings—the light feather of the starling's wing. Hook, No. 9 or 10.

THE LAND FLY. Body—the fur from a hare's neck, twisted round with silk of the same colour; legs—a ginger hen's hackle; wings—the feather from a land-rail's wing. Hook, No. 9.

THE ALDER FLY. Body—peacock's herl, tied with dark brown silk; legs—cock-a-budder hackle; wings—the brown speckled feather of a mallard's back. Hook, No. 8.

THE GREEN DRAKE FLY. Body—yellow floss silk, ribbed with brown silk; the extreme head and tail coppery peacock's herl; legs—a red or ginger hackle; wings—the mottled wing of a mallard stained olive; tail—three hairs of a rabbit's whiskers. Hook, No. 6.

THE GREY DRAKE. Body—white floss silk, ribbed with dark brown or mulberry coloured silk; head and tip of the tail, peacock's herl; legs—a grizzled cock's hackle; wings—a mallard's mottled feather made to stand upright; tail—three whiskers of a rabbit. Hook, No. 6 or 7.

THE GOVERNOR FLY. Body—coppery-coloured peacock's herl, ribbed with gold twist; legs—red or ginger hackle; wings—the light part of a pheasant's wing. Hook, No. 9.

THE COACHMAN FLY. Body—copper-coloured peacock's herl; legs—red hackle; wings—the light feathers of the land-rail. Hook, No. 8.

THE COW-DUNG FLY. Body—dull lemon-coloured

mohair; legs—red hackle; wings—a feather of the land-rail or starling's wing. Hook, Nos. 8 or 9.

Having now mentioned the principal matters relative to the artificial fly, we must venture a few remarks, for the benefit of our younger brethren of the craft, on the proper mode of using it.

The two leading points connected with this department are the casting of the flies, and the acquirement of that peculiar knowledge which enables the skilful angler to recognise at a glance those parts of the stream where trout are likely to lie during the fly-fishing season.

The first maxim a beginner should attend to, is, not to have his line too long. He should not attempt too much at first. To acquire the steady and efficient command of his rod is a great matter. The cast line, with gut and flies, ought to be just the length of the rod and no longer; and the early efforts of the beginner should be confined to the employment of a very few yards more in making his casts; as he progresses in adroitness and skill, he can of course lengthen his line accordingly.

There is great comfort and convenience connected with the use of a single-handed rod. In small rivers, particularly if the banks are lined with brush-wood, and the water is reedy, and the bottom full of roots of trees, etc., the angler should learn the habit of what may be called "chucking" his fly into those parts of the stream which run under bushes, and form strong ripples and currents beneath overhanging boughs. In such situations the trout are generally numerous, and of the first size and quality. We have seen many good two-handed fly-fishers, who lost ranges of the finest water, on account of

not being able to fish narrow and woody streams. In rivers which run through a bed scooped out by mountain-torrents, two or three times as broad as the quantity of water which they ordinarily supply, the fly-fisher has plenty of elbow-room, and can use a long rod and line, which require both hands, with very good effect; but in smaller streams, such as those just described, there is nothing like a light single-handed rod, it gives you great power over the water, and enables you, as it were, to pick fish out of places that the double-handed artist must invariably pass by.

To measure distances accurately with the eye is an essential part of a fly-fisher's profession. This can only be acquired by close attention and constant practice. No written or verbal rules of direction can possibly teach it; and yet every one may attain a high degree of excellence in this respect, if he devote himself patiently to the subject; and one or two seasons' free range with the fly will enable him to hit his point nearly to a hair's breadth in every cast of his line.

In the progress of the art of angling, many crotchety and fanciful rules have been laid down with sufficient dogmatism. Amongst these, that which recommends fishing *up* a stream instead of down it, still retains its advocates and defenders. We do not hesitate to say, nothing can be more preposterous than this notion. If the angler will observe attentively the manner in which flies lie on the water, when the line is thrown up against the current, he will see in an instant the *almost impossibility* of the trout seizing the fly in such a position. But even if he should take it, the power is lost to retain him; for the tightness and tenacity of the line are destroyed by the fish rushing down stream, right into your face as it were.

The best, and indeed only efficient, mode is to fish *down* the river; and, where it is possible, fish each stream in it right across. To do this, begin at that part of the stream which is nearest to you, and trail your line at a considerable angle to the other, or *vice versa*, as the case may be. If the fish rise when your tackle is in this position, there is far greater probability of his hooking himself than if any other direction be taken; and, when hooked, his rushes down stream bring him in direct opposition to the strain of the line and the spring of the rod, and so expedite his capture. If it should happen, as it often does, that you have a strong head-wind against you in descending a river, then you must make the best of your situation, and contrive to throw your line at as slight an angle in an upward direction as the breeze will let you. Steady practice and perseverance, however, will enable you to overcome all difficulty arising from this source, unless you encounter a hurricane.

To have, what may be called, an *angler's eye*, is of great importance in fly-fishing, and indeed, in fishing of all kinds. This consists, in perceiving at a glance, where the fish may be presumed to be, in any stream or water. This apparently intuitive knowledge, is solely the result of observation and experience, and not any written directions can convey it to the young beginner. Still, without it, no man can make any satisfactory progress in the art. An expert angler, if he sees a brother of the craft flogging away in certain parts of the water, detects in a moment that he can have no correct notions on the subject, and is, in this matter, a veritable ignoramus.

The trout observes the same rule as the salmon, with respect to his haunts and places of abode. The latter never ventures into very shallow water, at a great distance

from a deep place of shelter; and thus long shallow streams situated a considerable distance from a range of deep water, are seldom frequented by large trout, except at night in the summer, when they run a considerable distance up such water, in pursuit of minnows. Those streams therefore are the best, which lead immediately into tolerably deep water.

It is a good general rule in fly-fishing, *never to remain very long at one particular spot*. When you have the water before you, take the best streams, and fish them carefully but as quickly as you can. Remember, *a trout never can be ENTICED*. All his movements are impulsive and prompt; and if you cast your fly where he lies, he will generally dash at it at once; but should he miss it in his eagerness, do not tempt him again for a few minutes; rather recede a little to allow him time to regain his former position, and then, you will stand a fair chance of getting hold of him at the next attack. Many an excellent trout has been caught in this manner, which would have been lost altogether, if the angler had persisted in thrashing away at him after his first unsuccessful rise.

Trolling for Trout.

This mode of fishing for trout is much practised in England as well as on the continent; and it is a very successful one, particularly in the spring of the year. Trolling, however, lies under a species of reproach, as being of a poking, poaching, interloping character; and on this account, it is strictly prohibited in some fishing districts in England. In some parts of France it is freely practised; but as the law most decidedly forbids it, it can only be exercised where the authorities and proprietors are content to wink at it.

A trolling rod, as we have already mentioned should be pretty long and stiff, with a line a shade stronger than that used for the artificial fly. The best minnows for the purpose are those of a moderate size, their sides and bellies being of a pearly whiteness. If the angler has conveniences, they are all the better for being kept a few days in clear sweet soft water; this process renders them firmer and brighter.

There are numerous modes of baiting with the minnow; but they all resemble each other so nearly, that a minute description of each is quite unnecessary. Some trollers employ six or seven hooks; and others only two or three. This is, in a great measure, a matter of taste and fancy. As a general rule, however, it may safely be determined, that, in those rivers, particularly in France, which run deep with a swift current, have a muddy weedy bad bottom, and whose sides are covered with brush-wood, that tackle is the best which is the strongest and mounts the greatest number of hooks. It is only by jerking and holding the fish tight by the head, that it is possible to catch it; for if you allow him to run in such situations, he will soon smash your tackle all to shivers. But in fine clear streams with gravelly or pebbly bottoms, fewer hooks will answer better; inasmuch as *deception* is more effectually preserved.

We shall make no apology for inserting two quotations on the art of trolling for trout; the one from good "old Izaak Walton," the other from "Stephen Oliver, the younger," who seems to have paid great attention to this branch of the art. Their united experience would seem to have exhausted the subject.

Walton says; "And then you are to know, that your minnow must be so put on your hook, that it must turn

round when it is drawn against the stream; and, that it may turn nimbly, you must put it on a big-sized hook, as I shall now direct you, which is thus: put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill, then having drawn your hook two or three inches beyond or through his gill put it again into his mouth, and the point and beard out at his tail; and then tie the hook and his tail about, very neatly with a white thread, which will make it the apter to turn quick in the water; that done, pull back that part of your line which was slack when you did put your hook into the minnow the second time. I say, pull that part of your line back, so that it shall fasten the head, so that the body of the minnow shall be almost straight on your hook; this done, try how it will turn, by drawing it across the water, or against the stream; and if it do not turn nimbly, then turn the tail a little to the right or left hand, and try again till it turn quick, for, if not, you are in danger to catch nothing; for know, that it is impossible that it should turn too quick." Thus far from "old Izaak Walton."

Stephen Oliver remarks, "I have a gilse hook (No. 3 or 4) at the end of the line, but wrapped on the end of the shank, to make it secure, and to leave more room to bait: an inch, or very little more, from the shank end of the gilse hook, I wrap on a strong hook, about half the size of the other. I put the point of the large hook in at the mouth of the minnow, and out at the tail, on the right side of the minnow, bending it half round as I put it in; then I put the other hook in, below the under chap, which keeps the minnow's mouth quite close.

"When I am in no hurry, I tie the hook and tail together with a very small white thread: before I enter the little hook, I draw up the minnow to its full length, and make

it fit the bending of the great hook, to make it twirl round when it is drawn in the water. When all is in order, I take the line in my left hand, a little above the bait, and throw it under-hand, lifting up my right and the rod, that the bait may fall gently on the water. I stand at the very top of the stream, as far off as my tackle will permit, and let the bait drop in a yard from the middle of it : I draw the minnow by gentle pulls, of about a yard at a time across the stream, turning my rod up the water, within half a yard of its surface, keeping my eye fixed on the minnow.

“When a fish takes it, he generally hooks himself: however, I give a smart strike, and if he does not get off then, I am pretty sure of him. In this manner I throw in three or four lines, at the upper part of a stream, but never twice in the same place, but a yard lower every cast. I always throw quite over the stream, but let the bait cross it in a round, like a semicircle, about a foot below the surface, which the two shot of No. 3 or 4, which I always have upon my line, nine or ten inches from the hooks, will sink it to. When I am drawing the bait across the stream, I keep the top of the rod within less than a yard from the water, and draw it downwards, that the bait may be the greater distance from me; and the first thing that the fish will see. Sometimes I can see the fish before he takes the bait; and then I give in the rod a little, that the minnow may as it were meet him half way; but, if I think he is shy, I pull it away, and do not throw it in again till he has got to his feeding place.

“The twisting of the minnow is the beauty of this kind of angling, the fish seeing it at a great distance, and fancying it is making all the haste it can to

escape from them ; and they make the same haste to catch it."

Worm-fishing for Trout.

Worm-fishing for trout may be divided into two kinds: one, the angling in streams, both when they are full and flooded, and in clear weather when they are purer ; the other, shade-fishing, which is practised in the hottest and brightest weather, when the rivers are nearly dried up, and fishing can be got by scarcely any other means.

Some anglers are very expert at this kind of sport, and often kill considerable quantities of fish. The great secret is, to know where the fish lie, to keep the line perfectly perpendicular, and when the water is clear and bright, to have the lightest and finest tackle consistent with the requisite strength.

The red worm which has been sufficiently scoured in moss, is the very best that can be used. Some indeed prefer the brandling, but it never stands the water so well as the red worm. There is a good worm to be found under old cow-dung in the fields, but these are not always to be got when wanted. The worm ought not to be large ; for in bright days, when the streams are clear and sparkling, the trout will scarcely even look at a big worm.

The hooks for worm-fishing should always be straight. Those with a bend generally break the worm speedily, and in clear water this is fatal to success. The hooks ought also to be as small as is compatible with the easy threading of the worm.

In a suitable stream, shade or bush-fishing is one of the most agreeable and amusing modes of angling. It is the only method which gives you an insight into the

instinct and habits of the trout. In the months of July and August, when the weather is dry and hot, and the sun shines fiercely over head, and the streams are nearly dried up, and ordinary anglers smile in derision, that any one should be fool enough to take a rod in hand; go out with some small red worms, to a shady part of the stream where there is a fine stony or gravelly bottom, and as great a depth of water as you can find. Here worm your way into the very thickest part of the bushes, taking care to have the sun full in your face; for, if you get with your back to the sun, the shadow of yourself and rod falling on the water will entirely defeat your object. Your rod must be short and stiff, and the rings rather large; in order that when you hook a fish, there should be no obstacle in the way to your giving him whatever length of line his size may require.

When you have taken up the desired position; peep cautiously into the deep water and you will soon perceive fish. Bait your hook, and let it drop into the water, without any shot, as snugly and lightly as possible; you will soon see how greedily the bait will be seized.

Though deep water is of course preferable, still, if the water be only six inches in depth, it will answer your purpose. In such situations, if you perceive trout, you will observe that almost every fish has a certain space of water to himself, about which he takes his regular rounds always returning to the spot from whence he set out. Watch when he starts from his position, and then throw your bait behind him, in the spot he has just left, so that when he returns, it may be lying still at the bottom. He will seize it for a moment, hold it in doubt as if startled, and when he fancies all is safe, he will gobble up the worm,

shake his head when he finds something is appended to it, and then plunge off with all speed.

The bush-angler should carefully contrive to keep the end of his rod exactly parallel with the edge of the water, for if he allow it to hang over the bank or bushes, the fish will see it, take fright, and walk off without ceremony. In drawing the line out of the water, care should be taken to avoid lifting it up perpendicularly; it should rather be drawn out in a slanting direction, and then the water will not be so much disturbed.

When the weather and water are best adapted for shade or bush-fishing, the trout is often very hungry; and if you can only contrive to keep yourself and tackle well out of sight, you may safely calculate on good success. In order to show to what extremities this fish is sometimes reduced, we shall relate an incident, which fell under our own observation in the year 1826. This was a remarkably hot dry summer; many rivers were nearly dried up; and the fish in some of the shallower streams were entirely destroyed for want of water. We had gone out one fiercely hot day, to the distance of ten miles, in the North of England, to a favourite spot for bush-fishing. When we arrived at the water, we found, to our dismay, that we had left our worm bag behind us. Our mortification was extreme. To get a worm of any kind was next to impossible; for there had not been a drop of rain for three entire months, and the fields were burnt up like the deserts of Africa. We happened, by mere chance, to have an old bait-bag in our pocket, in which there were about twenty old dried up shrivelled worms, so dry indeed that they almost crumbled into powder between the finger and thumb. We steeped them in water as a desperate resource, and contrived to thread them on a very small hook. The

expedient proved successful; and we returned home with a very full basket of trout.

We beg to remark, that we have never used the prepared salmon-roe for trout, excepting twice, in our whole life. We have always thought it beneath the character of a genuine sportsman to employ it; and on this account, we refrain from giving any directions, either for making or using it. We have occasionally, indeed, witnessed its deadly and destructive effects; but these very effects acted upon us as the strongest repellents against its use. We once saw two country fellows on the river Tweed, about five miles above the town of Howick in Roxburghshire, kill as many trout with this preparation, in a few hours as filled a good-sized sack; and we then made a rule never to use it. Indeed, it is not *angling*, in any honest and proper sense of the word.

The French anglers catch hundreds of trout in the months of May and June with the natural May-fly. They put him alive on a small hook, and let him float down the stream, and are generally very successful. They throw or spin their fly into particular spots with considerable dexterity; but this fly-fishing closes when the May-fly is gone. Many of the English on the continent imitate this practice; but it is a beggarly unsportsmanlike affair, and ought to be cashiered altogether.

Fishing for Pike.

There are various methods of catching the pike. He may be snared, trimmered, angled for with the float, huxed, trolled, snapped, shot, and unfortunately, in the open rivers of England, he is remorselessly and illegally netted.

The trick of SNARING used to be—and we suppose is

now—done to perfection in the small streams which drop into the Ouse in Huntingdonshire, and in the large ditches and drains in the fens, about Ely, Soham, Whittlesea, etc. etc. A strong, short, stiff, ashen bough, or rough rod about ten or twelve feet in length is generally used for this purpose. From the thinner end of it is suspended a thread of copper wire, about three feet in length with a running noose, kept wide open. This wire must be previously burnt in hay; which renders it ductile and pliable as a thin piece of lead, and takes off all the shine. When the pike is discovered basking in the water, the noose is cautiously slipped over the head of the fish—an operation requiring considerable dexterity, owing to the refraction of the water, and, as soon as it clears the gills, a sharp jerk fixes the snickle, and the fish is dragged out of the water by main force, the wire cutting deep into his flesh when the pike is large. Hundreds are taken in this manner in calm sunny days, when the fish are basking in still water, and can be easily seen.

The TRIMMER is a fatal weapon, more destructive than any other, but utterly unworthy of a sportsman. It requires no skill, no patience, and very little attention; well adapted to poachers, and very convenient to gamekeepers. A double hook, with a twisted wire shank about five inches long, having a loop at the end, must be baited with a bright shining roach, or gudgeon, alive or dead, it does not much signify which. The wire must be put down its throat, and drawn through at the vent, the hooks being neatly placed on either side the mouth, with the points downwards. This wire must be attached to a strongish line of common twine about sixteen or twenty yards in length. About three or four feet above the

bait, the line should pass through the centre of an ordinary sized bung, a small moveable peg being thrust in with it to keep it fast; this peg should be fastened to the bung with a thin thread of twine, which should pass round the rim of the bung to keep it from splitting. Eight or ten inches further from the bait, a very small cork tied to the line will prevent it from twisting. These floats are often painted of different colours, which give them a showy appearance in the water. The line thus prepared must be fastened at the other end to a strong peg, six or eight inches long, which must be driven into the ground, on which, when the trimmer is taken up, the line can be wrapped. When the bait is thrown into the water, a few yards of the line should be coiled neatly against the peg, in order to allow the fish to run off with a little more line if necessary. The trimmer is better without shot or weight of any kind.

Another kind of trimmer, called the "floating trimmer," is also a very killing affair, and is thus constructed. A small roll of wood, seven or eight inches long, has a shallow groove cut round the middle, and a small slit about half an inch deep, sawn across one of the ends. To the groove in the centre, a line about fifteen or sixteen yards in length is firmly tied; and when baited, as before described, is wound round the roll of wood, with the exception of three or four feet, or more, above the bait; it is then drawn through the slit, but not too tightly, so that when a fish seizes the bait he may instantly release it, and run it off the roll without the slightest resistance. Some make these trimmers in a fanciful style, using large round bungs painted different colours on the different sides, with the line so fixed that when the pike takes the bait, the trimmer may roll over,

and betray the run by the altered colour. This is said to be occasionally amusing: for our own part, we consider it a very contemptible affair altogether.

The pike is angled for with a large float and a live bait, the hook being thrust under the back fin, or through the nose, of a strong gudgeon or roach. A strong gimp hook must be used; a small bullet to keep the bait down; a stiff rod, and a pretty strong line. The bait should swim, about mid-water if shallow, and not more than three or four feet under any circumstances. In weedy waters this mode of fishing is worse than useless. The float will not allow the line to run freely through the weeds when the fish bolts off to gorge, and the chances are, that, in nine cases out of ten, you will not only lose your fish, but *injure* him also, and damage your tackle as well. Even at the best, and under the most favourable circumstances, it is but a bungling piece of business, fit only for schoolboys and cockneys.

HUXING is done by fastening a live bait to a large distended ox-bladder, and throwing them into the water as a sort of floating trimmer. When the pike has swallowed the bait, it is capital fun for a schoolboy to watch the bladder bobbing up in spite of the exertions of the very largest fish to keep it down; but there ends the sport, such as it is. Connoisseurs in huxing substitute a live duck for the ox-bladder, and infinitely prefer the splashings and quackings of the one, to the silent bobbings of the other. In the Shannon they use geese for this purpose, which are said to kill very large fish.

TROLLING is the only mode of pike-fishing which is worthy of a sportsman, or which a genuine angler will

condescend to practice. It requires considerable skill and patience; a good general knowledge of the habits of the fish; a practised eye for the quality and condition of the water; an aptitude for choosing the most favourable spots—an art which can neither be communicated nor described; firm nerves, and a steady quiet hand. In favourable weather, when the sky is clouded, the air cool, and above all there is a fine rolling breeze bending the trees, and rippling up the surface of the water into mimic waves, it is a most exciting and fascinating amusement. On such occasions, the fish generally run pretty freely, and afford the angler plenty of opportunity for his patience and skill.

The rod for trolling should be about ten or twelve feet long. Some, it is true, prefer a longer rod: and an experienced angler of our acquaintance declares that a rod of eighteen or twenty feet is preferable to any other. For our own part, no matter what the kind of fishing, we maintain a rod can never be too light and manageable consistently with the necessary strength. Rods which require the occasional use of both hands, are, in our opinion, a cumbersome and uncalled-for addition to an angler's difficulties. In fishing for the lordly and riotous salmon, it may sometimes be absolutely necessary to carry such a weapon; but we have never yet seen the fresh-water fish which could not be killed with a rod easily manageable by one hand, supposing the angler to possess ordinary patience, and a certain degree of skill.

The trolling-rod should be tolerably stiff, and the fewer rings it has on it the better; care being taken that they are sufficiently large, especially that at the end of the rod, which should be a fixture and much thicker than the others.

The trolling-line should be at least fifty yards in length; and we have found even this, with large fish in broad water, quite little enough. This line should be wound on a reel or winch fixed to the bottom joint of the rod. Some prefer wooden reels or pirns, apparently without sufficient reason. One of the very best trollers we know never uses anything of the sort, but lets his line trail on the ground as he fishes along. For our own part, we employ the winch as handy and convenient, but do not like a multiplier, because it winds up too fast and noisily, and pays out too stiffly. This, however, is mere matter of taste.

Everybody has some theory about a line. For ourselves we prefer a good one of pure horse-hair to every other. In the first place it is not so liable to kink, if properly managed, as some other lines; and, in the next, it holds no water, dries quick, springs well, and never becomes dabby and sticky. This latter quality, is, we apprehend, so valuable to the angler, that it must necessarily overcome all other considerations. What troller has not experienced the miseries which arise from wet flabby lines, which hang about his clothes and feet like spider's webs, and raffle about amongst the grass, etc., like a skein of crumpled silk? It is true a genuine unadulterated horse-hair line of the requisite length and strength for trolling is a very expensive affair; but then it will last a man's life with care and good luck. A friend of ours, residing on the continent, manufactured a magnificent line, twenty-four hairs in thickness and one hundred yards in length, of pure horse-hair, for his own fishing; the bare material for which, without taking time and labour into consideration, cost him five-and-twenty shillings. Now, taking into account the cost of the article—which would be

much dearer we presume in England, if of a first-rate quality—the wages of the workman, and the profit of the fishing-tackle seller—such a line in London could not, we apprehend, be procured under a much heavier sum. This looks an awkward price for a fishing-line: but then, as we said before, it will last my friend his life; which, as he is one of the best men in the world, will, I trust, be a long and happy one.

Silk is not good for a trolling-line, and silk and hair is a villanous compound. There are other sorts kept by the tackle-shops, but we have never tried them, and therefore can give no opinion on their merits or demerits, but we will back a hair line against them all at a venture.

The hook used in trolling is the common double hook fixed on a brass wire shank, with a loop at the end to receive the gimp bottom, which it is necessary should be employed in this mode of fishing. This hook should not be large. The wire shank must be loaded with lead, about two inches in length from the very bottom of the hook, tapering nicely up towards the other end. This lead should be as large as it can be, to go easily into the mouth and throat of the bait, because we are persuaded that the bait generally sinks through the water too slowly. Between the gimp bottom attached to the hook, which should be moveable at pleasure, and the line, you may insert a sort of gimp trace, furnished with three or four swivels, which many trollers recommend, and which the tackle-shops will supply you with; but we confess we do not think the swivels possess the advantages attributed to them. They very often break—they do not always work freely; and they are liable to rust and to corrode the gimp. We never fish with a swivel ourselves,

we merely fasten our line with a simple slip-knot to the gimp bottom; but perhaps a very strong one, which can be readily removed at pleasure, may not be disadvantageous in strong running water. If, however, the general custom influence the angler, he can easily get the required tackle at any fishing-shop.

To bait this gorge-hook, it is necessary to have a *flat* brass needle, somewhat longer than the fish you bait with. We do not give specific dimensions, because some trollers prefer larger baits than others. A friend of ours, who is the very soul of *nattiness*, has his needle *graduated* so that by simply laying his bait along the needle, he sees at a glance what sized hook will best suit his purpose; we have a high opinion of our friend in most respects, but this, we must think, is over-refining.

Fix the loop of the gimp bottom or trace to the little hook at the but-end of the needle. Push the point of the needle in at the mouth of the bait; drive it straight through its entire body, and bring it out **EXACTLY** between the forks of the tail. There is a stiff membrane encircling the tail which will hold the gimp firm, and prevent the necessity of tying a thread round the tail; the clumsiest of all clumsy contrivances, unless, perchance, the water be bunged up with weeds, and then it may be excusable. The arming-wire attached to the hook should never protrude beyond the tail, but remain concealed in the bait.

When all is ready, throw your bait lightly into the water, and let it sink to the bottom very nearly. Draw it up again at a moderate pace, in any direction you choose, taking care to give it a slight curving motion. Practice will very soon make perfect in this respect. Experience alone can guide the angler to the most

favourable spots for his casts. The water in likely places cannot be fished too closely. Fish are very easily missed; and therefore, in favourable water, almost every square inch should be worked over. Weeds will give the troller but little trouble, if he be careful to lay the barbs of the hook close to the cheeks of his bait, and to turn the points downward. Keep your bait clean, and preserve it from being bruised, if possible; as the pike, with all his voracity, is occasionally particular. If fishing in a pond or lake, you may make your casts as far and wide as you please; although we do not believe your chance of success will be better on that account. Take care that the bait falls gently on the water, except in windy weather; and then it does not signify how much splash you make; perhaps the more the better. But if you are fishing in a navigable river, up and down which boats are perpetually passing, you cannot fish too close to the side. Eighteen inches, or two feet from the bank, provided the water be not too shallow, is quite far enough out in such waters. We have seen this proved to demonstration over and over again. A French officer, quartered at Calais in the summer of 1844, a very skilful troller—an accomplishment by the way somewhat unusual in a Frenchman—never fished more than two feet from the side in navigable water however broad, and he was most successful. His tackle was peculiar. His lines and hooks were remarkably small; and his rod was very light indeed, very little removed from a fly-rod, bending and springing when he hooked a large fish like a switch. Notwithstanding this tackle, which we should scarcely recommend, Captain Guillaume, of the 54th, understands the art right well, being a most skilful brother of the craft, and withal an amiable excellent man.

When you feel a run, which the pike generally takes care shall be no doubtful matter, pay out your line and let him rove where he likes. Do not let him run it off the winch himself, but slack it out for him; for if he feel the slightest resistance, he will suspect all is not right, and perhaps refuse to gorge. If, when he has taken the bait, he merely intends to play with it, he will keep swimming about from place to place, and your chance of getting him is in such a case very small; but if he be in earnest, he will move off to his haunt at once, and when he has remained there perfectly still precisely ten minutes—more time is often necessary—you may draw in your line with the left hand and begin the contest. Striking him smartly under these circumstances, as some anglers recommend, is pure nonsense. During the ten minutes you have allowed him, he has gorged the hook, and all the striking in the world will make it no faster; although, if the fish be very large, the silly performance may snap your rod or line. If the fish move off before ten minutes be expired, let him alone, and he will perhaps soon stop again; if not, *then* jerk him smartly, and make the best of it: you will most probably get him.

It is, however, impossible to give directions which can meet every contingency that may arise. Experience alone can enable the angler to deal successfully with every difficulty; but no art, no combination or power of words, can convey to others the practical skill and ready *tactique* resulting from that experience. General rules and leading principles may be laid down; but the art of applying these rules and principles in all their singular variations and diversities, can be obtained, or even comprehended, by experience alone.

The following song embodies our notions on this

subject, and may perchance retain a hold on the memory better than dry rules and prosaic directions.

Song.

I.

The greedy pike lies basking cool,
Beneath the shade in yonder pool,
Alert to seize his food;
By skilful hand is hurled the bait,
To lure the tyrant to his fate,
And drag him from the flood.

II.

The shining tempter o'er him flies;
He glares around with hungry eyes,
And rushes on the prey;
Then moves along with lordly pace,
To seek some snug and lonely place,
Where he may dine to-day.

III.

At last he stops, and sinking deep,
Seems for ten minutes fast asleep,
In sweet indulgence lost.
I'll wake him soon as you shall see,
And let him know that verily,
He 's dining to his cost!

IV.

The time is up! I turn my reel,
And wind my line until I feel
I've got my distance right;
Then, holding firmly, let him dash,
And dive and plunge, and lash and splash,
And fight his bravest fight.

V.

Hurrah, hurrah, he rushes on!
Pay out the line, or he'll be gone!
There—check him smartly now!
Well done—he turns upon his track,
And, plunging, dashes madly back—
By Jove, a glorious row!

VI.

Away, away, he'll take his fling!
'Tis hard to snap a slackened string;
I'll teaze him when he blows.
See there, he stops to breathe, again
The strong stiff rod puts on the strain,
And leaves him no repose.

VII.

Another plunge! but feebler much;
I hold him with a firmer clutch,
And play him nearer shore:
The strong hook fixed with murderous grasp,
Lifts him in sight; and see—that gasp,
Tells he can fight no more!

VIII.

The struggle's o'er, the work is done;
All bootless every frantic run;
In vain he strains the line:
Ah! ah! I feel I have him fast;
And look, I've landed him at last;
He's mine! He's mine! He's mine!

When the last struggles of the pike are over, lift him gently out of the water. Some recommend landing-nets, gaffs, etc. etc., for this purpose. For our own part we have always found our gimp strong enough to effect this object, when the fish is fairly done up: and we have caught some famous fellows in our time. Some put their fingers into the pike's eyes; and others—which is, perhaps, after all the best way—play him to some shallow place, and run him up the shelving side. Whatever you do, however, never put your hand near his mouth. His teeth are formidable weapons and he bites like a crocodile. Let him go, sooner than let him get hold of your finger. Gaffs and landing-nets, are troublesome things to carry long distances; and anglers should encumber themselves

with as little unnecessary gear as possible. When you fish in parks and pet-waters, it is another matter; but who will compare this sort of amusement, with the laborious healthy sport derivable from following open rivers, and working free unexclusive streams?

It is sometimes advisable to bait a few gorge-hooks, previously to starting, as they will save trouble on an emergency, and probably be sufficient for a day's sport. Put them, when baited, into a little bran, and they will keep stiff and fresh until you want them.

There are various opinions about the sort of bait which is best adapted for the pike. Some recommend frogs; some roach, dace, gudgeon, bleak, minnows, and even perch with the back fin cut off. Some again maintain, that mice, birds, bats, etc., are accepted as dainties; whilst others have affirmed, that eels cut up into small bits are perfectly irresistible.

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?” All these opinions are most probably the result of observation, and are founded on fact; but the observations have not been sufficiently strict, and the facts have been too liberally generalised. The truth perhaps is, the pike-fisher goes out on some particular day, unprovided with his accustomed favourite bait, whatever that may be. The day turns out to be highly favourable, and the fish are running wild. In his destitution, he baits with anything he can get, frog, mouse, or eel, the first that comes to hand; he has an excellent day's sport, and goes away under the full persuasion that he is indebted to the bait for all his good luck. No such thing. The day was favourable; the fish were ravenously hungry; and, in all probability, any other bait in the catalogue would have done just as well. The best bait must surely be that which will most universally attract

the fish under all circumstances. That bait, we apprehend, and we think most old trollers will agree with us, is a fresh, dark-backed, red-finned roach, with bright shining sides. Taking all waters and weathers, and moods of the pike, into consideration, this bait cannot be beaten; and the angler who sticks to it, will, in the long run, outdo all his more fanciful competitors. To say that pike will run eagerly at frogs, etc., is to say nothing. We know a clergyman—his eye is now dim, but if it light on this page it will kindle again with a fire which time and sorrow have darkened but not destroyed—who once took several fish with the fresh red gills, which, for lack of bait, he had cut out of one previously caught; but who would pretend to argue, that these are therefore a good general bait?—A large pike was once dragged out of a river in an eastern county, by putting a snap-hook very neatly on the back of a sparrow, and letting the bird flap about on the top of the water. Where is the angler who would deduce from this, that a sparrow is the best bait for very large fish? A friend of ours has more than once had good sport with a fresh *herring* for his bait; but we never heard him contend that it was the best bait in the world.

The fact is, when the pike is very hungry, he will run at almost anything; but a good roach will often tempt him, when he is not hungry and seems disposed to run at nothing. This is the true test; and in our humble opinion, the roach will bear it better than any other kind of bait which has ever been recommended.

Some trollers take live roach with them in a fish-kettle. This is not necessary. Put a few, fresh-caught roach, into clean sweet bran with care, and by the time you arrive at the water-side, they will be firm and stiff. Do

not wash them before you bait, because you are very likely to rub off some scales in the process: as soon as the hook is thrown into the water, off goes the bran, and the fish sparkles and glitters with his skin unblemished.

Another way of catching pike is with the snap. The spring snap is sold at all the tackle-shops; and, as it is easily adjusted to any part of the bait by means of the smaller hook, it is a very good weapon for the purpose. There is also a double-hooked snap sometimes used, for managing which directions are given in some fishing books; but it seems to be a roundabout troublesome process, scarce worth comprehending. We have in our possession, a singularly formidable sort of hook, or rather bundle of hooks, used, and we believe invented, by the earl of Yarborough's keeper at Brocklesby Park. It consists of two strong treble-hooks, one double hook, and a single one, lying in succession along a very strong gimp trace, with a good swivel in the middle of it. One of the barbs in the first treble hook, is thrust upwards from under the mouth through the head of the bait; the second treble hook crosses over the shoulder, and has one of its barbs pushed under the back fin; the double hook is run in near the tail, and the single hook hangs loose behind. If the pike venture to touch this bait so armed, he must get the hooks into his mouth, and a smart jerk will fix them immoveably.

This is unquestionably a killing affair, and in the hands of a keeper or poacher is a valuable weapon; but the genuine angler will be unwilling to adopt any of these methods, for the principle of the snap destroys the great charm of his art. He will assuredly get his fish; but where are the suspense, uncertainty, dexterity, skill

and patience, which constitute the purest luxuries of the gentle craft?

Some people spin the minnow for pike. This is a sorry business; but those who are disposed to practise it, will find it fully described under the instructions for catching trout. In this mode, as with the snap, the casts are made much in the same manner as in trolling.

The pike is also very frequently shot by those who have a fancy for such sport. A light charge is put into the gun, and all the art displayed in the performance, consists in making due allowance for the refraction of the water, according to the depth and distance of the fish. It is a wretched, poaching proceeding, and sometimes mutilates the fish horribly.

Bait for the Perch.

Being a bold biter, and a somewhat unscrupulous fish, the perch is very easily attracted by bait, and very readily caught. When he bites, he requires rather more time than might be imagined from his bold and determined character; but experience will soon convince the angler, that whenever the perch escapes, it is, generally speaking, because he has not been allowed time enough to get the hook well into his gullet. The perch requires considerable indulgence in this respect, especially when angled for with a gudgeon.

Large perch will take a trimmer baited with a small roach, or gudgeon, and are frequently caught in this way in ponds, where they attain any considerable size; but this shabby mode is beneath the angler's notice, and can afford him no desirable amusement.

Almost any kind of tackle, however common and unpretending, will do for catching perch. The rod should

be rather stiff, light, and not longer than is necessary to clear the weeds and other obstacles which sometimes line the sides of perch-haunts. The line should be of hair, about nine hairs in thickness; the hook about No. 4; and the bottom good gut, a yard in length at least. Some anglers use gimp; but there can be no necessity for tackle of such strength; salmon and trout are killed with gut, and why not perch?

Most anglers use a float in perch-fishing. This method undoubtedly saves trouble and attention in still water; but in strong streams and boiling eddies, where the best perch fishing is often to be obtained, it is of no use whatever. In this case the line must be kept down with a bullet, attached to it, below the bait; or a paternoster as it is called, well leaded, may be made use of. To the hooks—and in this mode of angling you may have as many as you like—small gudgeons, or minnows should be fixed by the nose or the back fin; and when the fish bites in the rushing stream, the angler will feel the short quick jerks which indicate a perch run under such circumstances. These hooks may also be baited with worms, if large and red.

In fishing with a gudgeon or minnow in tranquil, or in gently flowing waters, run the hook under the back fin, and put shot enough, about a foot above the bait to keep it well down. You may use a float or not, in this case; but it is more difficult for young anglers to kill a fish without a float than with one. Some authors recommend spinning a dead minnow for the perch, on the curious ground that it gives the angler a chance of catching trout or pike. This chance must be a very remote affair, as we should fancy, the angler seldom encounters the two in the same stream.

Several kinds of bait are recommended for the perch; gudgeon, minnow, worms, gentles, frogs. Undoubtedly this fish will take all these, and many others of a similar kind. We have seen them, for instance, killed with slugs; and the stone-loach is thought to be very persuasive. The best bait, however, for this fish, taking all things into consideration, season, size of fish, state of water, weather, etc. etc., is, a fine large red garden-worm; commonly called a lob, or dew-worm. These may be gathered by thousands, late in the evening after rain, without any fear of injuring them, as they are then crawling about, out of the ground; but none but red worms must be taken, the black being altogether useless, avoided even by small eels. Fill a large flower-pot, or some other convenient vessel, earthenware being preferable, with a quantity of long clean moss; press it down hard, put the worms on the top of it, and drop upon them a very small quantity of pure sweet milk, to purge and purify them. If this moss be frequently washed and turned, and the worms carefully put on the top of it every time, they will keep a long period, and will become clear, firm, and of surprising toughness. We do not believe that a better bait than these worms, so prepared, can be found for perch. Brandlings, and small red worms, and other fancy things of the sort are lauded by some authors; but a little experience will soon convince the angler, that there is nothing comparable to a well-prepared dew-worm. It will often even tempt the pike, late in the evening, when he is roving about shallow places in search of prey; and a large eel will rush at it greedily.

Perch may be caught nearly all the year round; but perhaps August, September, and October are the best months, as the fish are then in high season, splendid in

colour, and full of condition and vigour. In cloudy weather this fish will bite all day; but, generally speaking, early in the morning and late in the day, far into the evening, are the most favourable periods. The largest perch we ever saw taken were caught with a dew-worm, just over the shallow water, near a public ferry, where the bottom was gravelly, and the water not too clear. They were taken between three and five in the morning, in August, whilst the thick heavy dew was on the water, and before it had been disturbed by the usual traffic.

The hooks generally recommended for perch-fishing are all too small. No. 4 will be found the most efficient size; for this fish has a large mouth, out of which a small hook may very easily slip.

As to the float, if he must have one, the angler should be guided by circumstances, such as weight of shot, nature of bait, current, depth, etc., but on no account should it be very large; indeed, as a general rule, every part of an angler's apparatus, which may be seen by the fish, should be as small as the exigencies of the case will permit.

Bait for Carp.

This is a shy, cunning, careful fish, very crafty and suspicious, and therefore extremely difficult to deceive. All the skill and ingenuity of the angler are required to entrap him; and his patience—that only virtue which the wise of this world will allow him—will be tried to the uttermost.

The baits recommended for the carp are very numerous, and many of them very fanciful. Pastes of all kinds and colours, flavoured with cheese, sugar, honey, gin, etc.; beans, corn, flies, slugs, gentles, grubs, caterpillars,

and worms, are to be found in the singular catalogue. In Germany, where carp abound, grains of wheat, steeped in water, until they swell and split the outer skin, are considered tempting luxuries. A small grasshopper has occasionally proved successful; but no artificial bait will ever seduce the carp. Yet notwithstanding this array of dishes for the epicurean carp, perhaps, after all, a clean tough red worm, or a big blue-bottle fly, will be found the most generally attractive bait for this singular fish.

The rod for carp-fishing should have plenty of spring, because the line must be as thin and fine as possible, consistent with the size and strength of the fish. Running tackle must be used for carp, as indeed it ought to be for all fish, big or little; and the line, which should be of horse-hair, must be only three hairs thick. The bottom, of the finest gut, should be the length of the rod; and the hook, about No. 8, must be covered over with the bait, shank and all. If, however, you bait with a blue-bottle, no matter how small your hook, but it must be put across the body, just under the wings.

The float—you are better without one—should be very small; a bit of quill an inch long will do, and the bait must rest upon the ground.

When thus prepared, conceal yourself effectually behind a tree or bush; drop your bait as gently as if thistle down were falling on the water; sum up the whole stock of your patience, and calmly await the event. As soon as you see the float or line move, let the fish run away a short distance, and then check him very gently. All attempts at striking will be merely ridiculous, as your extremely light tackle will be snapped in a moment. Only give him plenty of play, just keeping pressure

enough on him to stimulate his exertions, and you are sure of him; his very strength and vigour will soon tire him, and you may then draw him out with security.

Carp bite freely from February until June, and may then be caught at all times of the day. From June to September they bite well morning and evening. After this it is useless to fish for them with a line until February again. In the heats of summer, the night is unquestionably the most favourable season for killing this shy fish. You can see nothing, but then you cannot be seen; and the jerk of the line will infallibly tell you when you have got a fish.

As the bait, in carp-fishing should touch the bottom, some fumblers recommend the water to be previously plumbed. This is useless; it disturbs the water, and affords no information which your own line will not give you in two minutes.

It is recommended also to *ground-bait* the spot where you intend to fish, some hours before you commence operations. This is a dirty unsportsmanlike process, very well for cockneys and punt-fishers, who seem to revel in preparing filthy composts of blood, grease, garbage, chickens' guts, etc., but utterly unworthy of the genuine angler. For the edification, however, of those who practise these nauseous and unskilful tricks, we subjoin the following recipe, which was given to us by a keeper who put great confidence in it; and invariably used it when he wanted carp for the table.

“Take a quantity of well-cooked veal, a handful of oatmeal, and a little honey, bruise them in a mortar, and mix them into a thin paste or batter, with new milk and a few drops of assafoetida.

“Crush down in a mortar a quantity of worms, gentles,

slugs, and some lumps of the most tallowy Cheshire cheese you can find; thicken the veal batter into a thick paste with this compound, and then roll it up into little balls; these balls must be thrown into a compost of tallow greaves, and grains steeped in bullock's blood, and the whole mess sunk in the place you intend to fish some hours before you commence."

This, we were informed, is a most attractive ground-bait, and, sure we are, it is sufficiently nasty to satisfy the most inflexible advocates of this unsportsmanlike practice.

Carp, like pike, may be taken with the snare, when they lie basking in the sun. The operator must conceal himself as much as he can, and then no more dexterity is required than in snaring pike. This is by no means an uncommon practice in France.

Bait for Tench.

This is by no means a shy fish, but he bites perhaps the slowest of all fish. He will play with and mumble the bait some time before he will take it, so that he requires a great deal of indulgence, and must be allowed to have his own way for some minutes before the angler can venture to interfere with him.

The baits commonly recommended to be used are the same as those suggested for carp-fishing; and the ground-bait, when required, may be made up from the recipe just given.

Some anglers, and very skilful ones too, have a few pet baits peculiar to themselves, which they pronounce irresistible in angling for this fish. We are acquainted with a clever artist, who never fishes for tench with anything but a large dew-worm; and he boasts of his extraordinary

success. In France, the small white garden slug is recommended in hot weather, just after showers of rain. But Captain Guillaume affirms that *merac*, is the best and most attractive bait for tench; that it is, in fact, perfectly unequalled. We have never submitted this hint to the test of experience; but the captain is high authority, and may be safely relied upon by his brethren of the craft.

As a general rule, perhaps a clear red worm will be found the most useful bait, especially in the heats of summer. The bait should always touch the ground in any water, and in all seasons.

In rivers, the tench may be caught from April to October, and in still waters from May to September; although we once had a capital day's sport in the middle of November, in a small pond, during fine open weather. These fish bite best in the morning and evening; but in mild showery weather they will feed all day, and afford good sport.

In fishing for tench the angler must be cautious, circumspect, and still; as the fish, in the event of any noise or alarm, will bury himself in the mud as quickly as possible. If, on being hooked, he endeavours to rush into the mud, hold him firm, but without pulling; this will keep his mouth open and prevent him rooting his nose into the mire. After being held in this way for a short time, he will bolt off, and try the same dodge in another place. These efforts the skilful angler will defeat, until the fish is exhausted by his own exertions.

Bait for Barbel.

The barbel is a strong and powerful fish, and strong powerful tackle is commonly recommended in angling for

him. This is not necessary. The same tackle that will kill the salmon, will, in skilful hands, bring the most powerful barbel to the creel; and, therefore, as the angler who uses light tackle with this cautious fish, has a much better chance of deceiving him, than one who employs a coarser sort; the tackle suggested for carp and tench will be found, under all circumstances, the best adapted for this description of fishing.

The baits recommended are worms, tallow greaves, slugs, gentles, grubs, and bits of cheese. To these the French add maggots found in dead rats, leeches, meat, cheese used in cooking maccaroni, called *la gruyère*, and the yolk of eggs, all mixed up together to a proper consistency. The common red worm, when clean and tough, is perhaps as good as any of them, and will be most effective if allowed to trail on the ground; indeed, in barbel-fishing, the bait should always touch the bottom.

Running water is preferable to any other for this sport; and a large shot cased in sand-coloured leather, a foot or two above the hook, will keep down without being perceived by the fish. Leather is to be preferred to clay, which is commonly used, because the latter will soon wash off, and, owing to the constant kneadings required, assists in wearing the fine gut bottom. The angler is better without a float.

The night is the best time for catching barbel. Evening and morning are also favourable periods; but he will not bite well in the full day, nor in bright moon-light nights. The barbel requires time when he takes the bait, and a single short jerk is necessary to fix the hook well in his leathery jaws. When hooked he affords good sport with light tackle, because he is very strong and active; but when you have exhausted his vigour and got

him out, the best thing you can do is to throw him in again for another bout, as he is not worth his salt in a culinary point of view.

The receipt for ground-bait, without which there is little profit in angling for this fish, is recorded in the instructions for carp-fishing, and will do for all fish which require such inducements.

Barbel-fishing is not much sought after by thorough-going anglers. You can seldom catch him unless the ground-bait has been previously thrown in; and even then you must often be pegged down in a punt to insure good sport. The Londoners are fond of it, and are skilful hands at it; and as the Thames abounds with these fish, they can enjoy as much amusement as this kind of fishing is calculated to afford. Fishing in a punt is perhaps a desirable position, for amateurs, whose tackle and equipments are very *récherché*, and who are unable to get through the day without piquant pies, and superior sherry or sparkling champagne; but the angler who loves the free air, and the broad hills, and the winding streams, and can snap his hasty meal of bread and cheese, or cold bacon, washing them down with honest beer, or light Bordeaux, as he reclines on the emerald grass; would as lief be stuck in a jail as a punt, preferring in a noble cause, to gaze on the bright stars through the gratings of the one, rather than to squint away at a bit of cork all the best hours of the glorious day over the gunwale of the other.

Bait for Chub.

This fish is a strong, somewhat clumsy fellow, and requires adroit management when first hooked. But clumsy and strong as he is, and thickheaded as he looks, we would

nevertheless recommend the same tackle as that suggested for the carp. The lighter the tackle, the easier it is to deceive the fish, and the greater the merit in overcoming him.

The baits generally recommended for chub-fishing are red worms, gentles, grubs, bits of cheese, insects, etc., but as the chub is a gross feeder, he prefers large baits to small ones invariably. A lob-worm will tempt him, while a smaller one would be unheeded; and a cockchafer will attract him, when a lesser insect would excite no attention whatever. The best summer bait for this fish is perhaps a live humble bee of the largest size. If the angler will pass his hook under the forelegs of the bee without injuring him, and,—concealing himself behind a tree, or any other shelter which may overhang the haunt of the chub,—will dabble the bee on the surface of the water, allowing him to burr and spin, and produce little circles all about; he will soon see the chub rise leisurely out of the deep, and gently suck the bee into his mouth, as an alderman laps up his callipee. In this manner precisely the large one recorded in our notice of the chub, was caught in the Thames, in May 1844.

Occasionally the chub will take a minnow or frog; but this happens very seldom, at the close of the spring. Baits have been recommended for different seasons, in chub-fishing; but many of them are fanciful, and some nasty. Flies and worms will catch him at all times, and he is not worth being very nice about. Grasshoppers are fine baits whenever you can get them; and little pills, made of tallow and cheese, flavoured with musk, are said to be peculiarly tempting. The French fish for him with cherries; but they wisely consider the bait of more value than the fish, and seldom give themselves any trouble about him.

The chub requires ground-bait in a general way, which may be made according to the receipt already given.

As chub will rise at the fly ; those who like it may whip away for him at the end of summer, when there is nothing better to be done.

The best season of the year for chub-fishing is from June to the end of August ; but he may be caught all the year round. Evening and morning are the best parts of the day, as he seldom feeds when the sun is high. The angler must be cautious and still, for the chub is a shy suspicious fish ; and if two or three are taken, in rapid succession, out of the hole where they are assembled ; they will grow fearful, and change their haunts for some time.

The chub is soon killed in a general way ; but when large, he is exceedingly difficult to manage, and is a very troublesome customer with delicate tackle. Perseverance and patience, however, are sure to beat him ; and if devoid of these qualities, the angler had better break his rod, and renounce the craft for ever.

Bait for the Bream.

This fish, when large, will afford the angler some sport ; but in almost all respects, he is a miserable, bad, worthless fish. Carp-tackle, and carp-baits are all too good for him, but will kill him as well as, or better than any other ; and he is not worth a rod and line to himself.

The best season to fish for him is from June to October, when he often disappoints the perch-fisher, by nibbling at his clear tough dew-worm — a sort of bite which is often mistaken for the gentle suckings of a small eel. He will

perhaps take this bait in preference to any other, although the gentle has a powerful effect upon his imagination.

The bait should lie very near the bottom; in fact it should just touch the ground. As soon as he nibbles, he must be dealt with on the instant, for, singular as it may seem, the larger he is, the more light and delicate his bite. If of large size—something like a big pair of bellows—he will require some care and dexterity, as he makes away for weeds at once; and if he succeeds in getting into them, you are done for; and it is a difficult matter to dislodge him.

When you have succeeded in getting him out of the water, be careful not to handle him, as he possesses a most filthy hide; but get the hook out of him in the quickest and best way you can. If he be alive and uninjured; throw him in again: if not, either leave him on the bank for hawks and pole-cats, or throw him into the first pig-stye you happen to pass.

The bream requires ground-bait; or at least, it seems to be customary to use it in his case. The practice is worthy of the fish, and the fish of the practice. The recipe already given will do for him; and if it were confined to him, it would be quite as well.

The bream is a very timid fish, shy, and crafty. He hides himself in deep holes, and requires caution and silence; being easily frightened from his haunts, by the slightest disturbance of the water.

These fish bite early in the morning and late in the evening; when the glare of day is off the waters, and all is calm and still. Young anglers may practise their hands with large bream, as they require considerable management, and will call into requisition their patience and

dexterity; but experienced anglers had rather decline the acquaintance altogether.

Perhaps a slight float is absolutely necessary in fishing for bream, as his bite is extremely delicate, and he must be attacked on the instant.

Bait for the Roach.

This fish is called by Walton the “water-sheep” on account of his “simplicity or foolishness.” However this may be thought applicable to the small fry of roach during the summer, and in turbid and thick waters, the larger fish are unquestionably timid, shy, cunning fellows, undeserving of the reproach cast upon them by so high an authority. It is indeed very difficult to catch a large roach, in bright water, unless you use very fine tackle, and carefully keep yourself out of his sight.

The rod for this fishing should be light, supple, handy. The line, as fine as you please. A line of three hairs, with a fine gut bottom, is perhaps the best that can be used, in all waters, and under all circumstances; in fact when the water is very clear and limpid, your tackle can scarcely be too fine.

The baits commonly recommended for roach-fishing, are red worms, pastes of all kinds, flies, grubs, boiled corn, cad-worms, and gentles. Early in the spring, roach will take the small red-worm and paste, with great freedom. At this time they must be fished for in deep water, close under the bank, and close to the bottom. As the season advances, he becomes less fastidious, and approaches nearer the surface, until July and August; when he will rush boldly at a fly, and afford some lively sport.

The gentle is a very capital bait, during the finer parts of the year; and in August, if the hooks, on which are

rigged the artificial house-fly, be tipped with live gentles, the roach will dash at them like mad.

In the months of June and July, we have seen some very large ones caught in the waters of the Pas de Calais, with the common yellow fly, which is to be found in abundance on fresh dropped cow-dung. These are easily caught, and may be conveniently carried in a small dry phial-bottle. For this sport, the angler used a beautiful light cane rod, twenty-two feet in length, with running tackle of the very finest description. He allowed about two yards of the gut bottom to hang from the end of this rod; and on a very small hook,—say No. 12—he put one of these yellow flies; then carefully concealing himself, so as to see without being seen,—a trick wonderfully facilitated by the length of his rod,—he dabbled the bait lightly on the surface of the water. It was curious to see the large roach from a pound-and-a-half, to two pounds in weight, come up out of the deep, and cautiously sail round the fly, as if sensible that danger was lurking near. The temptation generally proved irresistible; and a splash like that of a dog thrown into the water, announced that my friend had entrapped his wary victim. In the autumn he practises this plan most successfully with a grasshopper, never failing to pull out some dozens of large fish in the course of the season. In short, if he ever saw amongst the weeds or in the open water, any signs of the presence of a large roach, he felt sure of getting him by this all but infallible method.

Another bait strongly recommended for roach, especially in the early part of the summer, is a gentle, that has been kept in bran, until it has changed and turned red. In this state it is called by the French "*l'épine-vinette*," and is highly prized by them. We have tried it frequently, and

certainly must admit it to be a successful bait; but it is an extremely difficult job to keep it on the hook, and after all, it is not comparable to the yellow cow-dung fly.

In roach-fishing, when a float is used, it should be a very very small one; a bit of quill, an inch long is quite sufficient: one small shot No. 7, will sink the gut without drawing down the float, and this timid fish will be unable to distinguish it from a straw on the surface of the water.

Morning and evening are the best parts of the day for roach-fishing in the ordinary way; but the angler who uses flies, alive or dead or artificial, will find all hours of the day, pretty much alike. The Londoners-angle for this fish with tackle of the finest possible description—even with lines made of a single horse hair, and many of them are very successful performers with this frail material. But where is the good of it? Gut is *fine enough*, and the roach that breaks it, when in the hands of a skilful angler, must be of extraordinary dimensions.

Ground-bait is recommended previously to angling for this fish. Our opinion on this subject is not doubtful: we would rather abstain from angling for the sort of fish which are supposed to require it, all the days of our life, than descend to the nasty and unsportsmanlike practice.

THE RUDD, or as the French more properly call him the *roach-carp*, must be angled for precisely in the same manner as for the roach.

Bait for the Gudgeon.

This is a merry little fish, and may be caught nearly all the year round; but August and September are the best

months. In favourable water, they will keep the angler well employed, and he may fill a basket in a very short time.

The rod used in gudgeon-fishing, should be an extremely light one, made of cane, without much spring in it. The line should be all of gut—or at any rate not more than three hairs thick, if of horse hair—with a very small hook, say No. 13. A float is employed, by some anglers, and when the float dips, a gentle turn of the wrist, or some such minute absurdity is seriously recommended, in order to fix the hook in the gudgeon's mouth. For our own part, we never use a float at all in this fishing; and we have had pretty good success too in our time. Our mode is, to fix a small bullet to the end of the line, fasten one hook below the lead, so as to let it drag on the bottom, and suspend two or three others at short intervals above it. The bullet is dropped into a likely part of the stream, and the hooks, baited with a very very small red worm or gentle, or grub—(the worm is the best)—are suffered to lie on the bottom or work about in the running water. When the gudgeon takes the bait, he will make little short jerks which are easily perceptible, if the line be held tight, and the angler must be careful not to be too quick for him. In this manner, we have caught two or three together very frequently.

As a general rule, let the gudgeon alone; and like most other fish, he will hook himself a vast deal better than you can do it for him, by any turn of the wrist, or even of the whole body. Nine times out of ten, the art of "*striking*" fish, as it is called, is all sheer nonsense—a mere affectation of delicate skill, which no angler ever did, or ever will possess; and which is in no case at all necessary.

The baits for gudgeons are small red worms, grubs, and gentles. The very small grubs, to be found sometimes under antique cow-dung in company with an admirable red worm, are a very tempting bait, which we have seen the gudgeons take with great rapidity. When the red worm is used, it should but just fit the hook like a tight glove; to accomplish this, it is often necessary to bait only with the shining red head of the worm. If the bait hang loose, the gudgeons will bother you like little eels, and you will hardly ever hook them.

It is principally to catch these little fishes, that the Thames anglers peg themselves down in punts for hours together, and squint over the side at a small cork float! There must, after all, be some pleasure in being thus punted for an entire day, because such multitudes seem to enjoy it; and some fishing manuals strongly recommend the practice. What sort of enjoyment it is, and what the nature of the felicity, does not seem to be very clear. Perhaps the funny plan is adopted, because it induces no remarkable fatigue, and permits the frequent application of pies and porter, or sandwiches and sherry, as the case may be, to the exhausted system, without interrupting or interfering with the ostensible business of the day. At all events, it does not appear to be very intelligible on any other grounds.

Some recommend baskets containing the leaves of marsh-mallows, with a paste made of hemp-seed, to be sunk in the water, previous to angling for gudgeon, as a kind of ground-bait; and some again suggest the propriety of raking the bottom of the water, under the notion that when it is thus muddled, the gudgeons imagine they are about to obtain a supply of food. This latter plan is frequently attended with some degree of success in tran-

quill waters, but in streams it is of course useless; both, however, are contemptible devices.

Gudgeons will bite at any time of the day; but after a soaking shower they feed most greedily.

Bait for Dace.

This is a bold active fish, and, at the proper seasons, early in the spring and late in the summer, or beginning of autumn, bites freely, and with decision. The tackle employed in roach-fishing is well adapted for the dace, and when of a tolerable size, he will afford the angler very respectable sport.

Many kinds of bait are recommended, or rather suggested for catching this fish; but the best are, unquestionably, clean red worms and flies. The French very frequently use a small water-worm, which is found in little narrow straws, like quills, which float on the water, and which they call "*porte-bois*." We never tried this bait; but are assured that dace are very fond of it. It is like our caddis worm.

The dace must be sought for in running water; and it is by no means an uncommon circumstance to meet with him in trout-streams which abound with deep holes, and where the waters are not constantly bright and clear. A brilliant red worm, covering a small hook, shank and all, with a shot a foot above it to sink the line, but without a float, will catch him readily in such waters.

In fishing for him with the fly, the common black gnat is as good as any; and if the point of the hook on which the fly is wrapped be tipped with a live gentie, as in roach-fishing, the dace may be killed with surprising rapidity when he is rising at the natural flies in a fine summer evening.

The dace is a very strong fish for his size; and when hooked, resembles the trout, in his exertions and contortions, more closely than any other fish. When numerous, they furnish lots of amusement, and will practise the young artist very advantageously, for his more difficult encounters with the brilliant trout.

The ground-bait fanciers recommend it for this fish when he is found in calm waters. Perhaps the time will come, when it will be suggested even for salmon and trout! "Time," we are told by the poet, "will doubt of Rome."

Bait for Bleak.

This is an active, quick, dashing little fish; a bold and nimble biter, well calculated, from the vivacity of his movements and the rapidity of his runs, to afford the angler far better sport than many kinds of fish half-a-dozen times his size.

The baits used in bleak-fishing are flies, gentles, and small grubs. At these, in the proper season, and in proper waters, the bleak will bite with the utmost avidity, and keep the angler fully employed.

The tackle for this fish should be of the lightest possible description. A very slight rod, but not too supple, with a line thirty or forty yards in length, of single gut, or three hairs with a long gut bottom, wound round a small winch, and garnished at short intervals with three or four, or half-a-dozen very small hooks, will be found admirably adapted for this kind of fishing.

In places where bleak abound, the angler should take his stand near a very rapid run of water—if such can be met with—say some sluice or staunch; or on the banks of some running stream which breaks over stones, or

sunken trees, or any other similar impediments. Close by the side of this current, if very violent; and smack in the middle of it if moderate, let the angler throw his line, baited with fresh gentles. These fish, in such places, will run at them most furiously; and the sportsman will have little to do but pull out fish, sometimes half-a-dozen together, and bait his hooks. With this kind of tackle we have seen hundreds taken out of the running waters in the Pas de Calais; and at the "Ecluse des Quatre Faces," in the village of Arques, near St. Omer, a party of three pulled out more than five hundred of these little fellows, in a short morning's fishing.

Gentles, as Walton says, are undoubtedly the best baits for bleak; but artificial flies, tipped with a minute bit of white leather, or white kid-glove, will answer very well when gentles are not to be had.

A float, about an inch in length, made of the end of a pen, with one little girdle of quill round it to hold the gut, is often used in bleak fishing, and, when the water is still, very much improves the tackle; in a stream the float is useless. No shot should ever be put on a bleak line under any circumstances.

Some people recommend a small worm, with a sunken line and float. We never tried the plan, but can well imagine it must be a most dismal affair.

For young anglers, and, indeed, for older practitioners, bleak-fishing is by no means a contemptible amusement. The rushing of the waters—the activity of the fish—the rapidity with which he bites—the dexterity and quickness required of the angler—the confusion and splashing when four or five are hooked together, and all darting in different directions—the graceful beauty of the well-shaped handsome little fish, as he sparkles and glitters in

the sun when lifted from the water; all contribute to render this an exciting and agreeable sport; as far superior to blobbing about in garbage-baited holes for filthy bream, and fish of that description, as comeliness and beauty are to ugliness and deformity.

This fish is not a good bait for trout; and the pike will always prefer a beautiful bright roach. The eel will eat anything; yet even he has his likes and dislikes, and infinitely prefers other baits. But the bleak is good in the frying pan; better still on the breakfast-table, served up as suggested for gudgeon; and best of all, at least in the angler's estimation, when sparkling in the sun, or dashing in the bright rushing stream.

Bait for Eels.

This fish is no great favourite with the angler. On the table he is delicious, but is not a very eligible affair with the rod and line. Luckily, he seldom bites freely till the evening or night, so that the angler has not much chance of being perplexed with a large one during the day.

Those who like angling for eels must use very strong tackle. A stiff rod, a strong line, and large hook are indispensable; a large, red dew-worm will complete the equipment; and then, if the angler succeed in catching eels, and has very good luck, he may, perhaps, carry home his tackle uninjured.

The eel requires some considerable indulgence when he bites; but as every body who can brandish a rod, knows how to fish for him, we have only to suggest, that, as soon as the angler pulls out an eel, big or little, he should instantly stamp his foot across its body, hold his line tight with one hand, and cut off its head with the other. This is the only way to prevent the slippery rascal from tying the

line full of knots, and twisting it inextricably round his body. It also spares the misery of getting the hook out of his mouth, when he is wriggling and slipping about; besides, a large eel bites like a vice, and the angler's finger is necessarily of some value to him. The plan suggested, and which we have practised for thirty years, prevents all these nuisances; and, with a sharp pocket knife, or a good pair of scissors, can be performed in a minute.

The most approved method of taking large eels is, with *night-lines*; indeed, except by trapping and netting, there are few other satisfactory methods of obtaining the largest fish. Various are the modes suggested for this practice; but they all possess one radical defect, inasmuch as they involve the use of a hook, with a strong brass-wire shank. Nothing can be more erroneous. As soon as an eel has swallowed the bait, he sets off to his haunt, or pursues his course; but, finding himself speedily checked by the line, he begins to struggle and strain, and finally, twists himself about the line as fast as he can, striving with all his force to break his hold. Now, in this case, the shank of the hook acts as a fulcrum, and enables him to get a purchase, which may render his strength available; and if he be large and strong, he will break this sort of hook nine times out of ten, and effect his escape.

On the contrary, if the end of a common twine line, twenty yards in length, be passed by a baiting-needle between the forks of the tail of the bait, and pushed out at its mouth; and if to this line a strong hook with a single barb, but without a brass or any other shank, be firmly attached, and drawn close down to the side of the mouth of the bait, — in this case, when he has swallowed his prey, the eel has no leverage; he can get no purchase whatever; and not until he twists himself all the way up the line to

the very peg which fastens it on the ground (a highly improbable matter), can he obtain the slightest resistance to his efforts; so that he is compelled to waste his most formidable exertions on a slack line, and generally destroys himself by sheer exertion.

We have seen these methods tried over and over again, and are satisfied this latter is a far better plan than the other. The fishermen in Lincolnshire, who understand catching eels as well as any people on the face of the earth, never practise any other method. After all, however (unless in open rivers, where they are liable to be lost), the floating trimmer, as described in pike-fishing, but *without the brass shank* to the hook, is better than any other method.

There is a mode recommended by Daniel and others, which consists in fastening several hooks at regular intervals on the same line: but this is open to the serious objection, that when two or three large eels are hooked, they are enabled to obtain a purchase, by pulling different ways, and will infallibly break their hold.

Sniggling and bobbing are methods of catching eels which genuine anglers will never desire to know any thing about. At Ostend, thousands of eels are caught by a curious kind of bobbing. A bundle of red rags, suspended from a stiff rod, is lowered into the water, and when the eels—attracted, as it should seem, by the colour—nibble at the rags to ascertain if they are eatable, the fisherman, feeling them niggling about, suddenly chucks them out before they can extricate their teeth from the woollen. This trick is practised in England, by threading worsted through large dew-worms, and dangling the concern over the side of a boat.

Eels are sometimes speared when basking at the bottom;

and in the fenny parts of Britain they practise a system called "stanging." This is performed by thrusting into the mud where eels abound, a sort of three or four-tined spear, with the tines jagged like a saw, and very near together. In this manner vast multitudes are caught, but they are generally small.

June, July, August, September and October, when warm, are the best months for catching eels. The very largest eels never stir, except in the night, when they perform their gastronomical tour. At this time they may be taken with small roach, gudgeons, bleak, loach, worms; but the best and most attractive bait is a "miller's thumb": the eel will take this before any thing.

Bait for the Ruffe.

This is an active impudent fish, and is to be angled for in the same way, and with the same tackle as that used in perch-fishing. He is a bold biter, and will afford the young angler some merry sport.

Bait for the Minnow.

This is a beautiful active little fish, and may be caught in trout streams with the ground tackle which is recommended for the dace. He is, however, fit only for a trout or perch bait, and affords but poor sport to the angler.

The LAMPREY, LOACH, and STICKLEBACK, are all unworthy the angler's attention; and, therefore, those who are emulous of such sport as they are calculated to afford, ought to have the merit and felicity of inventing their own tackle.

In dismissing this branch of our subject, we venture to lay down one rule for the benefit of the young angler, which is applicable under all circumstances, at all seasons, and in all waters; will in all cases contribute to his success, and in some instances secure it when nothing else will — NEVER LET THE FISH SEE YOU, IF YOU CAN POSSIBLY AVOID IT.

PART III.

FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

BEFORE entering upon a particular enumeration of the rivers of France and Belgium, it is desirable that we should communicate to the untravelled angler, some general observations on the laws and practices of these countries relative to the rights of fishing in rivers, canals, and other waters, with the rod and line. For lack of some such previous information, the unsuspecting Englishman may very easily get himself into scrapes, from which he may find it difficult to extricate himself, without considerable trouble and expense; and, indeed, numerous instances have occurred, within our own knowledge, in which parties, who were infinitely above all poaching practices, and would have scorned to be guilty of any unfair or ungentlemanlike conduct, have been severely handled for their ignorance of the law and custom of the country. In such cases, the French authorities afford no redress. They contend, that if you will come into their country, and participate in its amusements, you are bound to make yourself acquainted with the state of the law on the subject, or to take the consequences of your neglect. This really seems to be a fair and reasonable view of the

case; and therefore it behoves the English angler to provide himself with the necessary information.

It is a maxim of common sense and good feeling, as well as of ordinary prudence, to yield a ready and willing obedience to the laws of every foreign country which we visit, either for profit or pleasure, whatsoever those laws may be. In almost all cases, our visits are voluntary; and therefore we have no right to complain of their internal principles of social policy. With reference to France and Belgium, indeed, it must be confessed, our movements are sufficiently free and unfettered for all rational purposes of intercourse and amusement.

In these countries, angling is not a general or fashionable amusement amongst the middle and higher classes; nor, indeed, are field-sports of any kind. In-door, and less robust modes of relaxation prevail; and it is difficult for an English gentleman to comprehend the country life of his French neighbour, which passes without those cheering excitements of field and flood which constitute the charm of his own rural existence.

It is true the English are rapidly spreading a taste amongst the French gentry; but a sportsman cannot be made in a day: and the genius and taste of the people must undergo a complete revolution before they can become sportsmen, in any correct acceptation of the phrase. Their notions on the subject are laughable to our more cultivated experience; and the very dress of a French chasseur is generally the most ludicrous thing imaginable. War, the presiding deity of France, exacts all the national homage; and all other considerations, no matter how valuable or sacred, must give place to the insatiable love of military glory which characterises the entire people.

Hence it is that angling is almost entirely confined to

the working classes of society, who make a matter of merchandise of it; and who are, consequently, induced, from the mere love of gain, to practise sordid and ignoble contrivances to obtain fish. It is this which explains the general scope of the French law of river and canal fishing; and those numerous minute regulations and injunctions, which seem to the English sportsman fastidious, or perhaps incomprehensible. It should be remembered, however, that in Roman Catholic countries, fish becomes, on religious grounds, a necessary part of the food of the people, and not a mere luxury, as in Great Britain; and this circumstance also tends to depress the art of angling, and make it a catch-penny and sordid matter.

In the French code of laws relative to river and canal fishing, extracts from which the reader will find in the Appendix, No. 1, it is provided that angling *with the rod*, except at periods when fish are out of season, is allowed to all; but this does not invalidate the law of trespass, and can only apply to the right of fishing rivers and canals from public roads and foot-paths. These, however, are so numerous, and are so tenaciously maintained by the people, that every reasonable facility is afforded for the gratification of the angler. He will almost invariably find, that there are public foot-paths from one village to another, all along the banks of the streams; and not unfrequently, these foot-paths are on both sides of the water; thus enabling him to traverse the rivers from one end to the other without any hinderance or interruption whatever. Here and there, he will perhaps find the fishing preserved; but this is by no means a common occurrence; and when it does happen, the right is generally confined to one side of the river. The fact is, the great division of landed property in France—the result of the non-

existence of a law of primogeniture —and the absence of a rural aristocracy, have the practical effect of throwing open all the rivers of the country sufficiently for the purposes of the angler. This is a privilege that men cannot enjoy in England; although in Scotland and Ireland the rivers are comparatively accessible to all. The angler who has been dogged and bullied by a keeper in our merry England —himself often the greatest poacher on a manor—will feel the full force of these advantages, and bless his stars, that there are yet countries on the face of the earth where fish is not preserved for the sole enjoyment of a few, and where the foot of the enthusiast can wander, unfettered and free.

Whenever, however, the angler encounters the least obstruction, we would earnestly advise him to acquiesce, cheerfully and readily. This is always, even in his own country, decidedly the best plan; but, particularly is it so on the continent. Here he is always emphatically “a stranger and a sojourner.” He has, necessarily, a very slender hold upon the feelings and sympathies of the people; but civility and politeness go a long way in France, in securing them for all temporary and reasonable purposes. If a portion of the water be preserved, and you find it of such an extent and character as to be worth attention, a polite application will seldom be refused, especially if the applicant be fishing with the artificial fly. Should you be forbidden the water on account of trespass alone, you will seldom fail to overcome even this obstacle by a few words of civility and explanation to the proprietor. But, whatever you do, do not argue the point with him; do not attempt to dispute the right, but implicitly acknowledge the reasonableness of his objections, and cheerfully abandon the attempt. The angler will

observe, in all his movements in France and Belgium, a striking verification of the truth of Solomon's declaration, that, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." As far as our own experience goes, we have uniformly found the country people on the banks of rivers exceedingly civil and obliging, and anxious at all times to furnish us with information, and afford us every facility in the pursuit of our amusement. We have sometimes experienced the kindest attention from the cottagers, who have willingly shewed us the best path through their little gardens; and in more than one instance, they have actually broken down their own newly-reared fences, to enable us to approach the stream with greater ease and convenience.

When it is otherwise, we are sorry to be obliged to confess, the cause is fairly traceable, nine times out of ten, to the conduct of the English themselves. Thoughtless boys, with a disregard of propriety perfectly unintelligible to the natives, break through their fences, plunge across their meadows under process of irrigation, and perambulate the whole country accompanied by great dogs, that gallop about amongst the cropping, to the annoyance and injury of the cultivators; and thus they excite the ill-will of the proprietors, and in some instances provoke them to combine for the purpose of shutting up the water. Children, too, of a larger growth are not altogether exempt from similar follies: the contemptible trick of setting night-lines in trout-streams, and the suspicious practice of carrying large casting nets, for the ostensible purpose of catching minnows, are no very powerful recommendations to the proprietors of fishable waters. For our own part, we repeat, with a sense of grateful obligation, we have found the French occupiers, with very rare exceptions — and those confined to the drunken

bombastic bullies who swagger in *cabarets*—extremely liberal, and invariably civil and polite.

In fishing about the ramparts and fortifications of towns in France and Belgium, the angler will sometimes meet with obstruction from the soldiers on duty, or from the public functionaries who take charge of these waters. In all such cases, the most implicit obedience should be yielded. Whenever you are told not to fish in a certain place, up with your rod on the instant, and quit the spot; otherwise a file of men with fixed bayonets may march you through the town, to some of the public offices of justice, and get you fined into the bargain. We have known some instances in which our countrymen have got into awkward positions, by not attending to what is here recommended.

These casual obstructions about the waters of fortified places arise, however, from very simple causes. These waters are let to particular persons, on account of the fish they contain, which are caught by nets or in traps, and sold in the public markets. The soldiers on duty are frequently directed not to allow persons to angle in particular portions of these waters; and if you succeed in obtaining liberty from the lessee (which you may often do for a mere trifle), still the soldier on duty can know nothing about you or your arrangement; therefore you will still be ordered off, even if you have the written permission in your pocket. This, of course, you can soon rectify; but it is wise to submit in the first instance.

Again, the owners or lessees of the waters are not always the lessees of the herbage which grows upon the glacis or ramparts; which is hired every year by people who keep cows and other cattle, and is commonly cut down two or three times a year, and taken off the ground.

This places you in a new difficulty. The permission to fish cannot give you permission to walk upon and trample down the grass; the lessee of which can also issue his commands to the sentinels on duty to protect his herbage from trespass. And if, even in this case, you succeeded in obtaining permission from the lessee, still the soldiers on duty can know nothing of this agreement any more than the other, and will refuse to recognise it. The soldier, it must be remembered, is a mere machine; he acts from general orders; he knows nothing of any exception to his duties; and, therefore, it can never be prudent in any one to resist his authority in such matters.

Now all this seems sufficiently embarrassing and perplexing in theory; but *in actual practice* the angler really meets with little or nothing to give him vexation or inquietude. The fact is, the common law of *customs* possesses a great influence in France and Belgium. The people will not part with all their privileges and amusements for the sake of keeping up a technical consistency in legal principles and regulations. In every town we have visited, a certain portion of the waters around the fortifications seem to be set apart by *custom* for public fishing; and this portion is always a considerable moiety of the whole. On this account the British angler need never be placed in any difficulty, if he demean himself with reason and good temper, and refrain from acting on the absurd principle, that because he is in a foreign country, he is therefore privileged to do whatever the passing whim or caprice may suggest.

The rivers and streams, and other waters which contain fish are very numerous in France. There are six rivers of the first class, namely, the Rhine, the Meuse, the Seine,

the Loire, the Garonne, and the Rhone. The Rhine and the Meuse, flow from South to North; the Rhone is the only one of this magnitude which flows North to South, and the Seine, the Loire, and the Garonne, run from East to West, and traverse the country for a great distance. In addition to these large rivers, there are ninety-three other rivers of a smaller size which are partly navigable in their transit, and which unitedly run a course of nearly six thousand miles. Besides these, there are more than four thousand streams, or rivulets, which are not navigable, but which abound more or less with fish of various kinds, and which traverse the kingdom in almost every possible direction. Independent of all these running waters, there are the canals, and still waters about the fortifications. The canals intersect France in all directions; some are more than five hundred miles in length, and swarm with fish of almost every kind. In many of the fortified places, the numbers of fish, such as pike, perch, roach, bleak, eels, etc., exceed all belief, and the waters are one immense sheet of piscatory life and animation.

And so long as the French authorities adhere to the just and natural laws, which are enacted with reference to fishing, so long will the waters of the country continue to abound with innumerable shoals of fish. In England, where keepers, and watchers, and other underlings, are constantly on the alert to catch the solitary angler, and break his rod or insult his feelings, because he presumes to pursue his innocent and uninjurious amusement without special permission, fish are rapidly diminishing; and in spite of the severity of the existing game-laws, and the exclusiveness they engender, will disappear altogether. In France, on the contrary, where no such harsh and coercive

practices are in force, and where no intolerable exclusiveness in matters of this sort is suffered to prevail, fish abound in astonishing quantities, and are said to be on the increase. Anglers are thus encouraged to exercise their harmless art, and a taste for simple and innocent pleasures is thus engendered and promoted amongst the population at large; but all poaching practices, all illegal netting, such as dragging waters in the spawning season, and using nets with a mesh through which a cholera stricken shrimp could scarcely squeeze himself, etc., etc. are inexorably prohibited by the law, and on detection, are visited with very severe penalties.* In England, the "gentle craft," is too often scoffed at, and ridiculed; the pretensions and pursuits of the wandering angler are treated with contempt; the waters of any value, are strictly shut against him, lest he should tempt a single fish out of the stream: and yet, the very best open rivers in the country are poached in every possible way; night-lines garnish every bank; illegal nets are constantly used in the broad face of day; in the fence months, when nature loudly proclaims that fish should be let alone, they are dragged from the streams without let or hinderance, and an idle, vagabond, marauding, sheep-stealing population, is thus created and fostered in every district in the kingdom. By the glaring and most impolitic inattention to the old salutary laws which we believe are still in existence with reference to this subject, and the substitution

* It is however to be regretted that the mayors of the different villages in some districts, who for the most part are small farmers, are not sufficiently strict in enforcing the laws on this point; and consequently abundance of trout are caught in the spawning season, at times when the waters are discoloured by floods and rains, by the neighbouring peasantry.—The *law* however is not to blame.

of modern game codes, an incalculable injury is inflicted on the morals of the lower orders; and we cannot but think, our local magistracy—so full of official strut and bustle—one while toadying a lord lieutenant, and another, courting the “most sweet voices,” of some ignorant and shabby town-council—would do well to imitate the more active French authorities in matters of this nature. Our continental neighbours, in many matters of internal national consideration, are far wiser than ourselves, although John Bull, Esquire, with characteristic pertinacity, and dog-headedness may feel disposed to deny the fact. John occasionally betrays the secret that he is now and then a very great fool; but in no respect is his folly more conspicuous, than in the astounding announcement—which, as a sort of after-dinner bulletin, he periodically issues—that he does every thing on all occasions, and under all circumstances, a vast deal better than every body else. France, it is true, has paid sufficiently dear for her present legal code; but then, it contains many wise and admirable clauses, fraught with vast national advantages, and leaning greatly in favour of the liberty of the subject: John Bull has also paid a pretty considerable price for his system; but his volatile neighbour has got a better article in many important respects, and assuredly so, in his laws respecting fish and game, and their current administration.

BELGIUM, as most people know, is a very flat country, and consequently contains few rivers of any note, at least in the angler's estimation. The Meuse runs through the upper part on its route to Holland. The Lys, the Scheldt, the Dender, and the Dyle, are the other principal streams. The country abounds with canals and collections of still

waters, which cover an immense tract of country, and which are replete with innumerable quantities of fish.

The law, in Belgium, as to the right of fishing with the rod, and the various modes in which that right may be exercised, is nearly the same as the law of France. If there be any difference, it is in favour of the liberty of the subject in the former country. The taste for the amusing and indeed delightful art, is more generally disseminated in Belgium than in France; and this naturally secures more unrestrained and unfettered movements.

A few remarks on the best mode of travelling in France and Belgium for angling purposes, will, it is presumed, be of use to the general reader.

The *Diligences* in France are capacious and convenient, and are, on the whole, extremely reasonable in price; and there are very few populous villages in which there is not some vehicle or other, which will enable a man to make his way from one stream to another with ease and expedition. If two or three persons travel in company, they will find that a *carriole*, hired for a few days or more, will prove a very cheap and convenient mode of getting over the ground; because it enables the angler to go into the villages on the banks of rivers, and fish such portions of a stream as he may find agreeable or convenient. The general price of these *carrioles* is about seven or eight francs a-day, with one franc for the driver. This is the whole of the expense, for the keep of the man and horse is at the cost of the proprietor of the *carriole*.

A *passport* is an indispensable document on foreign travel; and the continental angler ought always to have one in his possession. A pair of water-proof boots, of *English make*, will prove very convenient for crossing the

rivers in shallow places, and will enable him to traverse the banks of streams without annoyance, when encumbered with thorns or brush-wood. Besides, the system of irrigation which is extensively carried on in most of the villages in France through which rivers flow, requires something to keep out the wet; for some of the meadows are kept in a constant state of sponginess until the middle of May or June.

The railway, which traverses this Lilliputian country—Belgium—from one extremity to another in a few hours, affords the most reasonable and convenient mode of travelling possible; and the angler can be at no loss whatever for modes of conveyance to any particular town, or more obscure parts of the country.

THE PAS DE CALAIS.

Calais.

THE history of Calais is pretty well known to most English readers. It is not recognised in historical works until the ninth century. In 1224, Philip of France raised a wall round the town, flanked with small towers, and girdled with fosses. A great portion of this wall is still strong and unimpaired, and is to all appearance as firm and compact, as in the first year of its erection. The town was taken by Edward III. of England, and remained for more than two centuries in her possession. Under the Duke of Guise, in the reign of our own Mary, France again obtained the fortress, and has kept possession ever since. Calais claims to be the birth-place of several

distinguished men, amongst whom may be mentioned De la Place, Pigault-Lebrun, Réal the painter, Francia the traveller, Mollien, etc.

At Calais, trolling for pike, in the canals which meet near and under its walls, is practised very commonly with good success by the English, particularly by the artisans who are resident in the suburbs of the town. These fish are to be found in great numbers in the neighbourhood, the waters being fed by the *marais*; and from the Pont Sanspareil—a very curious structure, and well worth a special visit—to the harbour at Calais, the angler will meet with no interruption to his amusements; at least no obstacle to it existed in the autumn of 1844.

Excellent fish are sometimes caught in these waters, averaging from twelve to eighteen pounds weight. On new-year's day, 1843, a friend of ours took nine, and none of them were less than eight pounds each.

Besides the waters of the canal, there are other small drains leading into them, which are well stocked with fish, but which are occasionally preserved. If, however, a polite application be made to the proprietors, it will seldom experience a refusal. All the long resident anglers at Calais affirm, that the pike-fishing has greatly deteriorated within the last fifteen years. Previous to this period, the canal, for a considerable distance, was taken by an English and a French gentleman, who allowed all parties to fish fairly with the rod in every part of their waters, but invariably prevented or punished netting, and such practices. Since this protection has been withdrawn, netting has increased to a great extent; and hence it is, that those who well remember the fullness of the waters in former times, complain so grievously now of their present comparative barrenness.

There are two small trout streams within ten or twelve miles of Calais, to which the fly-fishers of the town occasionally resort. These are, a small river which runs through the village of La Recousse; and another which flows by Marquise. Both abound with good fish. We have known as many as three dozen taken out of the former stream, in an afternoon, by two fly-fishers.

In the fosses round the ramparts of Calais the roach are very numerous and very large. Bleak are remarkably scarce; and all other fish of this description, such as carp, tench, bream, perch, etc. are less numerous than in many other waters of the department.

Although the pike-fishing, as we have intimated, is very good here, there are few inducements to detain the angler in this vicinity. The sport will afford him very little variety; and as so much good water is before him, we recommend him to waste as little time here as he conveniently can. A day or two will be sufficient to convince him of this; and as the place possesses few other attractions at all worth his attention, he will have the less reason to regret the shortness of his sojourn.

Boulogne.

The river Lianne will afford the angler pretty good sport. It runs into the sea at Capécure a suburban village of Boulogne. It is not fishable until you get three or four miles above the town, where trout become numerous, and can be easily taken with the fly. The French principally fish with minnow in this river; but the majority of the English anglers use the fly.

The best mode of fishing this river is to go to Selle, a village about an hour's walk from Eccœuilles, a posting station on the main road between Boulogne and St. Omer;

and then descend the river, and work all its tributary streams, which abound more or less with trout of an excellent quality and fair size. The best flies are the May-fly, the red palmer ribbed with gold twist, the black gnat, and the vermilion palmer. In July, the black body and yellow drake wing is a killing fly.

The length of the Lianne, from its source near Lottinghen to Boulogne, is about twenty miles. The following are the principal villages on its banks, where the angler will find good accommodation:—Bournonville, Wirwignes, Questrecques, Hesaigneul, and Isque.

This modern fashionable watering-place, so crowded with English as to wear the appearance of an English town, was well-known to the ancients under the name of Gesoriacum; and was, at this period, a small town or fortress in possession of the Morini. In the year 50, A.C., Pedius, the father of Julius Cæsar, constructed on a hill or mound opposite Gesoriacum, a city to which he gave the name of Bononia. This was the port from which Cæsar is supposed by some to have started on his expedition for the conquest of Britain. In the year 882, Boulogne was besieged by the Normans, and was captured after a long and desperate resistance; the inhabitants were all put to the sword, its houses destroyed by fire, and all its walls and defences completely overthrown. In 1347 our own Edward III. attempted to reduce the town; but his attack proved unsuccessful; at a later period Henry VIII. in six weeks, and after eight desperate assaults, got possession of the town; and it remained in the hands of the English until the year 1550, when it was redeemed by the French for the sum of four hundred thousand crowns.

Every body now-a-days is familiar with Boulogne, but

it may be as well to inform the young angler that it contains a public library and a museum, both of which are well worth his attentive notice.

Grabelines.

The waters which flow through the *marais*, near St. Omer, find their way into the sea, and numerous other small rivers and canals escape into the ocean at this place. Here the fosses and other waters are filled with fish. Perch, bream, eels, roach, pike, etc., of very large size crowd the streams; and the waters are open to the angler in every direction. In one of the fosses, which surround the town, and which communicate with the sea, some French gentlemen are endeavouring to preserve the red mullet: here, of course, angling is interdicted.

The following incident will afford some idea of the enormous quantities of fish which crowd these waters. In the month of September, 1844, the water was nearly all drawn off for a few days from a small fosse, on the south side of the town, for the purpose of effecting some repairs. When these were accomplished, and the staunch, which connects the fosse with the canal, was drawn up in order to re-fill it, an immense mass of fish, crowded up to the door to revel in the fresh running water. The walls of the staunch were soon covered with boys who sunk their lines into the water, by means of a lump of lead, through the dense columns of fish. These lines, garnished at intervals of three or four inches with unbaited hooks, the lads kept pulling up with the greatest rapidity, invariably bringing out three or four fish every dip, and strewing the surface of the water with hundreds of poor things wounded and mutilated. This wretched sport lasted as long as the fresh water continued to run violently into the

fosse; and the anecdote will furnish the reader with some idea of the myriads of fish which crowd these waters.

Immense fish are frequently caught here; and yet you may fish for days together, without meeting half a dozen brethren of the craft; so little, as a nation, are the French addicted to the sports of the field.

Gravelines contains about 3,500 inhabitants, and is situated in a dead flat. The soil about the place is a cold clay, and in wet weather the whole neighbourhood is sufficiently wretched. There is an enormous traffic in eggs carried on with England; and smuggling to a vast extent is effected on the English coast, by fast craft from this port; and *vice versa* :—the inhabitants not being very particular which revenue they cheat.

The town is strongly fortified, and the Gravelines people boast that it never has been taken. This is very likely to be true; because they have the power of laying the whole country under water in a few hours by means of their large salt-water sluices. Perhaps an active rummage into the history of the wars in the Low Countries, might blow away this bit of brag; but it would be a pity to disturb the vanity of the poor folks who vegetate in such a district. The military call it the “grave of France,” and consider a twelvemonth’s residence within its walls, almost equivalent to a sentence for transportation. After all, however, it is a capital place for fishing; and if not disappointed in that respect, the angler will allow nearly every other consideration to sink into insignificance.

Dunkerque.

DUNKERQUE, is a well-built sea-port, a short distance from the ocean, with which it communicates by a short

river and port. Although frequently mentioned in the wars of the Low Countries, this town is not celebrated for any historical incidents of great moment, unless we except the fact, that it was sold by Charles II. to the French for £150,000.

The celebrated Lord Rochester is reported to have said, that this merry monarch “ never *said* a foolish thing, and never *did* a wise one.” This must have been before the sale of this fortress was effected; for, seeing that he could not keep possession of it in the event of a war, the bargain was a proof of the king’s prudence and foresight.

The famous Jean Bart was a native of this town; and a statue has been recently erected to commemorate his daring exploits. He seems to have been a kind of maritime nondescript, half pirate, half smuggler, who did some damage to the English mercantile marine, and therefore makes a very good naval hero in the estimation of our vapouring neighbours.

The church of St. Eloi, and the public library containing eighteen or twenty thousand volumes, are worthy of notice.

The fishing here is good. Pike, perch, eels, etc., may be obtained in considerable quantities: and the angling under the ramparts for roach and bleak is, as in most of the waters in this part of France, of a first-rate description.

The angler will find Dunkerque an agreeable place of temporary sojourn, as many English families reside there. It stands on one of the great routes from Calais into Germany; and this circumstance, coupled with its proximity to Belgium, and vicinity to the sea, renders it a favourite resort for many families during the summer months.

Bergues.

This is a small fortified place, but of the first class, situated in a low and marshy district, the town being on a gentle eminence, slightly elevated above the surrounding level.

Here also, under the ramparts, the fishing is excellent of its kind. Roach, perch, etc. etc., are to be obtained in almost any quantity. The canal abounds with fish; and the bleak in the fosses are perhaps the largest in the world. A friend of ours caught them occasionally as big as herrings; but they are remarkably shy and cautious, utterly unlike the small fry of their species. The only way in which he was able to get them, was by hiding himself behind the reeds and dibbling a natural horse-fly on the surface of the water, employing for this purpose a short fine gut line, and a light cane rod at least twenty-two feet in length.

It would be rash to say that these enormous bleak are peculiar to the waters in this vicinity; but certainly in all our experience, we never saw such fish in any other place.

Bergues is only a short distance from Dunkirk, and therefore can be easily visited by a resident at the latter town.

The *beffroi* at Bergues, is a curious piece of architecture and is of Spanish origin. The public library is but small, containing only five thousand volumes. There is, however, a manuscript Psalter of the fifth century, beautifully illuminated.

The Museum contains some very valuable paintings by Rubens, Vandyck, Ségers and others. On the whole

Bergues is worth a short visit, if the angler should happen to be in the vicinity.

St. Omer.

This town has long been a favourite place of residence for English families; and no small number of distinguished Englishmen have, at different periods, received their youthful training and academical instruction in this clean, well-built, and very agreeable town. Burke, Kemble, O'Connell, Moore, all eminent, and perhaps inimitable, in their several departments, spent their youthful years in the English College within the walls of this town; and St. Omer still deservedly retains its old estimation as a place of education. Good schools and first-rate masters are to be obtained on reasonable terms, and many English families, wisely disregarding the expensive frivolities of a fashionable London boarding school, make St. Omer a place of temporary residence for educational purposes.

In a northerly and north-easterly direction from this place, occupying a vast tract of country, lie the extraordinary *marais*, which, extending from the walls of the town to Cassel and Waatten, present to the eye of the stranger many novel and interesting features. These *marais* consist, for the most part, of a vast assemblage of small islands, surrounded by deep rivers and gullies, and indented in all directions by large lakes and ponds. The islands themselves—almost floating islands—appear to be crumbling away in the surrounding waters; but the laborious occupiers—exceeded by none in the world in habits of patient and persevering industry—are continually preserving them by fresh accumulations of loamy fertile soil, which they drag up with incredible toil from

the bottoms of the lakes and rivers which environ them. Sometimes, even the top soil of one island is carried away in boats, to elevate or enrich the crumbling or expanded surface of another, in a distant part of the *marais*. These islands are cultivated down to the water's edge; and as spade husbandry is invariably employed, they are rendered fertile and prolific in the extreme. The produce is carried off to the market at St. Omer, in flat-bottomed boats, admirably adapted to these peculiar waters; and it is curious to see the enormous quantities of cabbages, potatoes, cauliflowers, and other similar produce, which crowd the canal in the fauxbourg called the Haut-Pont every Saturday morning. All the cultivation is done by human labour; a cow, or a horse, in the *marais*, being almost as rare a sight as a loose tiger in the Strand.

The waters which surround these islands are literally crammed with fish. Carp, tench, eels, pike, etc., etc., may be caught in the *marais* in prodigious quantities. But the ponds and lakes being, for the most part, private property, can only be fished by special permission; yet the fishing can be hired by the year or month on very reasonable terms. The rivers and gullies which penetrate the *marais* in all directions, and which feed the lakes and ponds, are entirely open to the angler, and will afford him capital sport; but as the *marais* can only be penetrated by water, and it is forbidden to tread the soil until the cropping is off, the angler will be compelled to hire a boat for this purpose. As the navigation is very intricate, he will require a guide; and we can confidently recommend to his notice, Monsieur Flandrin, who resides in the Haut-Pont. Flandrin is one of the authorised "Gardes-de-pêche," is perfectly familiar with the localities, and knows the laws on the subject of trespass, as well as of

fishing. He has a commodious and safe boat, in which he takes fishing parties into the *marais* for a mere trifle; and we have uniformly found him a very civil and obliging person. He is a bit of a wag withal.

The fosses which surround St. Omer are full of fish; and in them the angler may ply his art whenever he pleases; but as they are let by the government, pike-fishing is interdicted.

The canal, which passes under the town to Lille, is full of roach, bleak, and dace; and indeed, all the waters about this town will afford abundance of sport to our brethren of the craft.

In St. Omer, the angler may provide himself with pure horse-hair lines of a first-rate description, both as respects make and quality. Monsieur Cuvillier, No. 27, Rue de Dunkerque, keeps an article of this kind which cannot be excelled.

The *marais* afford excellent duck-shooting in the winter—far superior to that which Colonel Hawker witnessed at Peronne; and ponds and lakes can be hired for the purpose at a very low rate.

The Riber Aa.

This river, which flows into the Dunkerque and Calais canal at St. Omer, and at the same time feeds the extensive *marais* of the district, has for many years afforded the English resident gentleman an abundance of agreeable recreation. It cannot, in strict language, be called a good trout stream, inasmuch as its bottom is full of weeds, its motion comparatively sluggish, and its lower waters generally turbid and discoloured; and yet, nevertheless, there are immense numbers of trout taken out of it through the

season.* The most common bait used is the minnow, in trolling; but the angler must not move his line in precisely the same manner he would do in fine clear-bottomed rivers, but rather bob his bait up and down at the end of strong streams, and by the deep sides of the river. Any other method of using his tackle will assuredly subject him to its certain loss in quick time. The red worm is also a good bait, perhaps the very best, in this stream; and when the May-fly appears, many fine fish may be caught, both with the natural May-fly, and the artificial fly. We have known as many as two dozen to be taken by a single rod, in the course of the day, when the fish were in taking humour.

The favourite fly for this water, with some experienced hands, is a dark body with yellow wings; but the red palmer of a small size, ribbed with gold-twist, and a black braided fly with light wings, will be found nearly, if not equally, as successful. The French anglers spin the natural May-fly on this river in a very dexterous manner; but as soon as this fly is gone, their sport is over, the proper mode of using the artificial fly being nearly unknown amongst them.

The river Aa runs a course of nearly forty miles from its source, until it reaches St. Omer; and undoubtedly passes through the most beautiful valley in the whole department. To the painter, and the lover of natural scenery, a ramble in May or June, along its winding banks, will afford the most exquisite delight. The whole

* Otters are numerous in the Aa; and as the mayors of the villages are not sufficiently strict in their administration of the admirable laws of the French fishing code, if it were not one of the very best *breeding* rivers in the world, it could not bear the constant drain upon its most prolific waters.

valley is studded with the most picturesque villages imaginable, at short distances of a mile or two from each other; and the landscape is everywhere diversified by the most exquisite rural scenery.

The best plan the angler can pursue in order to fish this river effectively, is to go at once to Fauquembergues, a small town about twelve miles from St. Omer. It is a picturesque little place of some antiquity. In 1198 it was burned and destroyed by Renaud, count of Boulogne; and in 1355 it was pillaged and devastated by the English. There are but few remains of the old chateau, so often burned and rebuilt; but the crumbling stones will not fail to interest the English angler, when he remembers that the conquerors at Azincour passed the night within its walls, after the close of that terrible conflict.

From this place, the angler must march up the river for nearly ten miles, and he will find many good streams; particularly at Renty, where the water is of a first-rate character, and the locality remarkably favourable for the fly—not a tree, nor a bush, nor the slightest impediment or obstacle of any kind for more than a mile, to interrupt or embarrass his movements. The streams here are clear, rushing, continuous; brawling over a gravelly bottom, winding along through pleasant meadows, and falling occasionally over some old staunch into a large deep pool beyond, replete with trout, and all that one could desire for deep fishing with the worm or minnow. In the village of Renty, between the mill-tail and the bridge, there is a strong rush of water over a stony bottom for about a hundred yards. This spot is often full of fish, and has more than once or twice yielded us some capital sport.

When tired of the water *above* Fauquembergues, the angler will find a series of excellent streams a mile or two below the town; especially at St. Marcq Liéven Ouve, Wavrans, and Lumbres. The streams in all these villages are delicious. They swirl and whirl round stumps and stones, and little promontories, in the most picturesque and agreeable way possible; and the cheering scenery in the vicinity—the bold bare hills—the verdant meadows—the romantic villages, with their unrivalled churches—the noble trees which crowd the beautiful valley through which the river glides, and shade its banks from the noon-tide heats, combine to render the fishing on this lovely water most fascinating and exciting.

To the remarkably well built and extremely beautiful church of the sweet retired village of St. Liéven, the sailors from Boulogne and the adjoining coast, and even from Normandy, make occasional pilgrimages, in order to hang up, on its walls and altar, those kinds of votive offerings, so conspicuous in the little chapels which, at Gravelines and other places, are planted by the very margin of the sea. Sailors, in all countries, have their own strange superstitions; but the church of Rome, true to her system, has the skill and adroitness to direct those of the French mariner into the capacious channel of the church, and thus keeps them in some degree of subservience to the Christian faith.

And here, once for all, it may be remarked, that the attention of the English angler on the continent will frequently be awakened to contemplations and speculations of this nature. He will be forcibly struck—and the impression will not easily be effaced from his mind—by witnessing the steady, consistent, persevering assiduity

with which Rome engrafts the forms, and symbols, and sanctions of our faith, on all the occurrences and ongoings of daily life. She lays her hand on every thing. Nothing ever escapes her watchful, sleepless eye. The habits, thoughts, feelings, traffickings, pursuits, business, pleasures, affections, and even the very amusements of the people, are all more or less under her guidance, or unseen influence. Every act of common life bears some mark of her perpetual presence; every passing circumstance calls to mind her unceasing protrusion of things sacred. In fact, religion is constantly kept in sight; the great facts and mysteries of revelation are perpetually displayed before the public eye. No act of ordinary life, not the slightest, is performed without some silent gesture, or faint vocal expression of religious sentiment and feeling. The commonest instruments, the merest articles of furniture, the veriest trumpery, acknowledge some special dedication, or bear some holy badge. The crucifix—sad emblem of a dreadful tragedy—is worn on the person, or engraven on the commonest articles, or placed in some conspicuous situation in the house, or by the way-side. The sign of the cross is devoutly made on stated occasions, and on any sudden emergency of surprise, or pain, or pleasure; and the faith of the French peasant is thus preserved perpetually present to his mind and heart.

It is the prevalent feeling in England, and in most Protestant countries, to consider representations and emblems and signs of this description, as indirectly tending to idolatry and superstition; and, therefore, all external signs and marks of the Christian faith—even those silent exhortations, and remembrances, and persuasives, which the early Christian church most undoubt-

edly sanctioned and encouraged, are remorselessly cast aside as remnants of Paganism, or, at least, as proofs of deep corruption and unscriptural innovation on the sacred simplicity of the gospel. Whether it be a sign of true wisdom thus to discard, without discrimination or reserve, all the symbolic characteristics of Christianity—which Tertullian so glowingly and exultingly describes as of universal usage in his day—may, perhaps, be reasonably doubted; and, indeed, so far as our own feelings are concerned, we must say, that the representation, for example, of the dying Saviour by the way-side, as the inanimate form received the first rays of the morning sun, has often, in our continental rambles, awakened in our breast thoughts neither idolatrous nor superstitious; but feelings indefinable and indescribable, which have found appropriate expression only in some short penitential aspiration, or some grateful words of praise.

The streams which occur between Renty and Setques, are unquestionably the best portions of the whole river for the fly-fisher. The village of Lumbres, about seven miles from St. Omer, is a very favourite spot; and many good streams will be found above the village, in the little river which joins the Aa at this place.

From Setques to St. Omer, the river is more favourable for the minnow and worm, than for the fly. The waters become deeper, and have few rapid streams, except at the various mills; at the villages of Ecquerdes, Hallines, Wizernes, Blandecques, and Arques.

The majority of trout found in this stream are the white and bull-trout, but the red is occasionally met with. Trout have been taken out of these waters seven or eight pounds in weight; but the average of those caught with minnow, will scarcely reach a pound.

There are excellent accommodations for the not too fastidious angler at Fauquembergues, and in nearly all the villages by the river side.

The whole valley of the Aa is remarkably beautiful; and the river, in some particular spots, replete with trout. When the waters are in good condition—which is not always the case in the best part of the season, on account of the constant irrigation going on in the meadows and paddocks—the angler will find excellent sport, as the trout occasionally run a tolerable size, and owing to the nature of the banks, will demand all his skill and management. The scenery, of its particular kind, can scarcely be beaten; and the numerous pretty churches, romantic villages, snug cottages, rustic bridges, picturesque old mills, etc. etc., would fill the portfolio of a wandering artist with gems of exquisite beauty; and yet, all this is but a bare day's journey from London.

I.

Vale of bliss! what joy to wander
 Where thy glittering waters flow!
 Here, e'en Guilt in peace may ponder;
 Here, Despair forget his woe!
 Come, where glassy streamlets gushing,
 Through the meadows curling stray;
 Come, and gaze on Nature blushing,
 In the fierce embrace of May.

Vale of bliss! what joy to wander
 Where thy glittering waters flow!
 Here, e'en Guilt in peace may ponder;
 Here, Despair forget his woe!

II.

Mark the bold, broad, green hill crowning,
 Far and wide, the lovely scene;
 On whose brow yon ruin frowning,
 Dimly shadows what hath been;

There, at noon, how sweet to listen
 To the music of the trees;
 There, to see the clear streams glisten,
 As they sparkle in the breeze!
 Vale of bliss, etc., etc.

III.

Now the rays of eve lie glowing
 On the village spire beneath;
 Bright as gleams of glory flowing
 Round some sinless martyr's wreath!
 Soon the bird of darkness ringing,
 Wakes the woods with solemn song;
 Spirits, too, of night seem singing,
 As they soar the stars among.
 Vale of bliss, etc., etc.

IV.

O how blest, to dwell for ever,
 'Mid these scenes of placid peace!
 If some Power the past could sever,
 If the tones of Mem'ry cease.
 Ah! not Faith herself dare cherish
 Hopes unstain'd by 'wild'ring fears;
 Could we dream the *past* might perish,
 What shall quench our *future* tears?*

Vale of bliss, etc., etc.

Aire.

The river Lys flows through this town; and the water between it and Therouanne is much better adapted for the fly, than that which runs towards the Belgian frontier. There are some few streams as you go towards Therouanne; but on the whole, the waters below this latter town are much better suited for minnow and the red-worm, than for the fly. Trout of a considerable size are often

* These stanzas have been set to exquisite music by J. W. Griesbach, Esq.

taken near Aire. The waters around the town abound with large pike, roach, perch, eels, and dace, and contain innumerable shoals of bleak.

The angler will find no impediment in fishing the waters in this vicinity.

This town was founded by Lydéric, first count of Flanders, in the year 630. It was nearly all destroyed by the Normans in 881. From this period it has always been a place of considerable strength; although it has often been taken and re-taken both by the Spaniards and the French. The barracks afford accommodation for full six thousand soldiers.

Aire is situated on the confluence of the rivers Lys and Laquette. The philosopher Malebranche was born here.

It is a most pleasant excursion to fish the canal from St. Omer to this pretty, clean town. The banks of the canal are very elevated, and command extensive and agreeable views of the surrounding country. The waters abound with roach, bleak, bream, dace, etc.; and, in the months of August and September, when they are rising at the fly, will afford the angler capital sport during his walk. The foot-way, or towing-path, by the water side is broad and good, the high banks are full of delicious cold springs of exquisite water; and the distance is but some nine or ten miles.

Lillers.

On the route from Aire to Bethune, we pass through Lillers, where a small stream will be found called the Nave, which runs into the Clemance, a few miles below the town. Minnow and worm are the only bait which can be effectually used here.

At Lillers, the first Artesian well projected in France was satisfactorily completed.

We should scarcely recommend the angler to waste his time here. The waters yield nothing but trout and minnow; and it is evident from the locality, that the former cannot be very numerous.

Bethune.

The river Brette runs through this town, and, at a short distance from its walls, is fishable for pike, roach, perch, bleak, eels, etc., etc. There are a few trout in the water; but the angler must go pretty near the source of the river, or at any rate as far up as Houdain before he can fall in with them.

This town is not mentioned in history, until about the ninth century. It was taken by the French in 1645, and very strongly fortified by the celebrated Vauban.

The angler will not find Bethune a disagreeable residence for a few days. Several canals meet here, and barring trout, pretty good sport may be expected. A cheap and clean hotel, where good cheer and civility are to be found, will be an additional inducement; and a tolerable library, etc., will help to dispose of the time to advantage. There is the funniest and most grotesque tower in the *Grande Place*, that was ever devised; the architect must have been drunk or deranged when he planned it, or perhaps both; and the authorities who allowed him to construct it, and consented to pay for it, were in all probability in a similar condition. The *carillons* are placed in it, and being visible from the *Place*, contribute to its absurd and ridiculous appearance.

Souchez.

This is a small village about six miles to the north of Arras, through which a small stream runs bearing the same name, and which has the reputation of containing a considerable number of trout. The water above the village is considered the best part of the river, although there are some most beautiful streams, rushing clear over pebbly bottoms, below the place, commencing at an oil-mill about a mile from Souchez.

This river passes through Lens, where the Prince of Condé obtained a signal victory over the Spaniards in 1648.

The red worm is the best bait for this stream in the summer. Parts of the water are occasionally preserved: but this is by no means an insurmountable obstacle in France. The angler would not perhaps be disappointed if he remained a day or two on this stream; at any rate, the waters are so good to all appearance, and so full of promise, that nothing but urgent necessity prevented us from trying the experiment during the present year.

Armentières.

If the angler be inclined to follow the course of the Lys from Aire into Belgium, he may easily do so, and will probably find some sport; chiefly, however, in those tributary streams which run into the Lys at various points of its course. When he gets to the small town of Merville, situated on the left bank of the Lys, he will meet with a stream called the Clemance, joining it at Colonne-sur-Lys. This water takes its rise near to Pernes, a small village about nine miles from St. Pol,

and runs a course of more than twenty miles before it enters the Lys.

The town of Merville is a place of some antiquity, and has often experienced the miseries of war. Further down the Lys you come to Estaires, a town of great antiquity, the bridge of which is the Minariacum in the Itinerary of Antoninus. Near to the town, at a small place called Gorgue, the rivers Lawe and Loisne empty their waters into the Lys; the former takes its rise near St. Pol, and runs a course of nearly twenty miles: the latter rises above Cambrin, and is only about ten or fifteen miles long.

On the left bank of the Lys, the angler will fall in with the river Becque, and two or three smaller rivulets; in all of which trout may be found. The best flies for May, June, and July, in all these tributary streams, are the dark body with yellow wings, the vermilion palmer, the dark body and the woodcock's wing, and the black gnat.

The minnow and the red-worm may be used on these waters with good effect. The natives of the Lys, in the months of May and June, when the May-fly is on the water, dabble large cockchafers on the surface of the larger holes, and very often catch immense trout. Enormous chub, too, are often caught in the Lys.

It may be as well to observe, that in all the waters which are found to the left of an imaginary line drawn through Arras and St. Omer, looking to the southward, the trout begin to diminish and give place to pike, perch, eels, roach, etc., etc. These can be obtained all over the country, and generally attain a large size; and therefore this kind of fishing may be got to almost any extent. The trout-fisher in the Pas de Calais should notice this fact; otherwise he may expend his time and money in a

wrong direction, when the very same stream, higher up the country above the mills and sluices, would afford him excellent sport.

Therouanne.

This is a favourite spot with English residents in this part of France. The river Lys, which takes its rise at Lisbourg near Fruges in the Pas de Calais, runs through the town and forms one of the leading branches of the Scheldt. The method of fishing it effectually is to commence at Fruges, a small town about twelve miles above Therouanne, and sixteen from St. Omer. The bottom of the river is firm and good, much superior to that of the Aa; and the trout, although not of larger size nor so numerous, are, nevertheless, better in quality than the majority of those found in the latter river.

The Lys, from its source to Therouanne, abounds with gentle and rippling streams; and when the waters are in good condition, the trout will take the fly greedily. The red and black palmer, the red hackle and drake wing, and the vermilion palmer, are effective flies on these waters, in May, June, and July.

The best part of the water, in our opinion, is from the mill at the village of Coyecques to Therouanne, where some beautiful streams either for fly or bait are of continual occurrence. The sport, on this river is, however, considerably marred by the practice of illegal netting, for which the nature of the waters and the bed of the river afford every facility.

The scenery on many parts of the stream, particularly above Therouanne, is extremely interesting and beautiful. The houses and the cottages, and pretty picturesque churches of the straggling villages are so embosomed in

wood, that when the trees are in full foliage; nothing of country life can surpass the quiet loveliness of these rural habitations.

The following is a list of the principal villages along the banks of the Lys, from Fruges to Therouanne; Ligy, Hezecques, Matringhem, Dennebrouecque, Capelle, Coyecques, and Delette. There are excellent accommodations at all the *auberges* and *cabarets* on the route, both comfortable and cheap.

At a village called Herbelle, which is on a small stream parallel with the Lys, and but a short distance from Therouanne, the angler may catch gudgeons in any quantity. There are millions of them.

Therouanne is, in a historical point of view, one of the most celebrated localities in the whole Pas de Calais. Its great antiquity, its former importance as a military station, the great events of which it has been the theatre, the numerous sieges it has sustained, and the calamities to which its inhabitants have been exposed by the vicissitudes of war, contribute to render it a place of great interest to the antiquarian and the historian. Under the Romans, subjected originally by Julius Cæsar, it was taken by assault by Maximus, the competitor of Gratian. Attila, the Hun, sacked and burned the place in the year 451. The Normans ravaged it in 881 and in 884. It was again consumed by the Flemish in 1303; and, after the battle of Crecy, the English seized upon the town and committed it to the flames. In the year 1531, Henry VIII. took it after a desperate siege of nine weeks. In 1553, Charles V. appeared before it in person, at the head of an army of sixty thousand men. The conflict was of the most dreadful character. The Spaniards treated the garrison with humanity, but remorselessly put

all the inhabitants to death, without distinction of age or sex. This event gave the death-blow to the ancient capital of the Morini.

It is contended by some authors, who are sustained by the traditions of the country, neither of which, however, seem to be fully relied on, that the sea once flowed up to Therouanne, as to St. Omer and other towns in the department, and that Cæsar assembled his troops and prepared his galleys near the first-named place, previous to his final embarkation for the memorable descent on the shores of Britain, from some port near the present site of Boulogne. The contrast between the present condition of the little valley, with its flocks and herds, and peasants and villages, and cheerful mills; and its former supposed character as the muddy bottom of a deep estuary, through which flowed the waves of the sounding sea, gave rise to the following song. Since the days of Walton, anglers have felt themselves entitled to make songs on any subject they please, and sing them whenever they please; and, therefore we make no apology for its introduction.

Song.

I.

Awake, awake, the May-morn Sun,
Sheds light on rock, and tower, and tree;
The harbinger of joy and fun,
The God of mirth and jollity !
Come, bring the rods, and let us plan,
A trip to dear old Therouanne.

II.

When Cæsar's galleys spread their sails,
To land on Britain's storm-bound shore,
From Therouanne hills he caught the gales,
That o'er the wave his fortunes bore;
But now a slender trout-stream glides
Where once old ocean poured his tides.

III.

The self-same hills above us frown,
That looked on all his proud array ;
Yon village, once a peopled town,
Tells how those scenes have passed away ;
O'er that sweet plain by cattle trod,
The imperial navy proudly rode !

IV.

High hopes were his !— Where'er he gazed,
A thousand sails were spread on high ;
Around, ten-thousand watch-fires blazed,
Unnumbered standards filled the sky ;
All owned the world's great master's sway !
But where is he ?— And where are they ?

V.

Ages have winged their solemn flight,
And Nature's features widely changed,
Since the great Roman in his might,
Unconquered legions round him ranged :
Two thousand years have marred the scene,
But man remains the same, I ween !

VI.

Near this same plain ; a greater far
Than Rome's high chief held boundless sway ;
And sought to pour a mightier war,
On Britain's isle in recent day.
One threatened in her feeble hour ;
The other, in her pride and power !

VII.

And just their fates ! The Roman came,
T'exalt and civilise the brave ;
The Frenchman, in the lust of fame,
To conquer, ruin, and enslave :
One she proclaims her boast, her pride ;
The other, as her captive, died !

VIII.

But what are they, and what are all,
To us, my friends, this bright spring day ?
Come, haste we to yon waterfall,
Where golden trouts incessant play ;
There, steeped in Nature's gentlest joys,
Forget the world and all its toys !

IX.

And when the Sun his mid-day heat,
Pours down upon the sultry glade,
We'll find some snug and cosy seat,
On which the light repast to spread ;
Then come what will, or weal or woe,
We'll crush yon flask of light Bordeaux !

Arras.

There are two rivers which join each other at Arras, and, a few miles above their junction, are fishable for trout. The one is the river Scarpe, and the other, the Crinchon. The latter has the reputation of being the better stream of the two for the fly-fisher's purpose. They both flow through fertile valleys and pretty villages, and ever and anon present gems of rural beauty for the artist or the enthusiast.

The Scarpe takes its rise at a small village called Berg, near Aubigny. Below the town of Arras, the Scarpe is not fishable for trout ; above it, sport may be obtained. The red palmer and the black gnat flies are good in June, when the waters are pretty clear in both the Scarpe and Crinchon. Pike, eels, and perch, etc., all of an immense size, are commonly found in the canal, and in the still waters which surround this town.

Arras is a place of great antiquity, and was the capital of the tribe of Gauls distinguished by the name of

Atrebatæ. Ptolemy designates the town under the name of Origiacum; and Cæsar, who subdued the whole vicinity in the year 50 B. C, mentions it in his commentaries under the appellation of Nemetocenna. Pliny speaks of the Atrebatæ without naming their principal city; but St. Jerome, in one of his epistles mentions the Atrebatæ, and the city of Arras as being famous, even in his day, for its woollen stuffs. The Franks, under Clodion, occupied the country of the Atrebatæ, and were surprised and beaten by the Romans. Arras was afterwards, on the declension of the empire, devastated by the Vandals in 407; and subsequently by the Normans, in 880. It was long occupied by the Spaniards; and the peculiar construction of the houses in the *Grande Place*, etc., still reminds the modern traveller of those arabesque forms which the Moors introduced into the architecture of Spain. In 1640, Arras with all the neighbouring country was conquered by Louis XIII. and, in 1659, was definitively ceded to France by the treaty of the Pyrenees.

The cathedral at Arras, although a striking and impressive edifice, will disappoint the admirers of pure Christian architecture. The external appearance is sufficiently imposing; and the great western front, with its magnificent flight of steps, reminds one of the gorgeous buildings with which the fancy of the painter crowds some of the old pictures on oriental subjects; but the interior, grand and splendid, adorned with pictures and gigantic statues, and decorated with the florid ornaments of the Corinthian and composite orders, kindles the idea of a beautiful Grecian temple, rather than that of a solemn Christian church. This feeling increases upon one every minute, and becomes at length painfully

uncomfortable, insomuch that a return to the open air acts as a sort of relief, and one feels but little desire to re-enter. Such, at least, were our own impressions; but we strongly recommend the wandering angler to judge for himself, as the building in itself, and apart from such associations, is really very magnificent and impressive.

The public library, which is open every day at six o'clock for a few hours, containing upwards of forty thousand volumes—the collection of pictures and antiquities—the Hotel de Ville and the theatre—are all worthy of notice. This town was the birth-place of Damiens, the assassin of Louis XV., and of the two brothers Robespierre, deputies to the National Convention (one of whom has obtained such a dreadful notoriety), who were beheaded in 1794; and also of the celebrated naturalist, Palissot.

Bapaume.

This town is situated near the sources of the rivers Sensée and Encre, both of which are good trout-streams, and well worth his notice, if his ramblings lead him in this direction. The Sensée falls into the Scheldt, about ten miles above Valenciennes; and the Encre, after passing the small town of Albert, loses itself in the Somme, a few miles above Amiens. At Bapaume, the marriage between Philip Augustus and Isabella of Hainault was solemnised; and here we may be allowed to bring to the angler's remembrance an event in this monarch's life, as remarkable as any which the whole history of France can furnish. A similar circumstance occurred in our country, in the reign of John, a few years later, during the sway of the same energetic pontiff,

which was attended with the same result; namely, the submission of the king to the authority of the church.

Philip Augustus, having lost his first wife, married Ingerburge of Denmark; but on the day after his nuptials, without any reason assigned, he dismissed her, assembled a council of bishops devoted to him, induced them to pronounce the dissolution of his marriage, and immediately espoused Agnès de Méranie. The unfortunate Danish lady, being ignorant of the French language, could only comprehend the proceedings through the medium of expressive signs; and when fully aware of her cruel fate, merely exclaimed, in the accents of supplication, "Rome, Rome!"

The appeal was not made in vain. Innocent III., exercising the extraordinary powers which appertained to the Romish church in those times, excommunicated Philip for his conduct on this occasion; and in consequence of his obstinacy and contumacy, placed the entire kingdom under an interdict.

We may imagine—at least those who are at all acquainted with the practical operation of the Romish church—we may imagine, but it must be impossible to describe, the consternation and misery a measure of this nature must necessarily have inflicted upon the nation. By the Roman Catholic system, when in full and unchecked vigour, as in the time of Philip Augustus, the two characters, or rather, to speak more strongly and yet more justly, the two *existences* of Christian and Citizen were inseparably united, and, indeed, completely confounded; and therefore, in issuing this stern interdict, the church did in reality suspend all the common acts of the civil, as well as the more solemn offices of the religious life. The clergy, in obedience to the mandate of the Pope, held

in abeyance all the functions of their order; functions so intimately interwoven with all the concerns of every day, of every hour, of every family, of every individual. The churches, which, according to the laudable practice of Rome, are always open—thus affording perpetual opportunity for calm, unostentatious, private devotion, amidst the sacredness and solemnity of the temple of the Lord—were now rigidly closed; the sacraments were inexorably refused; the daily sacrifice was unoffered, the infant unbaptized; the young were not married, the sick were unvisited, the dead remained unburied; the collections for the poor, so constant in the Romish church, were unsolicited, the daily doles undistributed, the wretched and unhappy unconsolated and uncared for; the signs and symbols of the faith, so prolific in Roman Catholic countries, were carefully removed; the bells were all silent, the crucifixes torn down, all signs and sounds of religious worship and influence ruthlessly withdrawn; and the land, thus denuded at one stroke of all its Christian observances, assumed an aspect of desolation and suffering which, in a short time, terminated in a general revolt, compelling the licentious king to submit to the authority of Rome.

Whatever opinion we may entertain on the subject of the tremendous powers then possessed by the church, we are bound to admit that, in this instance, at least, they were exercised for a laudable purpose. The age was an age of fearful license, especially among princes and nobles; and the resolution with which the church attacked the vices of the rich and powerful, obtained for her the suffrage and support of the other classes of the community, who beheld with admiring respect the exercise of a power, which administered the Christian law, without fear or favour, alike to the emperor and the serf.

St. Pol.

This town is pleasantly situated on the river Ternoise, and affords a pretty central position for the angler; being but a short distance from some very good streams. It is a place of some antiquity. It was taken and fortified by the French in 1537; but three years afterwards was captured and destroyed by the Spaniards, under Charles V. The town is contiguous to the sources of several trout-streams; and the accommodation at the Hotel d'Angleterre is clean and comfortable. Civility and cheapness are pleasantly combined; and as the scenery is very pretty, and the neighbouring waters favourable for trout, a few days may not be disadvantageously passed by the angler, in this vicinity.

Hesdin.

This is unquestionably the very best place in the department of the Pas de Calais, for an angler to take up his quarters at, for a few days, as a kind of central post. Trout-streams are all round him; and all are most conveniently situated for his purpose.

The town itself is of modern date, having been founded so late as the year 1554, by Philibert Emanuel, duke of Savoy. It was taken by Louis XIII. in 1639, and ceded to France, in common with other towns once in the possession of the Spaniards, by the treaty of the Pyrenees.

The position of Hesdin is very imposing. It is situated in the rich valley of the Canche, surrounded by lofty, well-wooded hills, and beautifully ornamented with gardens, and pleasant walks, and shady avenues. The air is particularly salubrious, and the general appearance of the town and neighbourhood extremely neat, pleasant, and agreeable.

The river Ternoise, which runs for more than twenty miles through the hilly country in the Pas de Calais, joins the Canche at Hesdin, where their united waters form a stream of considerable magnitude. The best part of the Ternoise for the angler is some short distance above Hesdin; for when it approaches the walls of the town, it becomes greatly interrupted in its current by mills, and flows rather sluggishly, from the flatness of the valley in this locality. The best plan for fishing it properly is, to commence near St. Pol, and follow the course of the stream down to Hesdin. It runs a pleasant, winding course, broken by many favourable streams, and passes the following picturesque villages, in all of which, the angler will find tolerably satisfactory accommodations: Hermicourt, St. Martin, Monchy, Tilly, Blangy, Blingel, and Auchy.

The Canche takes its rise at a village called Magnicourt, and traverses a distance of nearly fifty miles, before it falls into the English Channel at Etaples. There are occasionally very large trout caught in the immediate vicinity of the town of Hesdin; but it is better for the angler to go above at least the first mill on the river, before he tries the stream. The water close to the town is much fished by the soldiers with night-lines; and besides this, the bottom of the river is, in this locality, extremely dirty and weedy. The most promising and eligible course is for the angler to go to the small town of Frevent, on the great route from Lille to Paris by way of Rouen, and descend the stream, when he will fall in with some excellent water, both for minnow and fly. In following this course, he will pass through the following villages, Ligny, Boubers, Conchy, Aubrometz, Fillièvres, and Wail. The small borough of Old Hesdin, is also

a very interesting place; it was once a town of considerable strength, and great military importance, but was almost entirely destroyed by the Spaniards under Charles V. Its chief charm, however, in the eyes of the angler, will arise from its favourable position for trout-fishing, and for the sport which is to be obtained in its vicinity.

If the angler choose to descend the Canche from Hesdin, he will find the waters excellent, either for minnow, red-worm, or fly. A friend of ours caught twenty fine trout within a space of one hundred yards, near one of the mills on the stream; and performances of this kind are by no means uncommon. Indeed the magnitude and richness of the Canche trout are celebrated all over the country. Some have been caught from seven to nine pounds in weight, and as firm and rosy as the finest salmon. About four miles below Hesdin, the Canche receives the Planquette, which abounds with trout and runs a course of about twelve or fourteen miles from a village called Planche. A little below the junction of the Planquette, another rivulet runs into the Canche, which also deserves the attention of the angler.

At Buchamps, or Planche, where the river Planquette or Planchette takes its rise, the English angler will surely turn aside to gaze on the celebrated plain which adjoins the quiet village of Azincour. He will enter the little church, and read on its humble walls the monumental record of those who perished on that dreadful battle-field; he will listen with absorbing interest to the faithful traditions, which, after the lapse of four hundred years, still linger amongst the peasantry; and standing on the green mounds, beneath whose verdant pall repose the bones of the vanquished on the memorable 25th of Octo-

ber 1415, he will abandon himself to the full excitement of the striking scene. The narrow field — which still retains its ancient name, between the woods of Tramecour and Azincour — where the gallant Henry awaited the attack of overwhelming numbers; the pass through which the English cavalry rushed on the French flank; the spot where the English bow-men, throwing aside their arrows and brandishing their formidable bills, precipitated themselves with the fury of despair on the noblest chivalry of France, will be caught at a single glance; and the phantoms of individual valour — the attack of the eighteen devoted French knights — the courage and timely succour of David Gamm — the combat between Alençon and Henry — the incredible energy and perseverance of the English king, who toiled like a common man-at-arms, and to whose indomitable resolution and valour, the victory was mainly attributable, with the thousand other valiant names

“Familiar in our mouths as household words,”

will rise up before the imagination, and people with stirring visions of the past, the calm tranquillity of the present scene.

Such are the first impressions, when gazing on this remarkable field; but sadder thoughts are speedily awakened; nature once again vindicates her broken reign; and the gentle evening breeze, as it sighs over the large tumulus, which hides the dust of five thousand eight hundred human beings, who perished amidst the din and desperation of a furious fight — breathes into the pensive soul suggestions of a gentler character; and we turn, with a subdued and melancholy feeling, from the scene of useless slaughter, strong in the hope that the time is not

far distant, when the two nations will understand their true interests, and “not learn war any more.”

Montreuil.

Having descended the Planquette, and pursued his course down the Canche, the angler will arrive at the town of Montreuil, a place of considerable antiquity. In the year 845, the Normans destroyed it; but its walls were rebuilt not long after, by Hergot, count of Tervanne. This fortress resisted the attacks of the Normans, in the year 918. The town suffered much during the reign of Francis I., and was taken and burned by the Spaniards in the year 1537. It is beautifully situated on the right bank of the river, and commands a splendid view of the valley, through which the stream winds along in its progress to the sea.

The angling all about Montreuil is good; but on the whole, the waters are better adapted for the minnow than the fly. In following the course of the river, the angler will find the small stream called the Etrelle which runs into the Canche opposite a village called La Madeleine. This pretty running water holds a course of nearly fifteen miles, and abounds with capital trout. A little lower down, another stream called La Dodoigne effects a junction with the Canche, and also deserves the angler's attention.

Etaples.

Near Etaples, another tributary, called l'Hintrepan, helps to swell the volume of the Canche; and the angler who has time to try its water will not be disappointed.

Etaples is a small fishing town, situated near the mouth of the Canche. Under the Romans it was called

Quantavicus. During the times of the second race of French kings, it was celebrated for its commercial activity and importance. In the year 842, the Normans pillaged it. The treaty of peace concluded between Henry VII. of England, and Charles VIII. of France, was formally ratified in this place. At present, however, it is a town of small importance, and very little note.

On the coast, near Etaples, are several large lakes which abound with fish, and in which are said to be carp of enormous magnitude. These lakes are not preserved, but will furnish admirable sport for the angler who is fond of fishing for pike, perch, etc. They are reported to be of an extraordinary depth.

The angler will find that all the tributaries, amounting to eight or nine, which run into the Canche, enter that stream on the left bank, and take their rise in the high grounds of the Pas de Calais. The best mode of fishing them is to descend the main stream, and go up each of them respectively, as fancy or convenience may dictate.

Considerable variety of opinion exists as to the favourite flies for the Canche and its auxiliaries, some giving the preference to dark and dusky, and others to light and dazzling ones. From our own experience, we should recommend the angler to use dark and light together, as we have found the trout take both indiscriminately. All red hackles with light wings, palmer-flies, dark bodies with wood-cocks' wings, and the vermilion-fly, will be sure to meet with success, when the trout are in the humour for the fly.

The flies used by the natives, which they merely dabble on the surface of the water with a strong rod and short line, are the funniest things imaginable. Some are

as big as cock-chafers, and are said to be very successful; but we should fancy few English anglers would be inclined to try the experiment. The operator hides himself behind a bush or other convenient shelter, and bobs away until he rouses up some big trout from his hole. If he miss him, he lies down on the bank, and sleeps or smokes, until he fancies the trout has recovered his equanimity, and then he bobs away at him again, until he ultimately hooks him. Large fish are said to be caught in this way; but any tyro may see at a glance that it is a contemptible piece of business.

The entire valley of the Canche is remarkably beautiful. The hills are fringed with wood; and the verdure, so singularly rich in this country, diffuses over the landscape a certain degree of splendour which cannot be described. The French mode of pruning and training the trees, though somewhat formal and foppish compared with the over-arching boughs and drooping foliage of English woodland scenery, communicates, nevertheless, a sort of picturesque stateliness to the prospect; and the entire absence of stiff hedgerows and impervious geometrical divisions, gives to the open country an air of joyous freedom and expansion, which is inexpressibly charming. The angler will linger with delight amongst these placid and tranquil scenes; and he will assuredly leave them with regret, even though hard experience should have convinced him, with the dissatisfied *Rasselas*, that in this world there is no "happy valley."

THE SOMME.

In that wild flight,
We spurred our coursers o'er the babbling Canche;
And dashing madly on, soon left behind
The Authie's lagging wave. Beneath the rays
Of the soft summer moon, we scoured the plain
Where Edward plucked fresh laurels for his brow,
And with the first beams of the morning sun,
Our gallant steeds—the goal of safety gained—
Plunged through the waters of the welcome Somme.
The Sentinel's Story.

The River Authie.

MANY wonderful stories are told, both by French and English anglers, respecting the magnitude of the trout in this river. Some affirm that fish of the enormous weight of thirty-six pounds have occasionally been found in it; and there is a story current, strengthened by many circumstantial proofs, that a trout was caught in this stream not long ago, which weighed *twenty-seven pounds and a half*. It was transmitted by *Diligence* as a curiosity to Lille; but on reaching Hesdin the address was lost, and it consequently remained at the Hotel de France in that town. It was given to a fishmonger in Hesdin for lack of an owner, who cut it up into pieces, and sold it in that form. We received this account from highly respectable parties; but beyond this we cannot vouch for its truth. Certain it is, however, that trout of a more than ordinary size are obtained in this water; but, we confess, nothing like an approximation to these prodigious weights has ever fallen under our own observation.

The Authie takes its rise near a village called Warlincour, situated about eight miles from the town of Doullens,

and has a winding run of more than fifty miles before it enters the sea, near the village of Groffliers. It receives its name from the village of Authie, where a small branch of the stream takes its rise.

The best method of fishing this stream is to start from Douzens, which is situated on the main road from Arras to Paris; and then the angler commands the most eligible part of the water for fly-fishing.

There is scarcely any thing worth the Rambler's notice at Douzens. The small stream called the Grouche enters the Authie on the west side of the town, and a few trout will be found in it. If, however, the angler has fixed his head-quarters at Hesdin, then he may cross over to the Authie, by a smart walk of about seven miles, near a village called Dompierre, where good fishing streams are to be met with. With the exception of the river Grouche, the Authie has no tributaries deserving of notice.

Light-coloured flies for May and June will be found the most successful in this river. The "coachman" and the May-fly are also good. The French use all manner of flies in these waters, and of nearly all the colours of the rainbow; but French fly-fishing, properly so called, is altogether a mistake. The minnow and red-worm are also good baits; perhaps we might say the best, as small trout do not abound in this river, owing to the presence of pike.

A short distance from the Authie, in the direction of Abbeville, lies the battle-field of Crecy, so famed in French and English history.

The River Somme.

This is a very important river, and contains many fine trout. It takes its rise a few miles above St. Quentin, at a village called Fonsomme, and runs a westerly course for above a hundred miles, discharging its waters into the sea a little below St. Valery.

St. Quentin is a fine large town, and enjoys considerable celebrity on many accounts. It is a place of great antiquity; and in the times of the Romans rejoiced in the name of Augusta Viromanduorum. The Hotel de Ville, which is a Gothic structure, and contains the best chimes in the world, is highly deserving of attention; as well as the cathedral, the botanical garden, and the public library, which contains a splendid collection of more than four-thousand volumes.

If the angler commence his operations on the river, at St. Quentin, and proceeds to fish down the stream, he will arrive at the celebrated fortress of Ham; which is the strongest place of the kind in all France, and which constitutes the almost hopeless prison of the principal political offenders against the supreme power in the state. It is a gloomy place, and makes the passing angler bless his stars that his limbs are unfettered and free.

The streams, before the river joins the canal of St. Quentin, are good for fly, minnow, and red-worm.

The next place of importance on the Somme is Peronne; a town remarkable for some highly interesting historical events. It is surrounded by *marais*, and is a place of great military strength. It enjoyed the reputation of being a virgin fortress, and on that account had obtained the cognomen of *Pucelle*; but the title must now, we presume, cease to be appropriate, since it was taken, during the last war, by the Duke of Wellington — “a great destroyer,”

as Walter Scott somewhere says, "of this species of reputation."

In the Hotel de Ville are some curious old banners well worth inspection. The chateau or castle is a very grim and ancient structure, in one of the towers of which it is supposed Charles IV. lost his life; and Philip Augustus confined the count of Boulogne after the battle of Bovines. It is also conjectured, that this was the veritable tower in which Louis XI. was detained by the duke of Burgundy, during his memorable visit to Peronne.

The ancient fortified chateau of Applincourt is the place in which the famous association called "The League" was proposed and organised in 1557.

The river from Ham to Peronne is very favourable for angling; and when the water is in good condition, and the season favourable, considerable sport may be obtained. Peronne is full of remarkable stories about the magnitude of the fish caught in the waters which surround the town, especially pike, eels, perch, etc. We have seen large pike and eels here, but nothing to justify these accounts, which may, nevertheless, be founded on fact; but whatever may be their size, one thing is certain—immense quantities of these fish are sent off every week to the markets of Paris; and so abundant is the produce in this very favourable vicinity, that a regular and most extensive traffic is carried on in this article alone; affording permanent employment to numerous families, and yielding considerable profits; and yet, notwithstanding all this, owing to the admirable regulations of the laws with reference to fishing, and the inflexible manner in which they are enforced in certain districts, there seems to be no perceptible diminution of the enormous supply.

Amiens is a large city through which the Somme

passes, which is here divided into eleven different channels, for the use and convenience of the manufactures of the town. These divisions of the river derange the fishing very materially; and oblige the angler to wander considerably above or below the city, in order to procure any thing like respectable sport.

Amiens is, on many accounts, deserving of the stranger's attention. Its famed cathedral—its antique Hotel de Ville—and its public library, containing upwards of forty-five thousand volumes, are interesting and impressive objects.

In the canal of the Somme which encircles the town, there are shoals of large pike, perch, roach, eels, etc., etc.

From Amiens to St. Valery, the river becomes less eligible for the angler; but there are large and fine trout in this direction. The best method of catching them is with the minnow. The country people declare, that occasionally with their nets they obtain real trout twelve or fifteen pounds in weight. We ourselves, however, never saw any fish of this description in these waters.

All the tributary streams of the Somme are decidedly good; and many of them flow a considerable distance from their source before their junction with the parent river. The Avre takes its rise at a village called Avricourt, a few miles above the town of Roye, which is upon the main route from Paris into Belgium; and, a short distance below Mont-Didier, this stream is joined by another called the Dom, which arises at Domfront, about three miles above Roye. These are afterwards increased by the waters of the Noye and Auregne, and then discharge their waters into the Somme a little above Amiens. The angler, therefore, can easily take all these streams in his route from this city, and fish them either to or from their respective sources with convenient facility, as the high

road from Amiens to Mont-Didier passes within available distance of all these waters.

On the opposite side of the city of Amiens, the river Celle joins the Somme; but it flows in a different direction from the tributaries already mentioned. The Celle takes its rise near the village of Pontaine, and when it reaches the small town of Conty, it receives the waters of two other small rivers, the Paix and the Tossas. The Encre, which rises above Albert, is also a good tributary.

From Amiens to the sea, the other tributaries to the Somme are but trifling rivulets, scarcely worth the angler's attention; the Maie and the Ponthière are the best.

On the route from the Somme to Dieppe, the angler will fall in with two good trout-streams—the Bresle, a little above the town of Aumale, which runs into the sea at Eu; and the Yeres, which also rises not far from Aumale, and enters the sea at a place called Creil. Both these rivers deserve examination.

Dieppe.

There is a good deal of trout-fishing in the rivers which flow into the sea at this place. These are the Arques, the Eaulne, and the Bethune. These three streams run nearly parallel with each other at a short distance, and respectively traverse the country for about twenty-five miles. The small town of Neufchatel, celebrated for its cheese, is situated on the left bank of the Bethune river which is the centre of the three, and therefore commands a ready access to the Eaulne and the Arques.

This place is celebrated for its strong fortified chateau, which Henry I., of England, built here at the commencement of the twelfth century, and which is well known in the records of history.

There are excellent red trout to be found in these streams at Dieppe; and some anglers affirm that the salmon trout frequent these waters, and are sometimes taken of the weight of ten or twelve pounds. Most of the English anglers fish with both the minnow and the fly; but the French artists for once prefer the latter.

The flies which are commonly used by them for all these rivers are—a black body and ginger-coloured wings, a red body with white wings, a dingy-coloured body with white wings, and the May-fly. The red and black palmers, and the drakes with woodcock's wings, will also be found good flies in these waters during the months of May, June, and July.

The best mode of fishing all these rivers is, to begin near their sources, and work them carefully to within a few miles of Dieppe. The higher up you go, the better the stream, and the more numerous the fish. There are many mills on these rivers, which interrupt more or less the natural currents, and in some degree derange the movements of the angler.

In addition to the three streams above mentioned, there is another called the—we forget what—which runs into the sea at the small village of Pourville, about a couple of miles to the westward of Dieppe. This rivulet traverses about fifteen or twenty miles in its winding course, and abounds with good trout.

Dieppe is much frequented by the English, and is said to be an agreeable place of residence. The surrounding country is rather favourable than otherwise for the pursuits of the sportsman; but the angler, at all events, will have no reason to regret his visit to the waters of this district.

NORMANDY AND BRITANNY.

To those brethren of the craft who may wish to commence their sporting tour in France, by way of Havre and the Seine, the rivers in that part of the kingdom, which was formerly known as Normandy and Brittany, will afford the readiest gratification and amusement. From the mouth of the Seine to the Loire, there are no rivers of any considerable magnitude; but there are many smaller ones which are full of trout, and which are better calculated for the angler's purpose than waters of a greater volume and a larger range. At Havre or Rouen, as a sort of head-quarters, the angler will find himself delightfully located; and from either of these points, the rivers of old Normandy may be worked over with ease and rapidity. Steam-boats from Havre will convey him at once to Caen, St. Malo, Morlaix, and other towns along the French coast, and thus enable him to fix upon any part of the kingdom he may think most convenient and eligible for the exercise of his art.

Pont Audemer.

The river Rille flows into the Seine a little below this place, which is situated a few miles south-east of Honfleur. This stream is famed for the quantity and quality of its trout, and is much frequented by French anglers. It runs a winding course of more than fifty miles, from above a village called Rugles, and the country along its banks is extremely beautiful.

The best trout-fishing in this stream, is above that point of the river where it becomes navigable.

Pont L'Evêque.

The rivers Touques and Colonne unite their waters at this place, where they are artificially divided into several branches, and conveyed through various parts of the town.

The former is the better stream of the two for fishing; but the angler who desires pretty good sport—as what fisherman does not—must go up the stream some distance from L'Evêque, where he will find good running waters, suitable both for the minnow and the fly.

Caen.

If the angler enters France by way of Havre, he will find a steam-boat almost daily in summer from that port to Caen. Here he will immediately fall in with the river Orne; but he will be compelled to go a considerable distance above the town, before he can obtain any thing like decent fishing.

In the canals and waters about Caen, considerable quantities of pike, perch, eels, roach, and bream, will be found, sufficient to gratify the taste of those brethren of the craft who delight in this kind of fishing.

The town of Caen existed in the time of the Romans, and was called *Civitas Viducassium*. It deserves the notice of the wandering angler on many accounts. It is remarkable for its antique appearance and its churches. One of these, the cathedral, formerly contained the tomb of William the Conqueror; but nothing now remains save the marble which covered it.

The public library, containing twenty-five thousand volumes—the botanic garden—the museum, containing several valuable paintings, are also entitled to attentive notice.

Between Pont L'Evêque and Caen, the angler will meet with a small river called the Dives, which runs into the sea near a village of the same name. A few miles up the country, this stream receives the waters of the Vic; and in both these little rivers, trout will be found.

Between Caen and St. Lo, the angler will fall in with two small streams in his route, which run into the sea to the north of the town of Bayeux. Both these rivulets contain trout, which may be caught either with fly, minnow, or red-worm.

St. Lo.

This town is situated on the river Viie, which takes its rise above thirty miles up the country. The fishing here is tolerably good; and the country round the town, and up the banks of the river, is picturesque and beautiful.

If the angler quits St. Lo, and goes up towards the western extremity of the department of La Manche to the town of Valonges, he will cross two pretty trout-streams, the Taute and the Douve. In both these, the fly, minnow, and red-worm may be used with advantage. From Valonges to Cherbourg is but a short trip; and as the latter is one of the finest naval dépôts in the world, it will well repay the trouble of a visit.

Coutances.

There are no rivers or streams worthy of the slightest notice along that part of the coast of France which lies opposite to Jersey and Guernsey, until you arrive at the town of Coutances, where two streams, called the Sienne and the Soulle, run in opposite directions, within a short distance of the place. The French anglers consider this

a favourite spot for their amusement. The trout in these waters are of good quality, and the several baits of fly, minnow, and red-worm, may all be successfully employed.

The town is well situated and pretty, and the country round delightfully pleasant and agreeable. The churches and library, etc., are worth a passing notice.

Avranches.

The English residents, who are tolerably numerous in this town, fish the two rivers which run in its vicinity, the one called the Sée, and the other the Selam. The latter, which is the larger and better stream of the two, takes its rise above the town of St. Hilaire. The minnow is the best bait in these waters. The trout are sometimes large, and invariably of good quality.

There is a good public library in Avranches, containing upwards of ten thousand volumes. In it, is deposited the curious manuscript of Peter Abielard, called *Sic et Non*, which has been recently translated into French by Victor Corisin.

A few miles from Avranches, the angler will come upon the river Couesnon, which enters the sea below Pontorson, and rises near the town of Fougères, a place of great antiquity. The course of this river extends over about thirty miles, and abounds with excellent trout. In these waters also, the minnow will be found to be the best bait.

St. Malo.

Should the angler determine to commence his sport in this part of Normandy, he can leave Havre, as we said before, by steam-boat, almost every day in summer, for St. Malo. Here he will find the river Rance, which is

not fishable for trout, until he gets above the town of Dinan, an antique-looking place, occupying a very picturesque situation, in a beautiful neighbourhood. At no great distance from Dinan, is another small stream, called the Arquenon, which rises near the Rance, but reaches the sea by a considerably shorter course. Here also are trout. The Rance is full of fine chub.

Lannion.

Between St. Malo, and the town of Lannion, there is a small river called the Trieux, which runs a course of about twenty miles, before it reaches the channel. Lannion is situated on the Guer, which empties itself into the sea, a little below the town. Both streams abound with trout; and the angler will find fly, minnow, and red-worm equally successful in their turn.

If the angler fishes up the Guer to its source, he will find himself but a very short distance from the spot where the river Aulne takes its rise. This stream traverses a wide tract of country, and falls into the sea a little below the town of Chateaulin. It has a fair proportion of trout in it; and the scenery down its banks, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Chateaulin, is very beautiful and picturesque.

The celebrated harbour and naval arsenal of Brest is no great distance from Chateaulin; and the angler, who loves to look upon all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," may gratify his taste without much expenditure of time or trouble. For our own parts, we will pursue the trout.

Pontivy.

On his route from Châteaulin to the town of Pontivy, the angler will cross four small streams, the Odet and the Steyr, at Quimper; and the Isole and Elle, at Quimperlé. At Pontivy he will find the river Blavet, which traverses a distance of more than fifty miles, and abounds with trout of good size and rich flavour. The Blavet has its rise near Callac, not far from the sources of the Guer, and Aulne.

On this part of the coast of Brittany, the sea abounds with sardines; and some of the rivers are favourite resorts of the salmon, which may be taken in considerable quantities.

Rennes.

This town is situated on the river Vilaine, which traverses a considerable space of country, and runs into the sea below Redon. Near this latter town, the Vilaine receives the waters of the Oust, which takes its rise near Corlay, and flows a distance of more than fifty miles. Besides the Oust, the Vilaine catches the waters of the Dor, and has two or three other tributaries, all of which are respectable trout-streams.

The best flies for all these waters, are—the dark body with yellow wings, the May-fly, the red and vermilion palmer, and the black gnat. The drake and woodcock wings will also be found successful in the month of July.

The Tributary Rivers of the Loire, which take their rise in Normandy.

Besides the numerous small streams which flow into the sea along the circuitous and deeply indented coast of

Normandy, there are multitudes of rivers which run into the Loire, and which intersect the country in every direction. All these tributaries of the "yellow Loire," are excellent fishing waters, abounding with beautiful trout of large size, and admirable quality.

The first of these rivers which claims our notice in ascending the Loire, is the Erdre, which flows into the larger river at Nantes, and takes its rise not far from Candé. If the angler begin his operations at Nantes, he will find the town deserving of especial notice. It was one of the first old cities of France. Long before the subjection of the Gauls by the Romans, it was a powerful and populous place. The public library, containing above thirty-thousand volumes, and many very precious manuscripts—the cathedral—the museum of natural history—the collection of paintings—are all entitled to the particular attention of the traveller.

There are steam-boats from Nantes to various places along the whole coast of France.

Leaving the river Erdre, the angler soon arrives at Angers, where three large rivers, the Oudon, the Mayenne and the Sarthe, in conjunction discharge their contents into the Loire. Each of these rivers has its tributary streams; so that the whole of the country on the north-side of the Loire, from Nantes to Orleans, is intersected by fishing water in every direction. And when we consider that all these three leading arteries, which empty themselves into the noble Loire, are severally more than one hundred miles in length, we may have some faint conception of the vast expanse of admirable water which this district affords for the skill and gratification of the angler.

THE LOIRE.

Throned on the summit of a towering crag—
 Its dark shade mantling on the yellow Loire,
 Whose mighty waters in majestic flow,
 Swell'd by a thousand tributary streams,
 Glide 'neath umbrageous hills, o'er golden sands,
 To fertilise the beautiful Touraine—
 A ruin'd chateau rears its time-worn head,
 And crown'd with ivy, and the broad green leaves
 Of the thick clustering vines, sits like the monarch
 Of that lovely land! *The Troubadour's Tale.*

**The River Loire; and the Tributary Streams on
 its Southern and North-Eastern Banks.**

THE noble Loire is the largest river in France; and taking into calculation all its turnings and windings, must run a course of not less than eight hundred miles. It sweeps through the very heart of the kingdom, intersecting in its fertilising route not less than eleven distinct departments.

A vast proportion of this magnificent stream is appropriated to the purposes of navigation, and therefore does not come under the description, nor serve the ends, of a fishing river. Its higher waters and numerous tributaries are, however, very valuable and interesting in a sporting point of view; and therefore to these we shall endeavour to direct the attention of the angler with as much clearness and brevity as possible.

The Loire takes its rise in the department of the Haute Loire, about twenty miles above the town of Le Puy, in Old Languedoc, in an elevated and beautiful part of the country. Before it arrives at this place, it becomes fishable

for trout; but on account of the narrowness and fulness of its waters, it is better adapted for the minnow and red-worm than for the fly. At Le Puy, it becomes a good stream, and fine trout will be found in it.

Le Puy is an imposing-looking place, in a most romantic situation; perched on the summit of a lofty hill, and commanding a most extensive and varied view over the lovely surrounding country. There is a curious detached basaltic rock, covered with the crumbling ruins of an old chateau, which at once strikes the eye of the stranger, and communicates a singular and picturesque effect, to the whole striking scene.

From Le Puy, to the city of Roannes, a distance of more than eighty miles, the fishing on the Loire is very good indeed; and the villages and small towns it passes in its course are very interesting and beautiful. The river, in this section of its waters, receives four small tributaries, which are full of capital trout, but which run a very short distance up the country; so that the angler will feel but little difficulty in giving them all a fair trial.

Roannes is well situated for a sort of central fishing station, inasmuch as it affords the angler a ready and short communication with the Rhone and Saône, and their several branches. It is also very interesting to the antiquarian and the man of education, on account of its imposing ruins, and other valuable relics of the past. Immense quantities of sarcophagi, mosaics, urns, medals in gold and silver, and fragments of ancient pottery, have been discovered in various parts of the town and neighbourhood; affording evident proofs of its antiquity and importance. Indeed, it is noticed by Ptolemy, under the name of Rodumna. The public library and the museum of natural history are objects of interest, and deserve the attention of the stranger.

Between Roannes and Nevers, a distance of about seventy-five miles, the Loire receives the waters of several important streams. The first the angler meets with, after leaving Roannes, is the river Arconce, which reaches the Loire, after a run of nearly twenty miles from its source; it abounds with good fishing streams, and flows through some very antique-looking villages. This tributary receives the stream called the Semence, at the little town of Charolles; here, too, there are trout in abundance.

At a town called Digon, the volume of the Loire is increased by the waters of the river Arroux. This stream traverses a distance of about forty miles, and will yield the angler good sport. A short distance lower down, the waters of the Brèbe fall also into the Loire, after running a course of about twenty miles, through pretty-looking villages, and a romantic country.

At Decize, the river Aron flows into the Loire, after running a course of about fifteen miles from its rise. At Nevers the waters of the Nièvre also lose themselves in those of the larger streams. The Nièvre is but a short tributary, and there are but few fish to be found in it.

Nevers is situated on the right bank of the Loire, and is a very ancient and interesting place. It is mentioned in Cæsar's Commentaries, under the denomination of Noviodunum. The cathedral, the ancient abbey of the Benedictines, the public library, and the chateau, are all well calculated to excite attention and interest. At Nevers, the celebrated father of the church, St. Jerome, first saw the light.

A short distance below Nevers, the waters of the Loire receive a vast augmentation of their volume, by the junction of the Allier, which traverses a course nearly

parallel with the Loire, and nearly to the same extent. The Allier flows above two hundred miles from its source in the mountains of Ardèche, to its junction with the nobler stream; and receives in its long traverse many tributary waters, which abound with excellent trout.

At the small town of Issoire, in Old Auvergne, which has always been deservedly celebrated for its prolific trout streams and the quality and size of its fish, the Allier receives the waters of the Couse, which runs a short distance through a beautiful and romantic country. At a village called Ris, a short distance from Riom, the river Dore loses itself in the Allier; and lower down still the waters of the Sioulle, flowing through a magnificent country, and alive with trout, contribute to swell the volume of this beautiful river, until it is itself swallowed up in the mightier Loire.

The town of Moulins is situated on the right bank of the Allier, and is a place of some little note. To the English angler it possesses a charm independent of its position; for here Sterne has laid the scene of one of his most beautiful sketches; and as we enter the gates, imagination conjures up the affecting picture of "Poor Maria."

The country round is very beautiful; and the church of Notre-Dame, the college, the bridge, and the public library, containing upwards of twenty thousand volumes, are entitled to the angler's attentive notice.

From Moulins to its junction with the Loire, the Allier receives several other small rivulets; but they are scarcely worth the angler's attention, when finer waters are in lavish abundance all around him.

After receiving the waters of the Allier, the Loire begins to be a very large stream; and therefore becomes less adapted for the purposes of the rod-fisher. At the

pretty town of Cosne, which is situated on the bank of the river, it receives the waters of the Nohain, which abound with trout, and, if the stories and traditions of the inhabitants are entitled to credit, of enormous size and superior quality. Between Cosne and the city of Orleans, the Loire passes by the small town of Gien, situated on its right bank, and presenting to the traveller, a very pretty and ornamental object.

At Orleans, the Loire becomes a stream of very considerable magnitude, and assumes a grand and imposing appearance. Orleans is a fine old town; and the wandering angler ought, by all means, to devote a short time to several objects which really deserve his notice. The cathedral is one of the most beautiful and imposing in all France; and the churches of St. Agnan, St. Pierre-le-Puellier, St. Euverte, and St. Jacques, are also striking and interesting structures. The museum contains a great number of very valuable paintings, the works both of ancient and modern masters of the highest celebrity. There is also a fine statue of Joan d'Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, ornamented with many devices, descriptive of her heroic and eventful career. The public library contains upwards of twenty thousand volumes; and many rare and very valuable manuscripts.

Orleans is an important place for the angler, on account of the speedy communication with Paris by railway. Starting from the capital by this route, he can be in the very centre of one of the finest fishing districts in France; and this too, in a very few hours, and at an expence of only a few francs.

From Orleans down to the mouth of the Loire, the river increases so much in magnitude, and swells so far beyond the dimensions of a fishing stream, that the

angler can have but little inducement to practise his art on its expanding waves; we shall, therefore, now direct his attention to several of its more favourable tributaries, which will amply supply the place of the parent river. These tributaries which flow from the side of Normandy, we have already noticed in describing that section of the kingdom; and therefore we shall confine our present remarks to the waters on the other side of this magnificent stream.

Near the town of Blois, situated on the right bank of the river, the Loire receives the waters of the Beuvron, which will, when in good condition, afford the angler some very tolerable sport. A little below Blois, another river discharges itself into the Loire, called the Cosson, which traverses the country for about sixty miles, and abounds with fine pieces of admirable fishing water. This tributary rises a very short distance from the town of Gien, which we have already noticed. The angler who wishes to throw a fly upon its waters, can easily do so when at Gien, and he will find a good road to the very source of the stream.

The river Cher runs into the Loire at the city of Tours, which is one of the most ancient and venerable towns in France, and fully entitled to the angler's attentive notice, if his time will permit the delay. The Loire at this place, assumes an appearance truly majestic, and presents, with the surrounding scenery, one of the most delightful views which the eye of man can rest upon.

The cathedral, founded in the year 347, by St. Martin, the patron saint of the Rhine, and renewed afterwards by the famous Gregory of Tours—the bridge over the Loire, with its wondrous arches—the churches—the public library, containing more than fifty thousand volumes,

with many inestimable manuscripts—the college—the collection of paintings—the museum of natural history—and the botanical garden, will amply repay the time and attention which the rambler may have it in his power to bestow upon them.

The beautiful Cher takes its rise at a village called Belle-garde, in the department of Creuse, and at no very great distance, say fifteen or twenty miles, from the finest fishing waters of the river Allier, in the direction of Clermont. The distance which the Cher traverses cannot be less, taking all its circuitous windings into the account, than one hundred and fifty miles. It is altogether a noble fishing river; and the trout are rich and of good size. In some parts of this stream the French fish with flies of the drollest imaginable description. They are made to imitate almost every conceivable insect; cockroaches, beetles, large moths, butterflies, and several sorts of bugs, help to swell the ludicrous catalogue; and yet the fishermen who use these preposterous baits, declare that they are very successful at particular seasons of the year. The English angler would sooner renounce his craft than resort to such miserable and clumsy contrivances.

A little below Montlucon in the department of the Allier, the Cher receives the contents of the river *Œil*, which runs a course of nearly fifteen miles, and is well stocked with trout. Below St. Amand, there is good fishing in the Cher; and the surrounding country is very picturesque and beautiful. The little river, Marmande, which runs into the Cher at St. Amand, is also well supplied with trout; but they run rather small, and are not of very fine quality.

At the neat old town of Vierzonville, the Cher receives

the waters of the Yèvre, which has a run of more than twenty miles, and is worth throwing a line into, if the angler's route happen to lie through Bourges, where it is joined by the Auron. A short distance below Vierzonville, the river Auron contributes to swell the waters of the Cher, and traverses the country through fertile valleys and pretty villages, for upwards of thirty miles. About twelve miles further down, the volume of the Cher is again augmented by the addition of the Grand and Petit Souldre rivers, which are respectable trout streams, and run a considerable distance through the country from the neighbourhood of Aubigny.

Thus the angler will find, that the Cher opens up to him a wide field for the indulgence of his favourite sport, and that it leads him through an agreeable, and, indeed, beautiful part of France, replete with varied and interesting scenes.

About five or six miles below Tours, there is another large tributary, which empties itself into the Loire, and which is very favourable for the purposes of the angler. This stream is called the Indre, and gives its name to the department through which it flows. It rises about ten or a dozen miles above La Chatré, and runs a course of more than one hundred miles, before it discharges itself into the Loire. This is a good stream for the angler; and it has many tributaries which are equally eligible in this respect, although they flow but for very short distances, and may rather be called rivulets than streams. Small as the most of them are, however, large fish may be picked out of them, both with minnow and red-worm.

The next great feeder of the Loire is the river Vienne, which receives numerous and important tributaries in its extensive course. This powerful stream runs a distance

of one hundred and sixty miles, from its source, near the village of Millevache, in the department of Corrèze. About five and twenty miles below its source, the Vienne washes the old town of Limoges, which was an important place in the time of the Romans. The church of St. Etienne, the public library, the cabinet of antiquities, and the fountain d'Aigoulène, are all deserving of a few hours' attention.

Near this town, the Vienne receives the waters of the Thorion, which runs a course of nearly fifty miles, and will afford the angler good sport. The country through which it flows is most delightful, and cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the mind of the wanderer who is susceptible of the charms of nature, and the beauties of lovely rural scenery.

It may be as well to observe here, that when the angler is at Limoges, he is but a very short distance from the source of the Charente, an important stream well supplied with trout, which falls into the sea at Rochefort, and which we shall afterwards describe more minutely. There is a direct main road which crosses the upper water of this river, at the distance of ten or twelve miles from Limoges. In fact, the Vienne and the Charente run parallel for some distance; and at a village called Chabanais, near the town of Rochechouart, approach within a couple of miles of each other. Thus the angler can cross from the one river to the other, without inconvenience or loss of time.

At the small town of Confolens, where there is a public library containing upwards of thirteen thousand volumes, the Vienne assumes an appearance at once beautiful and imposing. A little below this place, it receives a small stream which traverses but a short space of country, and

is of no consequence to the angler. From Confolens to Chatellerault, the river Vienne affords excellent fishing for all kinds of bait, fly, minnow, or red-worm. It abounds with numerous rippling streams, as well as with large ranges of deeper waters, in which numerous big trout find a secure shelter. Here the angler is deluged with marvellous stories by the native French anglers, about the magnitude of some of these fish, some affirming that trout have been caught hereabouts more than twenty pounds each in weight.

Chatellerault is situated in a charming country, abounding in most delightful prospects. The banks of the river, on the right of which the town is built, will afford the angler some lovely scenery, and compensate him, in some degree, for the deficiency of fish, which here becomes sensibly perceptible, owing to the fact, that the Vienne begins to be navigable at this point, and is therefore, of course, considerably impaired as a fishing stream.

The angler, however, will find a satisfactory substitute in the river Clain, which runs into the Vienne, near this place, and which abounds with fine trout. This stream traverses a space of nearly fifty miles, and takes its rise near Confolens, almost within a stone's-throw of the Charente and the Vienne. The Clain passes by Poitiers, a town ever memorable in English history. This was a strong place in the days of Julius Cæsar, and at that time bore the name of Limonum. Every thing about this town is interesting to the historian and the antiquary. The cathedral was founded in the year 1152 by Henry III., king of England, but was not finished until nearly two centuries afterwards. The other churches are all entitled to particular attention, both for the splendour of their internal decorations, and the

beauty of their architecture. The public library, with its five and twenty thousand volumes, and valuable collection of rare and curious manuscripts—the cabinet of natural history—the museum of antiquities—and the beautiful botanic garden, give a peculiar degree of interest to this antique and venerable town.

But independent of the influence which this old place obtains over one's feelings, on account of its antiquity and natural position, the English angler has a peculiar interest in beholding it as the theatre of a splendid exhibition of his countrymen's prowess and military renown. At a small village called Maupertuis, very near Poitiers, occurred one of those extraordinary battles so celebrated in history, and yet familiar to us as household words, which took place so frequently between the English and the French, in their furious and protracted struggles for the crown of France. On this occasion, an army of twelve thousand men, reduced and enfeebled by sickness and privation, commanded by Edward, the Black Prince, still a mere stripling, defeated with enormous slaughter a force of full five times their numbers, complete in all military equipments, burning with national ardour, and commanded by the French king in person. A well chosen field of battle, a skilful distribution of his enfeebled and inferior forces, backed by indomitable valour, enabled the gallant prince signally to overthrow and capture his powerful antagonist, with scarcely any loss to himself. In this contest, as in that of Azincour, which last occurred nearly a century later, we find two English armies reduced in numbers, and worn with sickness, and fatigue, and privation, defeating far superior forces with almost incredible slaughter, with comparatively little loss to themselves; but whilst our

English bosoms glow with the honest pride which such recollections are well calculated to excite, we are obliged to lament that so much life and valour should have been wasted in a contest, which, from the very nature of the case, must ultimately prove hopeless, and from which our countrymen derived nothing, and could expect nothing, more solid than the honour of an imperishable renown.

But the plains of Poitiers have furnished laurels for other than English brows. In the year 752, the celebrated Charles Martel—"le Marteau des Sarrasins"—arrested, near this town, the progress of Mahommedan fanaticism, and gave the advancing Saracens that memorable defeat, which saved the religion and growing civilisation of Europe from entire annihilation. The fates of the Gospel and the Koran hung suspended, to all human appearance, on the event; and it was not until after a long and doubtful contest, in which the field was "cumbered with the slain," that, to use the fanciful words of an old historian, "the clouds of Oriental cavaliers, armed with huge scimitars, broke in pieces against the icy walls of the foot soldiers of the North, armed with pikes and battle-axes."

About ten miles below the town of Chatellerault, the Vienne receives a powerful accession to its waters from the river Creuse, which runs a distance not far short of two hundred miles from its source, near the small town of Aubusson, in the department of the Creuse, on the borders of Old Auvergne. This is a splendid fishing stream, and traverses a part of the country peculiarly rich in romantic and picturesque scenery. From Aubusson to the town of Le Blanc, the river will be found well calculated for the fly, abounding in good streams, and clear and rippling waters. Le Blanc, which the river separates

into two divisions, the upper and lower town, is an ancient, though, at the present day, a very inconsiderable place; but the surrounding country is extremely interesting and beautiful. Further down the river, at a village called Posay, the Creuse receives the waters of the Gartempe, which flow through the country a distance of about five and forty miles. This, too, is a good fishing stream; and trout, if we may believe the country people and French anglers, may commonly be obtained here from three to five pounds in weight.

Before the Creuse enters the Vienne, it receives two or three more small streams; but they are scarcely worthy of the angler's notice.

The next tributary which enters the Loire below the Vienne, is the Thouet, which traverses by a circuitous route, a very considerable space of country, from its source to the point of junction with the Loire. It takes its rise about ten miles above the town of Parthenay, an old and romantic-looking place, encircled by mountains and forests; and is fed by numerous tributaries, in which, as well as in the Thouet itself, many fish will be found. Such is the varying nature of the waters, the angler will be enabled to use either fly, minnow, or red-worm, as he may judge most eligible under the circumstances.

The Thouet enters the Loire near the town of Saumur, situated on the left bank of the river; which is a place of considerable importance. Its public library, its churches, and other public buildings, deserve an hour or two's inspection.

The river Layon falls into the Loire a little below Angers, after running a tortuous course of about five and twenty miles. Large fish are reported by the French anglers, to be caught in this locality.

At the city of Nantes, the rivers Sèvre-Nantoise, and Maine, discharge their waters into the Loire. The former stream traverses a considerable tract of country, and takes its rise within a short distance of the Thouët, near the town of Parthenay. Below Nantes, the river l'Achenau swelled by the Ognon and Boulogne, empties itself into the Loire, and is the last tributary to this noble and majestic river.

It is impossible for the British angler to cast his eye over this magnificent stream and its numerous tributaries, without giving utterance to sentiments of wonder and delight. What a boundless range is here displayed for the exercise of the "gentle craft;" and into what charming spots of varied and interesting scenery will it lead the roaming enthusiast! On the banks of this glorious stream, every thing connected with the art, appears to us upon a grand and magnificent scale; for the largest rivers of our own highly gifted and noble country can scarcely be compared, either in extent of range or volume of water, with several of the tributaries of the Loire.

The salmon taken out of the rapids of the Loire are said to be the very finest in France.

RIVERS BETWEEN THE LOIRE AND THE
GARONNE.

O what to me
Were charms of nature? What, the wooded hill,
The castled chateau, or the village spire?
What, the wild mountain or the peopled town,
The fruitful vineyard or the verdant plain,
The waving forest, with the myriad streams
That lace with silver all that smiling land,
From the broad Loire to where the Garonne flows?
O what to me, alas! with care-worn brow,
And sin-polluted heart, and soul deep-dyed
With stains of countless crimes;—ah! what to me
The boundless springs of uncorrupted joy
Which heaven around in lavish grandeur flung?

The Penitent's Shrift.

THE streams which run into the sea on this part of the coast of France, are not of any great magnitude; but they will afford the angler, a very fair share of sport. If he travel along the coast from the Loire to the Garonne, or Gironde, he will find the majority of the rivers easy of access, full of trout, and by no means of sufficient volume to deter him from attempting to throw his light and feathery line across them all from side to side.

The first stream he will meet with on this route is the Falleron, which falls into the sea a short distance below a small place called Machecoul. This river is of very short extent, not traversing more than fifteen to twenty miles of country from its source; there is, however, abundance of trout in it, and of considerable size also; but they are remarkably shy of taking the fly, except at that period of the year when the May-fly is

on the waters. Minnow or red-worm in this river, are decidedly the best baits.

Following the line of the coast, the next river which comes across the route of the angler, is La Vie, which discharges itself into the sea, near the small town of St. Gilles-sur-Vie. This stream enjoys a high reputation amongst French anglers, on account of the magnitude and quality of its trout. It rises only about twenty miles from the sea; and as its waters are sluggish in their course, they are rather unfavourable for good fly-fishing; they are, however, well adapted for the minnow and red-worm, and will yield good sport with these baits.

The river Lay is the next which presents itself along this portion of the French coast. It traverses a distance of nearly fifty miles from its source, and passes through a very pretty and interesting country. About ten miles from its mouth, the small river Yoa, extending about fifteen miles from its source, helps to swell the volume of the Lay. Both these streams contain a considerable number of trout, good in quality and respectable in size. The Lay has its source near a village called St. Pierre.

The river Vendée takes its rise a considerable distance from the sea, and flows through a very charming and picturesque country. It abounds with rippling and fine flowing streams; and is, therefore, in many parts of its course, well adapted for the fly. Its source is contiguous to that of the Lay.

About twenty miles from the sea the Vendée flows through the town of Fontenay-le-Compte, which is pleasantly situated on its left bank. The churches in this town contain two or three good pictures by the older Italian masters.

Before the Vendée enters the ocean, it receives the waters of the river Sèvre, which has a run of not less than thirty miles from its source, and is a fine trout stream. It is joined by the stream called the Antisse, which is also worth the angler's notice, although the fish with which it abounds are rather small. Both these streams take their rise very near the sources of the tributaries of the Loire. The Sèvre also receives the waters of the little river Mignon.

Passing by the town of Rochelle, which is one of the principal maritime stations of France, and pursuing the line of the coast, the angler will reach the banks of the river Charente, which is held in high estimation by the French anglers, as a superior fishing-stream. But before he abandons himself to the pleasures of his art, he will be pleased to learn, that a short time devoted to "sight-seeing" in Rochelle will not be disposed of unprofitably. The port, the public library, the botanic garden, with other public edifices, are well worthy of notice; and the angler will be struck, perhaps for the hundredth time during his rambles, by the facility with which amusement and instruction may be combined in this really fine country.

The Charente is a noble stream. It has a run of more than one hundred miles from its source, is exceedingly tortuous and winding in its course, and flows through a part of France uncommonly interesting and beautiful. It has its origin, as we have already hinted, within a few miles of the banks of the Vienne, a short distance below the town of Limoges. When the Charente arrives at the town of Civray, which is situated on its left bank, it becomes a fine angling stream, both for fly and minnow; the streams are remarkably good, and flow with a steady

and rippling current, favourable in the extreme for the purposes of the angler.

From Civray to Angoulême, the river continues favourable for the angler, and will afford him some delightful recreation. Angoulême is an ancient and interesting place; and its public buildings, cathedral, churches, and library, containing upwards of fifteen thousand volumes, are well worth a passing notice.

Before the Charente arrives at Angoulême, it receives a little stream near the village of Mansle, which is highly eulogised for its trout. Below Angoulême it is swelled by the waters of the Anguienne; but the stillness and sluggishness of its stream render it unfavourable for the objects of the angler.

The Charente flows on to Cognac, a pretty little town, celebrated all over the world for its unrivalled brandy. It is situated on a hill, and overlooks a charming country. The limpid waters of the beautiful winding stream add a peculiar and delicious effect to the lovely surrounding scenery. The fly-fishing here is excellent; and if the weather be favourable, no day need be allowed to pass without more or less sport.

Below Cognac, where the river becomes navigable, two small streams fall into the Charente, in which good sport may be obtained, when the season is not too dry.

Respectable fishing may be had all the way down the Charente, until it loses itself in the ocean at the town of Rochefort.

As the angler approaches the Garonne, in his progress along the coast, he will come upon the small river called Sendre, which has a run of about twenty miles from its source. This stream also, like the Charente and its tributaries, abounds with excellent trout.

Fly-fishing is the favourite mode of angling with the French in the Charente and all its subordinate streams; but their flies are the very oddest things imaginable, and their mode of using them ridiculous and unsportsmanlike. The English angler stares alike at the apparatus and the *tactique*, and wonders how a trout is ever caught at all by such grotesque and clumsy devices.

THE GARONNE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Between yon parted hills, whose rugged forms
Proclaim them rent by some catastrophe,
Beyond the dim traditions of the land,
Like lovers doomed to lasting severance, —
The flashing waters of the swift Garonne
Dash down their slanting bed, and, sparkling on
Through verdant plains and winding vales, pursue
Their fertile and rejoicing course, until
They lave the lofty walls of famed Bordeaux,
That city of the vines! *The Nun's Story.*

THE Gironde, or Garonne, is another of the great rivers of France. Taking into consideration all its windings and turnings, it cannot traverse a course less than four hundred miles in length.

A little below Bordeaux, the large river called the Dordogne, falls into the Garonne; and from this point, the inhabitants have given the name of *Gironde* to the two united streams, until they lose themselves in the bay of Biscay.

The Dordogne, with all its tributaries, is not, taken as a whole, anything like so fine a trout-river as the Garonne. The former rises out of, and flows through, a rather more level country than the latter; but yet, the

Dordogne is, notwithstanding, a fine stream; and the angler who will ascend it and equip himself properly for the ramble, will have no cause to regret his excursion on the score of sport. The river, estimating roughly all its numerous windings, must traverse a distance of full two hundred miles.

The Dordogne takes its rise in the department of the Puy-de-dome, near mount Dore, in Old Auvergne; some of its early feeders running within four or five miles of the beautiful Cher, which we have already noticed. When near its origin, the Dordogne receives many small auxiliary streams; and it is not until the angler gets fairly below these, that the qualities of the river for the purposes of angling fully develop themselves. Above and below the small pretty town of Argental, the river becomes very fine indeed; the streams rushing over pebbly beds, and bubbling and sparkling with the most fascinating ripples on their clear shining surface. The surrounding country, all the way down the river, is of a very charming description; but the angler will find fewer villages on the banks of the stream, than he has been in the habit of falling in with on most of the other rivers of France. This, however, to the genuine enthusiast, will be no source of disgust; for no small portion of his exquisite enjoyment as well as his success, arises purely from his solitary wandering where there is no human eye to see him, and no human impertinence to interrupt the free current of his lonely thoughts.

For thirty miles below Argental, a place not worth any particular notice, the river continues to roll along its pure and limpid waters, and great quantities of the finest trout are to be found in these parts of the stream. As the angler descends the river, he will find the population

growing more dense, and his eye will fall more frequently on neat well-built villages, in most of which he will find everything necessary for his comfort and convenience, when the fatigues of the day are over, of good quality and extremely reasonable in price.

When the Angler arrives at Carennac, which is situated on the left bank of the Dordogne, he must put up his rod, and step into the little town for a brief interval. He will detect amongst the vast remains of an old abbey of the order of Cluny, some specimens of unrivalled sculpture; but he will be still more interested when he learns that the fourth story of that square tower which has already attracted his attention, contains the once favourite retreat of the celebrated Fenelon, who composed in it some of his finest works. It is true there is little now remaining besides the four walls and an ornamented chimney-piece; but every stone is covered over with the names of enthusiastic visitors, who have thus paid their passing homage to this exquisite and amiable genius.

When the Dordogne arrives within about twelve miles of the town of Bergerac, it receives a great addition to its volume from the waters of the river Vexère, which has a noble range of full one hundred miles. This large tributary takes its rise in the department of Corrèze, a little above a village called Millevache; but before it reaches this place, it branches out into several small streams, in almost all of which trout will be found, although not of any very great size. At the town of Brive, the Vexère receives the waters of the Corrèze, which flows a distance of about five-and-twenty miles from its source near the parent stream. This tributary is also valuable in the estimation of the angler, as the

waters are clear and rippling, break repeatedly into fine eddies, and brawl away over a pure and stony bed.

The town of Brive is most beautifully situated in the sweet valley of the Corrèze. It contains good churches, a public library, and a college; and was, moreover, a place in which our countrymen once cut a figure in the old iron times. There is an old Gothic house, still in decent preservation, which was built by them in those days.

From Brive, to its junction with the Dordogne, the Vexère continues to be a favourable stream for the purposes of the angler.

Bergerac is a very ancient town; and is mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus under the name of Trajectus. The river is here crossed by a bridge of five arches. There is a theatre in the town, and also a public library, in which there is a beautiful portrait of the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées.

At the town of Libourne the stream called the Isle enters the Dordogne. This is a considerable river, running a distance of nearly eighty miles from its source in Upper Vienne. A little before its junction with the Dordogne it receives the waters of the Dronne; and further up its course, embraces several other tributaries, such as the Salambre, the Vien, the Loué, the Beaurnonne, the Durche, the Loutour, and numerous smaller rivulets. In all these waters, many fine fish will be found, and the whole of the streams in this locality are well adapted, either for red-worm, minnow, or fly.

Before the angler sets forth to visit the higher waters of the Garonne, he will, as a matter of course, spend a few days in the beautiful city of Bordeaux, one of the finest ports in France, and altogether a place having

many legitimate claims on the foreigner's consideration and curiosity. The foundation of the city is lost in the darkness of past ages; but it was a place of high celebrity at the time of the Roman invasion of Gaul, and at that period went under the name of *Burdigala*. The magnificent streets, the noble cathedral, the beautiful churches, the royal chateau, the theatre, said to be the finest in Europe, the bourse, the palace of justice, the public library, the cabinet of natural history, the museum of choice paintings, the public walks, the baths, and the bridges, are all objects of more than ordinary interest, and cannot fail to communicate a fund of delightful pleasure to every rational and cultivated mind.

The higher waters of the *Garonne*, as well as those of its large tributaries, the *Lot* and the *Aveyron*, the *Arriège*, and the *Tarn*, afford, unquestionably, one of the finest ranges for the purposes of the angler within the same extent of country in all Europe. Nothing can exceed it, either for purity of water, exquisite rippling streams, or fine bold scenery, interspersed with picturesque spots of surpassing rural beauty.

In our opinion, the very best plan to obtain the full enjoyment of this delightful tract of country is to set out, for example, from the city of *Toulouse*; and just go as the crow flies over the country to the sea, which is at a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. In this space, the angler will encounter numerous fine limpid streams, well stocked with trout, which he can either fish up or down as suits his taste or convenience. All the finest fishing tributaries come running down from the *Pyrenees* into the *Garonne*, and traverse the country in nearly straight lines until they form a junction with it. The angler will enjoy in these districts more capital

fishing waters than in any country in the world, surrounded by an almost endless succession of bold and delightful scenery.

Or, if he like it better, he can either strike up the country from Bordeaux in the direction of Auvergne, and fish the head-waters of the Lot and the Aveyron; or he may advance from that part of the coast of the Bay of Biscay which lies opposite to the city of Toulouse. In either case he will reap all the piscatory advantages which the splendid waters of the Garonne are capable of affording.

Supposing, however, that the wandering angler in visiting the banks of the Garonne, should adopt any or none of the routes we have suggested; in no case ought he to miss the famous old city of Toulouse, which has many claims upon the curiosity of the stranger. Some authors affirm that it is as ancient as Rome herself; and, certain it is, that Toulouse was a place of great consideration long before the Roman invasion of the provinces of Gaul.

The city is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Garonne. The surrounding country is extremely interesting and beautiful. Many objects will present themselves to the stranger worthy of his attentive consideration; and the Hotel de Ville, the cathedral, the churches, the museum, the fountains, and the public library, with its sixty thousand volumes and many valuable manuscripts, will demand and repay something more than a mere passing examination.

In cutting across the country from Toulouse to the sea, which is nearly a straight line, the tributaries of the Garonne will be met with in the following order.

The river Touche rises at Martignan, and enters the

Garonne at St. Michel; the Aussonelle, which runs but a short course; La Save, which flows a considerable distance, and embraces many small tributaries; La Cimone, which receives several small feeders, and runs a lengthened course; the Arrats, which has a long run; the Groque, which is but a short stream; Le Gers, which has several tributaries, and rolls along in considerable volume; and La Bayse, which receives the waters of many tributaries that fill the surrounding country, until they are met by many of the auxiliaries of the river Adour.

These streams and their tributaries will crowd the angler's route, and give him plenty of occupation for more than half the distance across the country from Toulouse to the sea. The other half he will find occupied by the Adour and its tributary waters.

THE ADOUR.

True to the signal, on the bright Gabas,
We launched our fragile bark. The muffled oar
Urged, unperceived, our bold adventurous course,
And, as the thousand brawling streams which gush
Forth from the bosom of the Pyrenees—
On whose hoar brows, white with eternal snows
The sun still lingered with his parting smile,
As if enamoured of the lovely scene—
Swelled the broad channel of the swift Adour,
We flew with hastening speed and throbbing hearts,
To seek a lasting refuge and a home
In Bayonne's sheltering wall.—*The Widow's Appeal.*

THE streams which flow into the sea in the vicinity of Bayonne, are of a first rate-character, as far as the objects

of the angler are concerned. They are a favourite resort of many of the most skilful anglers in France, who employ almost every variety of bait with very great success.

At the town of Bayonne there is a regular concentration of rivers. The principal of these is the Adour, which runs a lengthened course, and receives in its progress many tributary waters, all of which abound with fine large trout, and are beautifully adapted for fishing.

The river Adour flows a distance of above one hundred and twenty miles; and its course is in the form of a semi-circle. It has its origin in the Upper Pyrenees, about twelve miles above the town of Bagnières de Bigorre, which is situated on its left bank. The Adour is, even at this place, a considerable stream; and its limpid waters are conveyed through the town in various channels.

This is one of the most agreeable and delightful places a tourist can visit. The beauty of the climate—the exquisitely romantic scenery—the cleanliness and pleasant manners of the inhabitants—and the abundance and cheapness of every thing necessary to render life agreeable and happy, have justly made this town, for years past, a favourite place of retirement for strangers of all nations.

From Bagnières de Bigorre, to the town of Tarbes, the river is splendid for angling purposes, and most beautiful in its scenery. The pureness and limpidity of the waters, and the number of fine streams of every character, are exceedingly favourable for fly-fishing; and the angler may enjoy undisturbed the unlimited indulgence of his favourite sport.

Tarbes is itself an interesting place. Its beautifully romantic situation, placed as it is in a magnificent amphi-

theatre formed by the Pyrenees, is singularly striking and impressive; and the inhabitants tell us with pardonable pride, that Napoleon never visited the spot, without passing the highest eulogiums on its peculiar and unrivalled scenery.

The town is of great antiquity, and was known to the Romans under the name of Turba. Tarbes has been the scene of much human suffering, having been ransacked and desolated by the Goths, Vandals, Alani, Saracens, and the counts of Toulouse. If the wanderer be of a moralising turn, here is food for his meditation.

As the angler passes down the river from Tarbes to the small town of Aire, he will find the waters still excellently adapted for fishing. Rushing streams are not quite so frequent; but they are nevertheless amply sufficient for all reasonable sport. He will cross two or three small tributary rivulets in the line of his route which are full of fish, but which are scarcely worth the trouble of working, when the parent stream is so exceedingly good.

Near the town of Tartas, the Adour receives the waters of the Midouze, which runs a lengthened course, and receives into its bosom the tributary called the Douze, at Rocquefort. All these waters contain vast quantities of trout, and the angler will find the streams in every direction peculiarly favourable for the fly.

At the pretty town of Dax, which is situated on the left bank of the river, the Adour becomes a very considerable stream, still preserving, however, all its fishing capabilities. Dax is a very ancient place, and was known to the Romans under the name of *Aquæ Tarbellicæ*. The country around it is beautiful and picturesque, and its public buildings, etc., are worthy of a passing glance.

Between this town and Bayonne, the Adour receives important additions to its increasing waters. The Gave de Pau runs straight from the Upper Pyrenees through a most romantic country, interspersed with small towns and villages of the most antique and delightful description. The river, in its downward course, flows through the fine town of Pau, a most charming place, where a considerable number of English, and strangers from other parts of Europe, constantly reside. This town is entitled to a few days' inspection. All its public buildings are good; and some have interesting historical associations connected with them.

Almost all the tributaries of the Adour lie to the right hand of the river, as you pass up the stream from Bayonne. All have their sources in the Pyrenees, and generally run in nearly straight lines to their junctions with the parent stream. They occur in the following order:—The Ardanaba, the Saran, the Midouze, the Gave-de-Pau, the Toursan, the Douze, the Luy, the Gabas, and the Midon; besides which, the country is intersected by twenty or thirty smaller streams which feed these main arteries of the Adour.

Very near the sea, so near as scarcely to be considered a tributary, the river Nive rolls its waters into the mouth of the Adour. It is a good trout-stream, and runs a distance of about thirty or forty miles from its source, through a very interesting country.

It may be remarked generally, that there are no accumulations of fishing-streams in France, better calculated for sport than those which enter the sea at Bayonne. Many of our own countrymen, as well as foreigners, can bear ample testimony to their merits in this respect; and of our own knowledge we are in a condition to state,

that as many as sixteen dozen trout, have been killed by a single rod in a single day. This we consider incontestable evidence of the richness of the waters in this part of the country.

THE RHONE.

En vieux Gaulois réverrons la patrie,
Où l'abondance a semé ses bienfaits.
N'envions rien au Rhin de Germanie,
N'avons-nous pas notre Rhône Français!
Pourquoi chercher vers la rive étrangère
Les dons que Dieu plaça si près de nous;
Restons ici sur notre sainte terre,
De nos voisins cessons d'être jaloux.

En vieux Gaulois, etc.

Grandi des flots de la Saône écumante,
Fleuve géant dans son immensité
Au nautonnier s'il donne l'épouvante,
Il met un frein à sa témérité.

En vieux Gaulois, etc.

Si ses fureurs sont parfois redoutables,
Il sait aussi se montrer généreux;
Ses bords fleuris au mûrier favorables,
Donnent la vie au peuple industrieux.

En vieux Gaulois, etc.

Il disparaît dans des gouffres terribles
Pour se changer en bienfaisants ruisseaux
Qui doucement, de leurs ondes paisibles,
Font reverdir nos jaunissants coteaux.

En vieux Gaulois, etc.

Mademoiselle Durazzo.

**The Rhone, the Saône, and their various Tributaries,
together with the Fishing Streams which flow out of
France into the Mediterranean Sea.**

THESE rivers, and their dependent streams, open up an almost inexhaustible source of amusement to the angler,

who may either temporarily or permanently take up his abode in any of the southern departments of France. They present an immense variety of beautiful, fishable water—the most lovely and diversified scenery—considerable but not disagreeable variations of climate, and striking and interesting peculiarities in the manners and customs of social and rural life.

The river Rhone, the “arrowy Rhone,” as the poet calls it, takes its rise in the Great St. Gothard, in Switzerland, flows through the lake of Geneva, without mingling with its waters, and enters the French territory in the department of Ain. The Saône unites with it at the city of Lyons; and though the former becomes, strictly speaking, a dependent stream, yet its magnitude and numerous tributaries give it the character of a first-class river, and entitle it to special notice. This we shall endeavour to bestow upon it in as succinct a manner as we possibly can.

The whole of the waters of the Rhone in France being for the most part navigable, and a portion of the Saône also, they can scarcely be said to come under the category of fishing streams; therefore, we shall direct the reader’s attention more particularly to the tributaries of these two main rivers.

The river Saône takes its rise in the department of the Vosges, not far from a village called Darney. It runs a noble course of nearly two hundred miles before it mingles with the Rhone, and in its higher waters is full of good trout. After it has flowed about fifteen or twenty miles from its source, receiving several small feeders in its route, its volume is augmented by the stream called the Coney, which takes its rise in the same department, and is also well stocked with fish. A few miles before the

Saône reaches the small bourg called Pont-sur-Saône, it receives the waters of the river Lantenne, which runs about twenty or thirty miles from its source, and abounds with trout of good size and excellent quality. The angler will find the fly very successful on these waters; although there are plenty of good deep streams for those who prefer the minnow.

A few miles further down, the Saône is joined by the Durgeon, which flows through a lovely and romantic country, and which will afford the angler some excellent sport, if its waters be in good condition, which is not always the case. This stream runs by the town of Vesoul, a charming little place, the public buildings of which, especially the library which contains upwards of twenty-one thousand volumes, are entitled to at least a short passing visit.

From the junction of the Durgeon to the town of Gray, the Saône continues to yield very respectable fishing, either for fly or minnow; the streams become longer and stronger, and the sheets of deep water of greater extent and depth. Gray is a town of some pretensions to antiquity; and its public buildings, churches, and library containing twelve thousand volumes, etc., are well worth the attention of the tourist.

Lower down, the Saône receives the waters of the Oignon, a very good stream in its higher waters; and before it reaches Chalons-sur-Saône, it acquires a vast accession to its volume, from the waters of the river Doubs, which flows a distance of nearly two hundred miles from its source, and is undoubtedly one of the most singular rivers in France, considered in reference to the form of its remarkable course. In shape it is a complete parabola; one side of which skirts along the borders

of Switzerland, but within the French territory, for more than seventy miles. This large stream receives several rapid feeders; and both it and its tributaries afford very good fishing waters, the trout being good in quality, fair in size, and pretty numerous. Towards the source of the Doubs, the streams are very fine, sparkling, and rippling; and here the light fly will tell, when the waters are in good order and the fish moving, with certain and astonishing effect.

Chalons-sur-Saône is a fine old town. Its antiquity is undoubted, for Cæsar made it his principal magazine of grain for his legions, when prosecuting his victories in Gaul. The situation of the town is very beautiful and striking, the surrounding country fertile and well-cultivated, and all its churches and public-buildings remarkably well-built, and well worthy of notice. The Saone becomes navigable at this point; and steam-boats run daily for Lyons, and other intermediate places on the river. The stream is now too large and expansive to be commanded by the rod of the angler, and, on account of the incessant traffic on its bosom, will cease to afford him the desired enjoyment: he must, therefore, seek the more narrow and inconsiderable waters which run into the parent river at divers points in its course, in order to obtain the full gratification of his art.

About ten or a dozen miles below Chalons-sur-Saône, the river receives the contents of the Seille, a small stream, which traverses a space of about forty miles from its source. The principal town which the Seille flows by is Louhans, a small place pleasantly situated, in the immediate neighbourhood of which there are many remains of Roman antiquities. The Seille is a good water for trout; but far better above Louhans than below it.

Five or six miles below the junction of the Seille with the Saône, the little river called the Reyssource enters the latter. This stream runs a course of about twenty miles, and is a very good trout-stream. The villages along its banks are picturesque and beautiful; and the angler will meet with all suitable accommodation and much civility, at a very reasonable rate.

At the celebrated city of Lyons the two powerful rivers, the Rhone and the Saône, unite their waters. The principal auxiliary which the former receives from its entrance into France, until its approach to Lyons, is the river Ain, which traverses a distance of at least seventy miles from its source, which is in the department of the Jura, near a place called Censean. The waters of this tributary are clear and limpid, roll themselves into most delightful streams for the fly, and abound, moreover, with good-sized, and tolerably rich-flavoured fish. The country through which the Ain flows, is, in many of its recesses, the most beautiful and interesting that can be imagined; and the pretty villages are at such convenient distances along its banks, as will afford the angler every facility for the accommodation and comfort he may require on his route.

At Dorton the Ain receives the river Bienne, which is a good trout-stream. The fly is the best bait for all these waters.

If the engagements of the rambling angler will permit, he should, by all means, make his arrangements, in fishing these waters, so as to enable him to spend a short time in the city of Lyons. It is a magnificent French town, of great antiquity, having been a strong and important military station long before the time of Cæsar; and most beautifully situated, at the junction of two

noble streams. This splendid city, with its environs, forms one of the very finest panoramas in Europe. The cathedral—the churches generally—the public library—the museum, full of fine old paintings, by the best masters—the botanical garden—with numerous imposing edifices, public and private, demand from the passing stranger, a close and attentive inspection. Lyons is famous both in political and ecclesiastical history; and it is impossible to tread its populous streets without many striking events in the records of European progress, rushing into the mind, and fixing it with intense earnestness upon this most interesting locality.

After the Rhone, swelled by the waters of the Saône, leaves the walls of Lyons, it receives the river Isère, which rises in Italy, and enters the French territory some distance below Chambery. A little lower down than Grenoble, the Isère is joined by the waters of the Droc, which takes its rise in the department of the Upper Alps, and runs a distance of forty or fifty miles from its source. A short distance from Vixille, the Romanche empties itself into the Droc, and it has also its source in the department of the Upper Alps. These three rivers are all most excellent fishing-streams. The waters of the Isère are particularly rapid; and, like all rivers of this description, its streams sometimes become suddenly flooded, and as speedily run themselves bright again.

The city of Grenoble is a fine old place, in a most romantic situation, surrounded by high mountains, and well shaded with wood. It was a town of great strength and importance long before the subjugation of Gaul by the Romans. That quarter of the city which occupies the left bank of the Isère, is very beautifully built, and the streets are spacious and agreeable. The public

buildings generally, as in almost all the towns of France, are entitled to attentive examination. The churches—the noble library—and the museum, which contains thirty valuable paintings by the old Italian masters, are more particularly deserving of notice.

Before its junction with the Rhone, the Isère receives the waters of the small river Bourne, which has a run of about thirty miles from its source, and is full of trout. The country along its banks is of unrivalled beauty, and must be admitted on all hands to be enchanting in the extreme.

The other tributaries, which lose their waters in the Rhone below the junction of the Isère, are the following: the Drome, which runs a course of thirty or forty miles, from its rise on the borders of the department of the Upper Alps; the Roubion, which has a very limited range; the Ardèche, which is twenty or thirty miles in length, and has its rise near the sources of the Loire; the Coze, which is a stream of similar magnitude, and traverses about the same distance; the Gardon, which flows about thirty miles from its source; the Ouvère, and the Durance, a beautiful river, which rises in the department of the Upper Alps, and has a tortuous course of about a hundred and twenty miles. All these streams are supplied, in their downward course, by little tributaries of their own; and numerous other small rivulets, which are scarcely worthy of enumeration, also lend their aid at frequent intervals, to swell the increasing volume of the Rhone.

The entire waters in this district abound with excellent fish; and if the angler will choose the proper season, he will never be disappointed of a fair share of sport.

The city of Avignon, which is situated just above the

junction of the Durance, is a very fine old French town. It was a formidable place in the time of the Romans; and many a bitter conflict has been witnessed in its vicinity between the inhabitants and their invaders, whether Romans, Goths, Burgundians; or in later times, the warlike counts of Toulouse. All the public buildings, the cathedral—the churches—and library, rich in books and manuscripts, are in unison with the antiquity and importance of the fine old town, and deserve an attentive and minute inspection.

In the department of the Var, which is washed on its southern boundary by the waters of the Mediterranean, the rivers are not numerous. There is a small stream near the town of Cannes, called the Saigne, which has a range of about twenty miles, and which is tolerably well supplied with fish.

Cannes will be ever memorable, as the spot where Napoleon landed on his return from the Isle of Elba. From one of the eminences near the town, he was seen to cast an anxious eye over the interesting shores of the Mediterranean, and the blue mountains of the distant Corsica, the place of his nativity, which he was destined never to look upon again. Cannes is also at present of some little interest to the English, on account of the residence of Lord Brougham, and several other British families of wealth and distinction.

At the small town of Le Muy, the angler will fall in with two small rivers, the Argens and the Nartubie, which unite their waters at this place, and enter the sea a few miles below, near Frejus. The Argens receives the little stream called the Aille, a short distance from the town of Le Muy. This place is remarkable for an old tower, in a chamber of which seven resolute con-

spirators came to the determination that they would take the life of Charles V. when he should come to invade the province. The instrument employed on the occasion, which seems to have been a bungling affair, something like the "infernial machines" of a later day, destroyed the royal carriage; but as the king happened to be on horseback at the moment, he escaped without injury. The seven devoted individuals defended themselves for some time with desperate valour; but, overpowered by numbers, five soon fell mortally wounded, and the other two were immediately executed on the spot.

These rivers at Le Muy are good trout-streams. The Argens runs a course of thirty or forty miles; and, in conjunction with its tributaries, flows through an exceedingly interesting country. The villages on the banks of these waters are the most enchanting things imaginable.

On the south-western side of the mouths of the Rhone, the streams adapted for angling, which flow into the Gulph of Lyons, are neither large nor numerous, but they are exceedingly good.

At Montpellier, where there is a school of medicine, and the first public walk in Europe, the Place de Peyrou, the angler will fall in with the river Lez, which has but a small range, and will yield but little sport. The climate in this district is proverbially fine, and, time out of mind, invalids have been sent from all parts of Europe, to enjoy the benefits of its mild and pure air.

At no great distance, on the side nearest the Rhone, the angler will cross a stream called the Vidourle, which traverses about thirty or forty miles of country, and is a good fishing water. The country people affirm, that trout of a very large size are occasionally caught here with the May-fly.

The angler will meet with the river Herault, at the town of Agde; but he must wander some distance up the stream before he will find good fishing water. The Herault contains excellent trout, both as respects quality and size; and when its waters are in good condition, tolerably fair sport may be obtained. The river has a run of forty or fifty miles from its source above Le Vigan, and many of the villages along its banks are exceedingly beautiful.

The small river Orbe flows past the town of Beziers, which is an ancient and prettily situated place. It is a good stream, and has a run of about thirty miles. Its course is very winding and circuitous, and it abounds in gushes of excellent running water, beautifully adapted for the angler's favourite instrument, the fly.

About four miles from Old Narbonne, the angler will cross the river Aude, which traverses a considerable extent of country from its source in the Pyrenees. This is an excellent trout-stream. Its waters run bright and purling, and when they are in fine condition, the fly will do tremendous execution.

If the angler has time, he must give a peep into Narbonne. Its great antiquity renders it peculiarly interesting. It was the first colony which the Romans founded on the Gallic side of the Alps; and this fact, combined with its more modern attractions—the cathedral, with its noble choir—the churches—the museum—and the public library, contributes to give the old place considerable claims to the stranger's attentive regard.

In the neighbourhood of Perpignan, and between Perpignan and the Pyrenees, many small streams fall into the Gulf of Lyons, the principal of which, the Basse and the Tet, flow past the town. All these waters

contain a good supply of fish; but the angler must ascend the streams a considerable distance before he will get into the most favourable districts. The villages on the banks of the waters of this part of France are very delightfully situated, and in many instances exhibit quite a romantic character.

THE MARNE, ETC.

From Chalons' wall
We launched our broad boat on the Marne's bright stream,
To seek by perilous and devious route,
Our restless home upon the ocean's wave.
Mid storm and darkness round the low-brow'd point,
Where the Marne mingles with its sister Seine,
We urged our toilsome way, and anxious all,
As men who brave some danger, from whose front
None hope to shrink,—our glittering arms concealed
Below high bales and lumbering merchandise—
Passed, 'neath the semblance of a trader's crew,
The lynx-eyed warders of the Paris guard.
Thence, tracking on with lighter hearts and hopes,
We joined our comrades at the Oise' broad mouth;
And after two long moons, with battle, storm,
Disaster, danger, wild adventure rife,
'Trod once again our bounding galley's deck,
And spread her white sails for the dames of Spain.

The Rover's Tale.

The Rivers Seine, Marne, and Oise, and their Tributaries.

To those anglers, and we know they are neither inconsiderable in point of numbers nor worldly influence, who find it more convenient to commence their angling excursions from Paris, this division of our subject will, we hope, be found eminently useful. It embraces a vast

expanse of valuable water, and has reference to some of the most important cities and departments in this polished and rapidly flourishing kingdom.

The Marne and the Oise, although, strictly speaking, tributaries of the river Seine, yet, on account of their respective magnitudes, and the course and direction they traverse, as well as for the sake of clearness and perspicuity, we have treated as separate and independent streams.

Many Parisian anglers commence their fly and minnow fishing a few miles above that city, at the junction of the Marne with the Seine; for our own parts, however, we greatly prefer working a river down stream, and therefore we shall give our descriptions in this order also; a plan which will be found equally as useful in the end, whatever be the mode of travelling which the angler may adopt, or on whatever parts of the water he may choose to commence his operations.

The SEINE takes its rise in the department of the Côte d'Or, a part of the ancient Burgundy, not far from Chanceaux. This part of France is celebrated for the rivers it gives rise to, as well as the generous wine which flows from its bosom. The Seine—the Marne—the Meuse—and the Aube, all derive their sources from this vicinity, within a circuit of some sixty miles; and the Clos-vougeot, Chambertin, and Romanée, declare the superiority of this district over every country in the known world for the production of that glorious fluid which “maketh glad the heart of man.”

When the Seine arrives at Chatillon it becomes a fair fishable stream; but it happens occasionally, in very dry seasons, that the river is a mere thread at this town.

Chatillon is beautifully situated amongst hills and dales, and its public library and churches are well worthy of notice.

Between Chatillon and Troyes there is good fishing water; but, before the river reaches the latter town, it is divided into two branches, which are again subdivided into a vast number of little channels for gardening purposes—the rearing of willows and hemp, and for the convenience of various manufactures and trades. The cathedral and other churches are very interesting at Troyes; and there is a splendid public library, containing fifty or sixty thousand volumes, and more than five thousand old manuscripts, which is deserving of the closest attention. At a short distance before the Seine arrives at the town of Nogent-sur-Seine, it receives the waters of the Aube, which is a fine fishing stream, and flows a great distance through the country from its fountain head. It takes its rise very near the sources of the Seine, and runs nearly parallel with that stream as far as Nogent. The Aube, at a town called Bar-sur-Aube, receives another considerable stream called the Anjou, which is an excellent water for trout, although not of very large size. On the whole we should recommend the river Aube for the fly in preference to the Seine, all the way from their respective sources down to their junction at Nogent; inasmuch as fine rushing pebbly streams are of more frequent occurrence in the former than the latter.

The drake and woodcock's wing—the red, vermilion, and black palmers—the black body and yellow wings—and the May-fly, will all be found most persuasive incitements for the fish in both these rivers.

Several miles below Nogent, the Seine receives the

waters of the Yonne, which is itself the parent of many tributary streams and rivulets. It runs a course of nearly one hundred miles; and has its source at no great distance above the small town of Chateau-Chinon, which is situated on the left bank of the river, in the midst of a hilly or rather mountainous country. The scenery around is picturesque, and even romantic, and will long linger on the mind of the traveller.

If the angler commence his operations on the Yonne at this place, he will find the waters well adapted for his purpose as far as Clamecy, which is situated on the small stream called the Beauvron at its junction with the Yonne. Between this town and Auxerre, the Yonne receives the river La Cure, which has a run of about forty miles from its source, and abounds with trout, although the fish run rather small.

The town of Auxerre is really well worthy of attention. It is a place of great antiquity. It was taken by the Romans under Cæsar B.C. 52, and at that time went under the name of Antissiodorum. The cathedral and other churches are remarkably beautiful; and the public library, which contains about fifteen thousand volumes, and more than two hundred manuscripts, is well worth an attentive visit.

About ten or twelve miles below Auxerre, the Yonne receives the waters of the Serain; and lower down, those of the Armançon, which run a distance of about forty miles from their respective sources. These streams are very favourable for the fly; and there are many spots where the minnow also would be a very successful bait.

From Auxerre to the junction of the Yonne with the Seine, the waters are, on the whole, favourable for trout, and will not disappoint the angler's expectations.

As the Seine flows on from this point towards Melun, it receives the river Loing, which runs a course of about forty miles, and abounds with trout. This junction takes place near Fontainebleau, a place famous in the annals of the French monarchy. At Melun, the Seine becomes a large stream, but will still afford the angler a fair share of his favourite sport.

A few miles below Melun, the river Essonne runs into the Seine. This tributary is about thirty miles in length, and the angler will find it well worthy of a passing notice. The Seine, from the junction of this stream to Paris, need not be particularly described: one or two small rivers lose themselves in its waters, but they are of little importance to the angler.

From the capital to Havre, a long distance, the Seine is a navigable rather than a fishing river; but the angler will find our statement to be correct, that every minor stream or rivulet which runs into the parent river, between Paris and the sea, is full of good trout, and will yield him capital sport. As a proof of this, we shall just mention, that there is a small stream which runs into the mouth of the Seine at Honfleur, out of which trout have been repeatedly taken of more than five pounds weight. This stream merely runs a few miles into the country; and it is too small to be delineated on any general map of France.

The principal tributary, exclusive of the Oise, which the Seine receives in its course from Paris to the ocean, a distance, including all the windings of the stream, of not less than two hundred miles, is the river Eure, which flows a long distance through the country from its source, and near its junction with the main river, swallows up the waters of the Iton, which traverses a short distance

of about forty miles. In both these streams good trout will be found. We have heard several English anglers declare, that they have caught fish in these waters of seven and eight pounds in weight, and of most exquisite flavour. They were all taken with the minnow.

There are a few salmon in the Seine occasionally, but these gentry are seldom or never caught with the rod.

The MARNE is a splendid stream, and a beautiful river of fishing water; and with its tributaries, traverses a part of the country exceedingly picturesque, and historically, most interesting.

The Marne takes its rise near the town of Langres, in the department of Haute-Marne. This place is situated in a mountainous district; and several other rivers derive their origin at no great distance from its walls. Langres is one of the most ancient towns in France, and was an important place in the time of Julius Cæsar. The cathedral was built in the early part of the ninth century, and is a fair specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. There is, in the exterior wall of the town, a triumphal arch, which antiquarians conjecture to have been erected in the time of Marcus Aurelius. There is a public library containing seven thousand volumes, a museum of natural history, and several paintings in the church of St. Martin, which deserve a special notice.

Soon after the Marne leaves its source. it becomes a respectable fishing stream; and before it flows fifteen or twenty miles, it presents a most tempting appearance to the experienced angler.

The river from Chaumont to Virty, a distance of more than sixty miles by the course of the stream, is full of good fishing waters, well adapted either for fly, minnow,

or red-worm. It abounds with fine rushing and sparkling gushes, in which trout love to sport and revel. Vitry is not a place of any great note.

A little below the town, the Marne receives the waters of a river called the Saulx which runs a course of about thirty miles from its rise, and abounds with good trout.

In wandering down the river, the angler will arrive at Chalons-sur-Marne; near which place the stream is divided into two branches, and is made subservient to the purposes of navigation in conjunction with the canal. The cathedral—the churches—and the public library, containing twenty thousand volumes—deserve an attentive inspection.

From Chalons-sur-Marne to Epernay, the Marne continues to be a good fishing river; and many anglers affirm that trout of a large size are occasionally killed in this direction. This town is not a place of any considerable note; but it is neat, and tolerably well built.

From Epernay to Chateau Thierry, the waters of the Marne become deeper and broader, but are full of trout; and the fly, minnow, and red-worm, may be successfully used, especially the two former, from May to the end of August. This is a town of historical importance. It was founded by the celebrated Charles Martel, in the year 720. As a fortress, it has sustained numerous attacks, and was repeatedly taken and retaken during the feudal wars which desolated France. An unsuccessful attack was made upon it by the English in the year 1270. Chateau Thierry was the birth-place of the celebrated La Fontaine, to whose memory the French Government has erected a marble statue.

The town of Meaux, is the last place of any consequence on the Marne before it mingles its waters with the Seine.

Here the celebrated Bossuet exercised the episcopal functions, and composed those works, which, apart from his peculiar views, will last as long as theology is interesting to the human soul, and eloquence holds its sway over the human heart.

The river between the Chateau Thiery and Meaux is well adapted for the fly; and when the water is in fine condition, and the fish on the feed, very fair sport may be anticipated. A little below Chateau Thierry, the Marne receives the river Morin, which runs a course of more than thirty miles from its source, and which is a very fine trout-stream. The fish in this water are not so large as in the Marne, but they are, on the whole, of fair average size. The country people indeed tell us of trout in the Morin, of six or seven pounds weight; but we never were so fortunate as to see any at all approximating to that size.

The river OISE takes its rise near the borders of Ardennes, in the north-easterly part of France. It is an important river, and traverses a course of more than one-hundred and fifty miles from its source, before it enters the Seine below Paris.

To those English anglers who may happen to be in Belgium, and who may wish to traverse the Oise, the most convenient mode, in our opinion, is to commence a little below its source and follow its windings, until it loses itself in the Seine. It will be found, on the whole, a very fine stream for angling purposes, though it passes through a comparatively flat and level country, and its current is interrupted at intervals by the requirements of the internal navigation.

The small town of Guise, is situated on the left bank of the Oise, about twelve miles from its source. This is

not a bad starting point for the angler, for it affords him the advantage of fishing either up or down the stream, as he may feel inclined. The river above Guise is very pure and limpid, and runs along in fine rippling streams, peculiarly favourable for the fly, as well as minnow. The town itself is of little importance to the traveller.

From Guise to La Fere the river is excellent for trout-fishing. A little above the town, it receives the small stream called the Serre, which the angler may as well investigate, if it suit his convenience. La Fere is but an insignificant place.

Before the Oise reaches Noyon, the next town on its banks, it receives the waters of the river Lette, which traverses a distance of nearly thirty miles, after its rise near a village called Corbeny. This tributary abounds with fish, but is better adapted for the minnow than the fly. About half a mile from Noyon, the rivulet called the Vorse, runs also into the Oise. Noyon is rather an interesting little town, beautifully ornamented with an immense number of small gardens, cultivated with great art and care. It is also well known as the birth-place of the celebrated John Calvin, a man whose religious opinions have exercised a powerful influence over all Protestant states since his day, in spite of the unscrip-tural gloominess of his doctrines, and the very questionable character of his life. The cathedral is an interesting edifice; it was founded by Pepin-le-Bref, and finished by Charlemagne.

A little before the river reaches Compeigne it receives the waters of the Aisne, a very powerful stream, which runs a long and circuitous route through a very beautiful and interesting part of France.

This tributary is nearly as long in its course as the parent river itself; since it takes its rise near a village

called Vilatte in the department of the Meuse. The river flows by St. Menchould (a saint who has a reputation in the French *cuisine*), where it is divided into several branches for the convenience of the inhabitants, and the traffic of the place. It then pursues its course to Vouzières a small place on its left bank. The Aisne is here very favourable for trout-fishing; and the fly may be used most advantageously. From Vouzières to Rethel the water is likewise remarkably good; but it is considerably impaired in this respect below Rethel, on account of becoming navigable for small craft.

A short distance before the river reaches Soissons, it receives the waters of the river Vesle, which run a course of above fifty miles, and take their rise at Somme-Vela. This is an excellent trout-stream, and will well repay the persevering angler for the labour he may bestow on it. It flows through a most picturesque and beautiful country, to the charms of which no brother of the angle can ever be insensible. The principal place which the river Vesle passes in its course is the city of Rheims, one of the oldest and most interesting towns in France. It is situated on the right bank of the river; and the country round is of a somewhat mountainous character. Rheims was an important place long before the Roman conquest of Gaul, and was one of the chief towns of Belgic Gaul; and at that time bore the name of Durocortorum. The cathedral is one of the noblest Gothic structures in Europe. It was founded in the thirteenth century; and its painted windows and statues, representing nearly a hundred different personages, are exceedingly interesting, and cannot be regarded without the most lively feelings of admiration and delight. Here is said to be the tomb of

Jovin, a general in the Roman army, on which is engraved the following inscription:—

CÉNOTAPHE
ÉRIGÉ DANS LE QUATRIÈME SIÈCLE,
À FLAVIUS JOVIN, RÉMOIS,
PRÉFET DES GAULES, CHEF DES ARMÉES, CONSUL ROMAIN;
TRANSFÉRÉ DE L'ÉGLISE, SAINT-NICAISE;
À LA FIN DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE,
AU VIII. (1800) DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

This is fantastic enough, and sufficiently descriptive of the mean vanity of the period.

It is also pretended that there is still remaining in the cathedral the identical baptismal basin, or font, out of which Clovis received the regenerating stream.

The church of St. Rémi is an interesting edifice, and was consecrated in the year 1041.

The triumphal arch called the Porte-de-Mars, deserves the notice of the antiquarian. It was erected in honour of Cæsar and Augustus, when Agrippa, then governor of Gaul, constructed the great military roads near this city. The Hotel de Ville, in which is contained the public library consisting of twenty-five thousand volumes, and more than one thousand manuscripts, is a very fine building, and well deserves a short visit.

There are several private houses worthy the notice of the passing stranger. At the hotel called the Red-House, we read the following inscription:—

L'AN 1429, AU SACRE DE CHARLES VII. DANS CETTE HÔTELLERIE,
NOMMÉE ALORS L'ÂNE RAYÉ, LE PÈRE ET LA MÈRE DE JEANNE
D'ARC ONT ÉTÉ LOGÉS ET DÉFRAYÉS PAR LE CONSEIL DE
VILLE.

In another old house, called Long-Vétu, Rue de Cérès, we read the following:—

JEAN BAPTISTE COLBERT,
MINISTRE D'ÉTAT SOUS LOUIS XIV.
EST NÉ DANS CETTE MAISON
LE 29 AOÛT 1619.

In the Rue du Marc there is another house with this inscription:—

ANTOINE PLUCHE,
AUTEUR DU SPECTACLE DE LA NATURE,
L'UN DES BIENFAITEURS DE LA VILLE,
EST NÉ DANS CETTE MAISON
LE 13 NOVEMBRE 1668.

From Rheims to Soissons, the Vesle continues to be a favourable stream for angling purposes; inasmuch as the waters are of such a character as to give a single-handed rod a complete command over the entire river. The Vesle joins the Aisne a short distance above Soissons, which is situated on its left bank. This is a very old place, beyond in fact any historical records. In the cathedral there is a picture by Rubens, called the "Adoration of the Shepherds." The generous artist bestowed this noble painting on the Gray Friars of the city, in grateful remembrance of their disinterested kindness and attention to him, during a severe fit of illness, while he sojourned a mere stranger in this town.

The Oise from Compeigne to the place where it joins the Seine, a distance, according to the course of the river, of above sixty miles, is very favourable for the purposes of the angler, especially if he troll with the minnow. Trout of a very large size are frequently taken out of

some of the larger streams, and the long deep sheets of water which are to be met with in this part of the river.

THE MEUSE,

ETC.

'Mid yon romantic hills and valleys wild,
Where the rude peasant of the Vosges dwells,
Where lavish Nature scatters beauty round,
And the sweet phantoms of the poet, still
Haunt the dim forests on its classic shore,—
The rapid Meuse first rears its infant head,
And winding gladly through a laughing land,
Girdles the white walls of that old chateau,
Where once my fathers dwelt. The ruin yet
Peers o'er the glancing stream, as if to trace
Its wasting visage in that shifting glass.
Below, full forty leagues, the advancing tide,
Swelled by the volume of the Sambre's wave,
Rolls in full grandeur through the deep-gulphed span
Of Namur's time-stained arch.—*The Confession.*

The Meuse, the Moselle, and the Rhine, with their Tributary Streams.

ONLY a part of each of these three important rivers can be considered as connected with France. The Meuse and the Moselle take their rise in one of its mountain districts, and flow a considerable distance through it, but ultimately make their exit in a different country. The Rhine is only a boundary river to a small part of the kingdom, just skirting it on the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine.

The MEUSE takes its rise in the department of the Haute Marne; and when it arrives at the town of Bour-

mont, it is already a considerable stream. The fishing, both above and below this picturesque place, is exceedingly good; and trout in great numbers, and of fair size, may generally be obtained when the waters are in proper trim.

Near the small town of Neufchateau, the river receives the waters of the Mouzon, which is a good angling tributary, and passes through a highly interesting part of the country. This town is situated in a mountainous district of a most beautiful and romantic character. It is a place of considerable antiquity, and bore the name of Neomagus in the days of the Romans.

As the angler wanders down the Meuse from Neufchateau, he will come to the little village of Domremy-la-Pucelle, celebrated as the birth-place of the renowned Jeanne D'Arc, who first saw the light in this secluded spot in the year 1412. In the main street of the village, the humble habitation in which she was born, is still standing, after the lapse of four centuries, and presents a most interesting object for the traveller's examination. The inhabitants are naturally proud of the circumstance, and are inclined to dwell with pardonable enthusiasm on the traditions of that wonderful career, which forms such a remarkable episode in the history of France. Near the spot stands a modest monument, which was erected to the memory of the heroine in the year 1820, on which is the following equally modest, but most expressive inscription:—

À LA MÉMOIRE DE JEANNE D'ARC:

MONUMENT VOTÉ PAR LE DÉPARTEMENT DES VOSGES.

From this place to Commercy, the Meuse continues to be a fine fishing stream. Near the town, which is

situated on its left bank, the river separates into two branches, which, however, soon unite again. The country here is very hilly, and its general aspect beautiful and romantic. The streams of the Meuse are delightful for the fly; and famous sport may be safely calculated upon in this locality, when the waters are in a suitable condition.

If the angler desires to pay a visit to the "blue Moselle" from the banks of the Meuse, the readiest way of accomplishing his wish is to strike across the country, about four miles before he arrives at Commercy, to a small town called Toul, which is situated on the Moselle. This trip will not be more than six or seven miles; and there is a good road from a little place called Void, situated on a small stream of the same name, which falls into the Meuse.

The distance from Commercy to Verdun is about five-and-twenty miles, and the Meuse still continues to be a fine fishing river. When it arrives at this old place, it divides into five branches or arms; thus forming several little islands, which add greatly to the beauty of the surrounding landscape. The angler will find fine running and pebbly streams both above and below the town, well adapted either for minnow or fly.

From Verdun, in whose grim old prison a near and valued relative of our own wore away the best years of his life during the last war, to the town of Sedan, the river presents abundance of favourable water to the angler. This is an important military station near the frontier, but contains little that is remarkable or deserving of notice, if we except, perhaps, the statue of Marshal Turenne, who was a native of Sedan. There are good streams all along the Meuse through the town

of Mezières, until it reaches the frontiers of Belgium, where we must leave it for the present.

The river MOSELLE takes its rise in the department of the Vosges, from several original feeders, about fifteen or twenty miles above the town of Epinal. This is an excellent river for the angler's purpose; and it has been held in high repute as a salmon and trout-water for many centuries. Indeed, even in the days of the Romans, Ausonius sang the praises of the noble salmon which abounded in its azure stream. When the river arrives at Epinal, it is a considerable stream, and divides the town into three parts. The angler, however, must go, either above or below Epinal, a short distance, before he will encounter first-rate streams; but in these directions, if the water be in good condition, he may calculate on killing fish to his heart's content.

The river continues beautiful from Epinal to Toul; and the villages on its banks are exceedingly interesting and picturesque. A few miles below Toul the Moselle receives the waters of the important stream called the Meurthe, which has a run of about sixty miles from its source in the department of the Upper Rhine. It is an excellent river for the purposes of the angler, as the trout are numerous, large, and of fine quality, and begins to be fishable at St. Die, a romantic little town on its banks, a few miles below its source.

From this place to Luneville the water continues remarkably good; and streams of the most beautifully rippling character, admirably adapted for the fly, will be found in this locality. Luneville is a place of considerable antiquity; and some curiosities of Roman origin will be found in its vicinity.

From Luneville to Nancy, the Meurthe runs clear and pebbly, and the gushes are excellent for the fly; at the same time, streams of a deeper but still rapid character, admirably suited for the minnow, repeatedly present themselves. Nancy is a fine French country town, and deserves a passing inspection. Its situation is beautiful; embosomed as it were in the vine-covered hills which surround it. The cathedral—churches—library and other public buildings, are worth notice; and the contrast between the old and new towns is very striking. The latter is said to be one of the most beautiful places in Europe.

At the town of Metz, which is a most important military station, and boasts of one of the finest cathedrals in the world, the Moselle receives the Seille which has a run of thirty or forty miles, and is a good stream for fishing. Here the Moselle becomes navigable to its junction with the Rhine, and of course loses some of its best attributes as an angling stream. About twelve miles below Metz, it leaves the French territory altogether.

The tributaries of the Rhine, from the French side, are neither large nor numerous; but they abound with trout; and if the angler should determine to try any of them, he may fairly expect plenty of sport. The following are the names of the principal streams, the Moder, the Zorn, the Bruche, and the Ill.

The SAMBRE, which rises near St. Quentin, and joins the Meuse in Belgium, is not celebrated as a fishing river, but its tributaries, especially in the vicinity of its headwaters, are said to yield respectable sport. Indeed it may be laid down as a general principal, that the tributaries—and they are almost innumerable—of all the French rivers, are infinitely better adapted to the pursuits of the angler, than the waters of their parent streams.

THE SCHELDT,

ETC.

Rich booty then was ours; and speeding on
 We crossed the bosom of the sluggish Scheldt,
 Just where the Scarpe its constant tribute pours;
 And skirting quick the right bank of the stream,
 Nor slackened spur nor bridle drew, until
 We reached the suburbs of the wealthy Ghent,
 And in the hands of Vandenbossche the Jew
 Deposited the hard-won spoil. *The Landsknecht's Tale.*

The Riber Scheldt, and its Tributaries in France.

THE river SCHELDT takes its rise not far from the small town of Le Catelet, and is supplied by several small feeders very near its source. From its source down to the fine old town of Cambray, the Scheldt presents very respectable fishing waters; but on the whole the streams of this fine river run dull and sluggish, and are not of that clear and rushing character which suits the taste of a thorough-going fly-fisher. Goldsmith understood it well when he called it the “lazy Scheldt.” There are, however, large trout in it; and their quality is excellent.

Cambray is a very ancient town, having been known to, and indeed occupied by the Romans, during their supremacy in Gaul. The cathedral—the churches—the library, containing upwards of thirty thousand volumes, with many very valuable manuscripts and the public buildings generally, are well-worthy the angler’s passing notice. He must not forget that the amiable Fenelon was once bishop of Cambray.

Before the Scheldt arrives at the small town of Bouchain, it receives the contents of the river Sensée; a

stream of considerable length, in which good trout-fishing may be obtained. This tributary, on the whole, is better adapted for the purposes of the angler, than the waters of the parent river. Bouchain is not a place of any note.

A few miles below Bouchain, the Scheldt receives the waters of the Selle, which has a run of more than twenty miles from its source amongst the neighbouring hills. A little below this junction, the small river Escaillon, swelled by the union of four or five tributaries, contributes to increase the volume of the Scheldt. All these waters abound with trout; and the angler may reasonably calculate on respectable sport, with fly or minnow, but the latter for choice, if the waters be not too much flooded; indeed the streams are in many places rippling, and rather fine than otherwise.

At the city of Valenciennes, the river Rhonelle pours its waters into the main stream. This too is an excellent tributary, and runs a course of twenty or thirty miles from its origin, supplied at intervals by several small feeders.

Valenciennes is a very old and interesting town. Its churches — museum of natural history — library, containing twenty thousand volumes and many rare manuscripts — and its pictures by Rubens, and other eminent artists, are all deserving of especial notice. Valenciennes is very strongly fortified, and, in a military point of view, is a town of great importance. Its lace manufacture is celebrated all over the world.

At the town of Condé the Scheldt receives the Haine, which has several small tributaries, and runs a course of five-and-twenty or thirty miles. This is a good stream for angling; and the villages upon its banks are very

interesting. Both fly and minnow may be used in these waters with every prospect of tolerable success.

BELGIUM.

Ostende.

THERE is no trout-fishing to be got at Ostende; and the angler's sport is therefore confined solely to pike, perch, bream, gudgeon, bleak, and other fish of a similar description, which frequent still and deep placid waters. To those who take pleasure in this kind of fishing, the water about Ostende will afford very respectable recreation. The quiet waters round the fortifications are full of large perch and pike; and any person is permitted to fish without any restriction or interruption. The canal which goes up to Bruges—that which passes within four miles of the town *en route* for Dunkerque—and another, which runs near Oudenberg, are the best places for this kind of angling. Mr. Dalton, an English gentleman long resident in Ostende, is a most persevering angler; and attacks pike, perch, roach, etc., with great skill and remarkable success.

Ostende is not a place of any very high antiquity. The Spaniards subjected it to the horrors of a siege in 1601, which lasted three years, during which the whole town was reduced to a mass of ruins.

Bruges.

The fishing at Bruges is precisely similar to that which is to be obtained at Ostende. The canals which intersect

the town in almost every direction, communicate with the sea; and are very full of bleak and roach.

The city is one of the most distinguished in Belgium, and is replete with interest for the artist, the historian, and the politician. The noble pictures in its churches and hospitals—the historical records with which it abounds—and the position it formerly occupied, both in a commercial and political point of view, all conspire to fill the mind of the traveller with interesting topics for meditation and reflection.

Gand.

This very fine old city is situated on the confluence of the Lys and the Escaut, both of which rivers contain trout; but there is no fly-fishing. The only chance of catching the trout is by minnow or red-worm; and this, to the enthusiastic sportsman, is not by any means a pleasant kind of sport. There are considerable quantities of pike, roach, bream, bleak, etc. in the waters about; and they afford considerable amusement to the inhabitants of Gand, who have a peculiar fondness for angling; indeed, rods and lines may often be seen dangling from the windows, which overlook the canals which pass through the town.

The university—the public library—the pictures in the churches—and the museum, are all extremely interesting objects, and are well worthy of an attentive visit from the passing stranger.

The historical remains and reminiscences of Gand are of a lively and stirring nature. Some writers affirm that the city dates its foundation from the year 47 of the Christian era; whilst others again maintain that it was founded by the Goths early in the fifth century. The

Chateau was famous in the seventh century; and it is affirmed that, about the same period, St. Amand and St. Eloi arrived in the country, and introduced Christianity among the people.

Charlemagne constructed a fleet at Gand; and it is confidently believed that the waters of the ocean once flowed up by a natural estuary to the very heart of the town. In the year 1053, the city was surrounded by walls; but its increasing wealth and importance soon extended it beyond this arbitrary artificial boundary. The epoch of its greatest prosperity was towards the middle of the fourteenth century, under the administration of Jacques Artevelde, a wealthy and enterprising brewer, who is immortalised in the pages of Froissart. In the reign of Charles V., Gand was larger than Paris; but from this period it has gradually declined both in wealth and political importance.

Malines, or Mechlin.

The river Dyle runs through the town of Malines. There are a few trout in this part of the water; but they are only to be caught either with red-worm or minnow. Pike, perch, bream, bleak, gudgeon, roach, eels, etc. etc., abound in this locality; and these kind of fish form the staple articles of sport for the native angler. The river passes through a pretty, fertile country, both above and below the town; and the British sportsman will find a few hours' ramble along the banks of the Dyle, an agreeable and pleasant recreation.

Malines is but a dull and melancholy place; and, unfortunately, all the more prominent historical incidents connected with it are of a saddening description. As a city, it has drunk deep of the waters of affliction; and

the principal hold it has upon the attention of the wayfarer, arises from the contemplation of the vast mass of human suffering which has been concentrated in so small a space. Great afflictions, whether individual or national, awaken the sympathies of humanity, and fill the soul with tender trains of thought and feeling. Malines was founded in the seventh century; and in the ninth had to struggle hard for its very existence. It was nearly destroyed by fire in 884; again in 1342; and again in 1547. It was all but entirely overwhelmed by the inundations of the river in the years 1261 and 1295, and again in 1470. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was desolated by the plague; sacked and pillaged in 1566 and 1578; and taken and retaken several times, both by the English and the French.

In the churches at Malines, there are a few pictures which deserve the attention of the artist. The town has been long celebrated all over the world, for its almost unrivalled manufacture of a very beautiful kind of lace.

Brussels.

We now begin to rise from the flat and marshy districts of Belgium, to a more elevated and undulating country; and we naturally expect to find the rivers assuming that clear, sparkling, rippling character, so delightful to the eye of an experienced angler.

The capital of Belgium is situated on the river Senne; but the water is not fishable near the city. The Senne takes its rise about fifteen miles above Brussels; and just before it reaches Halle on its downward course, its head-waters—one of which flows from the direction of Soignies, and the other from a place called Seneffe, which may be termed the source of the river—effect a

junction, and form a respectable stream. There are trout in these waters; but it is only now and then, very rarely, that they can be taken with the fly. The worm and minnow, especially in the strong and rapid streams, are the only really successful baits. The various villages through which the stream runs in its course to its junction with the Dyle, are picturesque and beautiful; and the angler will find sufficient and cheap accommodation wherever he may feel inclined to pitch his tent.

The waters abound with perch, bleak, bream, roach, and other still-water fish.

The angler may fill up his leisure hours with an agreeable and instructive relaxation, by visiting the public places in Brussels. The city library—the university—the museum and gallery of paintings—the public edifices—and the beautiful park, with its palace—are all objects of interest, and deserve especial notice.

Brussels does not lay claim to any very remote antiquity. At the commencement of the seventh century it became a town of some little note; and in the tenth, it had reached a sufficient degree of importance to make it the residence of the emperor Otho II. Charles of Lorraine also built a palace here for himself.

The city has experienced numerous vicissitudes of fortune. Under the paternal government of the dukes of Burgogne it increased in riches and splendour; and during the reign of Charles V., was at the zenith of its glory. It has suffered much at various periods from the horrors of war, and the desolations of famine, pestilence, fires, and earthquakes. Few cities have been under so many masters. The Spaniards, the English, the Austrians, the French, and the Dutch, have alternately swayed the sceptre of authority over it, and have all left visible

imprints of their respective national characters on the civil and social institutions of the country.

Brussels has the honour of being the birth-place of several distinguished men. Andrew Vesalius, the father of anatomy—Van Helmont, the chemist—Neny, the historian—the learned Abbè Feller—Duquesnoy and Godecharles, sculptors—and Van Orly, and Van-der-Meulen, the two eminent champain painters, were all born within the walls of this city.

Termonde.

If the angler wishes to fish the river Dendre, he will find it most convenient to start from Termonde, and, for once in his life, go *up* the stream. There are trout in this water, but they are not easily to be charmed by the artificial fly. The minnow and red-worm are sure baits. Some fish in these localities are very large, weighing as much as seven or eight pounds. A few salmon at times find their way up the stream, but they are seldom to be caught with the line. The angler will ramble through the towns of Alost, Grammont, and Ath, and a considerable number of small villages; in all of which he will find suitable accommodation, combined with civility and cheapness. The river Dendre runs into the Escaut or Scheldt, at Dendermonde.

Loubain.

This old and celebrated seat of learning is situated on the Dyle, which contains trout, as well as other fish. To enjoy the trout-fishing, either with minnow or fly, the angler must attack the stream about three or four miles above the town; and then he will get at a district which will yield him comparatively respectable sport.

The trout are of good quality; and the red and black palmer may be used in the months of May and June, especially after a flood, with very good effect. The worm and the minnow are also killing bait in these waters.

The banks of the river are exceedingly pretty; and there are plenty of places where the traveller can procure all necessary accommodation and refreshment.

There are few towns on the continent more interesting to the literary man than Louvain. In it, is the Roman Catholic university of Belgium; it has a splendid public library; contains twenty-four colleges, and a great number of distinguished professors in every department of science and literature. The city lays claim to great antiquity. According to Jacques de Guise, it was founded long before the days of Julius Cæsar. In the tenth century, it became subject to Count Lambert I., who fixed his residence within its walls. In the middle of the fourteenth century, Louvain was at the height of its commercial prosperity, and contained a population of full two hundred thousand souls; but such are the effects of time and change, that now it can scarcely number more than five and twenty or thirty thousand citizens. The Hotel de Ville is one of the most splendid specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe; and the collection of paintings belonging to Mr. Vanderschrieck is one of the most choice and interesting in all Belgium. A free admission is politely granted to every stranger.

The river Dyle takes its rise near a place called Gembloux; and in following its course from the source down to Louvain, the angler will pass by two celebrated fields of battle, which are situated only a short distance from the windings of the stream: that of Waterloo, on which was decided the fate of an empire; and that of Jemappes, which was the scene of a bloody conflict between the

Austrians and the French in 1792. But, indeed, the whole of Belgium is but one immense battle-field, which, for ages, the armies of Europe have whitened with their bones, and deluged with their blood.

Tirlemont.

This town is situated upon the river Geete, which is pretty well supplied with trout; but they are very difficult to catch, and, indeed, can seldom be got at all, unless with the red-worm and minnow. The country by the river side is pleasant and undulating.

Liège.

At this city, the angler again falls in with that noble stream, the Meuse. If he choose to make a sort of head-quarters of this place, and remain here some time, he will undoubtedly have great variety of fishing; but he will find that the river below Liège is not generally favourable for the purposes of the angler. It is now more of a navigable river than a fishing stream; and on this account all piscatory operations are necessarily curtailed.

The banks of the river about Liège are beautiful, and are of a romantic character. The city itself is exceedingly interesting on account of its commercial importance, and the very fine scenery which surrounds it. There is a public library here, and also a university, which are well worth a passing notice.

In the neighbourhood of Liège there are several places which deserve a visit, particularly Herstell, which is the birth-place of the second race of French kings; and where the celebrated "Mayor of the Palace," Pepin, was born.

There are two tributary streams which enter the Meuse near Liège, which are well worth the angler's notice; the one the Amblève, and the other the Ourte. The former takes its rise near Buttgenbach, in Prussia, and the latter

near Bastogne, in Luxembourg. They are both good trout-streams; and when the condition of the water is favourable, the fly may be thrown upon it with great success; the red-worm and minnow are also good bait in certain parts of these streams.

The scenery on these rivers is exceedingly beautiful; and continually reminds the traveller of the lovely home scenery in some parts of England, especially in the agricultural districts of Yorkshire, where the enclosures are small.

Namur.

The angling of the Meuse from Dinant to Namur will yield one of the richest treats to the wandering brother of the craft that Europe can produce. Every thing that can excite the most lively feelings of pleasure and delight is to be found amongst these lovely scenes in overflowing abundance. The enchanted angler roves about from one interesting object to another, and never seems fatigued or cloyed with the charming scenery. The numerous picturesque chateaux, hanging on the sides and brows of hills covered with waving trees, or suspended, as it were, at the very summits of high rocks and towering cliffs; the well-cultivated gardens, filled with delicious fruit; the rich pastures enamelled with wild flowers, and teeming with cattle; the pretty clean cottages; the verdant valleys, where the clear gushing streams bend their winding course—one while washing round some sharp and pointed angle, and anon softly stealing along with a soothing murmur—all impress upon the mind of the beholder, that he is traversing one of the most favoured spots in Nature's wide domain.

Namur is a place of considerable antiquity, since Cæsar notices it in his Commentaries. The cathedral—the churches—the episcopal palace—and the citadel,

situated on a lofty rock, on the banks of the Sambre, which here contributes its volume of waters to swell the broad bosom of the Meuse, are all interesting objects, and deserve something more than a mere passing notice. The citadel was taken by Louis XIV., in person, after a siege and conflict of only six days—an achievement considered so remarkable, that the celebrated Boileau has immortalised it in the following lines:—

“ Namur, devant tes murailles,
Jadis la Grèce eut vingt ans,
Sans fruit, vu les funérailles,
De ses plus fiers combattans.”

Dinant.

If the angler, in descending the Meuse from its headwaters, crosses the French frontier into Belgium at Givet, he will find himself amongst the most romantic scenery on the banks of this fine river. He will perceive one bold rock and promontory after another jutting out from either side of the stream; and the most beautifully sparkling and delightful gushes of rippling water the eye can rest upon.

The town of Dinant is situated in a kind of narrow basin, formed by the openings of enormous rocks—which seem to have been separated by some convulsion—from the summit of one of which a strong chateau frowns over the surrounding landscape. This can only be approached by a tedious march up a stair-case of nearly five hundred steps; but the view from the eminence amply repays the labour, the scenery being of the most enchanting description—varied, bold, and picturesque. The true angler—the genuine enthusiast—is in his element on the banks of this glorious stream; and the rushing sound of its delicious waters, as they babble amongst the rocks and stones, produces the most soothing and tranquillising effect upon his mind and feelings.

PART IV.

ENGLAND AND WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

Thompson.

ENGLAND AND WALES.

THE catalogue which is subjoined to the following remarks, affords a tolerably correct enumeration of the principal rivers in England and Wales, in which pike, perch, bream, barbel, chub, eels, tench, gudgeon, bleak, etc., etc., may be commonly taken.

A certain limited number are frequented by the lordly salmon; the rivers which fall into the sea north of the Humber on the eastern coast, and those north of the Mersey on the western, being more or less supplied with this noble fish. There is no river to the south of this line which can fairly be called a salmon-river; although in the Severn, Wye, and Uske, they are often very

numerous. In the Trent, too, a few are occasionally caught; and in the Thames their visits, like those of angels, are "few and far between." Trout are much more numerous, and far more generally distributed over the country. In some favourite waters, they are very fine and very abundant; but as far as both these kinds of fish are concerned, the waters of England and Wales, taken in the aggregate, will not bear a comparison with those of Scotland and Ireland. The Welsh waters, it is true, abound with trout, but then they run very small; and on that account are not much sought after by the roaming trout-fisher. The very smallest gulleys in Montgomeryshire, mere rills, are full of these small fry; and the boys of the country pull them out by dozens, with a coarse twine line, and almost any hook they can get, with a little red-worm upon it.

The mountainous and hilly districts of Derbyshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, are full of good trout-streams; exclusive of the celebrated lakes in the two latter, which abound with fish, and have long been celebrated resorts for the angler; and where good sport is frequently obtained. The southern and western counties contain also numerous streams, in which trout may be found in considerable numbers; and the midland districts will also furnish several waters of this description; but the general and prevailing fishing throughout England is of a different kind. The large rivers and streams which intersect the country in all directions, and the numerous canals are better adapted, from the nature of their water, and the character of the districts through which they flow, for pike, perch, chub, dace, eels, etc., etc., than for trout; and, consequently the angling for fish of the former

description, is that most commonly practised by British anglers in general.

For this kind of sport, the waters of England have been held in high estimation in times past; but whether they can now fairly sustain their former celebrity is a matter of considerable doubt. Some particular spots might still be selected in certain districts where fish are numerous, and where good sport may undoubtedly be obtained. The large meres in Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire; the succession of lakes between Yarmouth and Norwich, and other broad waters in the county of Norfolk; the singular pits, or "blow-holes," as they are familiarly called, on the coasts of Lincolnshire, which are said to be unfathomable, and which are filled with fresh water, which rises and falls with the tides of the adjoining ocean, with other waters of a similar description, in different parts of the country abound with fish, and afford promise of excellent sport.

The large rivers, such as the Thames, Severn, Trent, Ouse, etc. at different points, where proper precautions are exercised, and judicious regulations are in force, will yield the angler very respectable sport; and, in fishing these, or indeed any other open waters, he should invariably contrive to get a reasonable distance from large towns and populous villages, as the fishing is generally pretty well cut to pieces in such localities. In short, in almost all cases, as the practised angler very well knows, the more retired and secluded the place of his retreat, the better will be his sport, and the more unalloyed his innocent enjoyment.

The mountain tarns, and other assemblages of fresh waters amongst the Welsh mountains and hills, are full of good fish; and the pike in some of these waters are

said to be of enormous magnitude. Anglers, who have fished the open waters in North Wales, unanimously assert, that the trolling for pike cannot be beaten anywhere; and the fishing generally for still-water fish, is of the very best description.

Although somewhat at variance with the general scope and object of this work, we must be allowed to make a few observations on the angling in the river Thames, and those waters and streams which lie within a short distance of the metropolis.

Every one who has the slightest acquaintance with London, knows very well that it contains many thousands of zealous and devoted disciples of the "gentle craft," who are animated with the spirit of genuine sportsmen, but who have no comprehensive or suitable range in which to exercise their skill, or display their enthusiasm. However much, therefore, we may be induced, in the abstract, to undervalue the angling of this particular locality, it would argue an unbecoming degree of insolence and pretension, not to sympathise with a vast number of persons, whose necessary occupations confine them within such limits, and who are obliged, therefore, to make a virtue of necessity, but who endure their hard lot with comparative good humour and complacency, and assume no over-bearing pretension, to pass for what they really are not; and indeed, from the nature of the case, cannot be. It is a mark of good sense, and good brotherhood, to enter into the feelings of those who cannot overcome the disadvantages of their position, to participate in their piscatory joys and sorrows; and so do our best to enable them to extract as large a portion of rational enjoyment and pleasure out of the circum-

stances in which they are placed, as they are susceptible of yielding.

The majestic THAMES has many extraneous claims upon our attention, exclusive of its angling capabilities. Its vast commercial importance—the scenery on its banks—and the historical and literary associations connected with it, must always induce the thoughtful angler to exhibit a peculiar veneration for all its fishing haunts and angling localities.

This noble river contains a vast mass of fish of one sort or another. Salmon are now very rarely caught; and trout are only to be met with, and then in no great quantity, at some distance from London; but those which are taken in this stream are generally of excellent quality, and considerable size. The regular *bourn* trout, has been taken out of the Thames of the great weight of fifteen pounds.

The river abounds with pike, perch, barbel, tench, chub, eels, lampreys, flounders, roach, dace, bleak, gudgeons, pope or ruffe, minnows, etc. Many of these sorts of fish attain a very large size; such, for instance, as barbel, which have been caught from eight to ten pounds in weight.

In the docks below London bridge, and on both sides of the river, good carp, tench, roach, perch, and bream, may be obtained; and many racy stories are told by London anglers, with reference to the sport in these localities. Permission from the respective companies, to which the docks belong, for liberty to angle, may easily be procured, and under favourable circumstances, good sport may be reasonably expected.

Battersea bridge is a good fishing station; and a

little higher up, Putney bridge has also a good reputation: at these places boats may be obtained at so much per hour.

From this place to Richmond, there are few spots where the angler can throw a line, with much comfort or success. The following enumeration of fishing stations, will be sufficient to guide the metropolitan angler in his rambles along the banks of old "father Thames." Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, Kingston, Hampton-Wick, Thames-Ditton, Hampton Court, Hampton, Sunbury, Shepperton, Walton, Weybridge, Chertsey-bridge, Laleham, Staines, Windsor, Maidenhead, Reading, Pangbourne, and Streetly. The further the angler ascends above the last station, the better the river becomes for trout, and the more favourable for that kind of fishing.

On account of its proximity to London, the river LEA stands next in importance to the Thames, in a piscatory point of view. This stream has long been a favourite resort for the pent-up inhabitants of the gigantic city. It has its source in Bedfordshire, and runs into the Thames at Blackwall. It abounds with fish, such as pike, perch, dace, chub, etc., etc.; but the trout are by no means numerous, except in some short portions of the stream, where it is closely and rigidly preserved. Many parts of the river are rented by different individuals, and the privilege of angling in these waters can only be secured by paying for season or daily tickets. The following places on the Lea are favourite haunts with the London anglers. Homerton, Lea Bridge, Tottenham Mills, Bleak Hall, Waltham Abbey, Broxbourne, Page's Water, and the Rye House, from which place to the town of Ware, the river is private.

The river COLNE, which rises in Hertfordshire, is another stream frequented by the London anglers; but the trout though large and of excellent quality, are not by any means numerous; they are to be found, it is true, in tolerable abundance near Uxbridge, but the stream is nearly all preserved in that direction.

The WANDLE, which enters the Thames at Wandsworth, is another river, also much frequented by the Londoners. The waters of this stream are very clear and transparent; and delicate tackle, with careful and even skilful angling, are necessary to ensure success. Permission must be obtained, however, from the proprietors of the river, before a line can safely be thrown into it.

The river CRAY, which loses itself in the Thames, between Woolwich and Dartford, contains trout; and the Darent, which runs past Farningham and Dartford into the Thames, is also said to be pretty well supplied with these fish.

To those London anglers who have the opportunity of now and then rambling into the country, the streams in Hampshire will afford very respectable sport. The AVON, the AUTON, the TEST, and the ITCHEN contain plenty of trout, which run a good size, and are of excellent quality.

Most of the waters in the foregoing enumerations are open to the wandering angler, and will, in very many instances, afford him respectable sport; but at the same time he is advised not to expect first-rate diversion on excursions of this kind; for we hold the opinion—an

opinion which, we feel persuaded, experience will justify—that comparatively, the rivers of England are becoming closed to the brother of the craft. It is not pretended that he is not permitted to pursue his avocation in many, or, indeed, in most of the rivers in this country without molestation; but the position assumed is this, that a system of preserving fish for individuals, instead of protecting them for the public benefit, is calculated to destroy the breed of fish, annoy the angler in the pursuit of his amusement, and, in time, be subversive of his art. The private gentleman of small means, is fast losing all the little enjoyments that made a country life once so very desirable; and, deprived, in common with the great bulk of the middle classes, of all fair and legitimate participation in the fish and game of the land, he rejoices in his secret soul that the lower orders are avenging the injustice, by a system of determined and reckless poaching, which the country magistrates are beginning to discover, it is impossible to put down.

Nothing can be more clear, than that the present piscatory regulations engender habits of selfishness, and foster notions of exclusiveness, which are totally at variance with the public good, and yet are utterly incapable of effecting the object for which it is professed they were framed. The lord of a domain is enabled, it is true, to shut up his water, through their instrumentality, from the casual and uninjurious visitation of a fair and quiet sportsman; but they afford him no protection whatever from the midnight marauder—the man of snares, and traps, and nets, and night-lines, who plunders his waters far more in one week, than all the fair and legitimate sportsmen in his district, put together, would accomplish in a year. As far as fishing is con-

cerned, the eminent injustice and impolicy of shutting up extensive rivers, and preserving large sheets of water from the fair sportsman, is still more glaring and conspicuous, when it is considered that half these pet-waters communicate with some public river, from which they are constantly supplied with fish. Over these public rivers, whence they have derived nearly all the fish they are so tenacious about, these eager preservers never attempt to exercise that legitimate control which none could blame, and which would prevent the illegal and shameful destruction of fish which is annually effected in England by the use of large drag-nets, with meshes far smaller than the law allows, and by the abominable practice of working them during the fence months as freely as at other periods of the year. In that part of the river Witham, for instance, which flows from the city of Lincoln to the sea, this sort of practice has prevailed for some years; and its waters are nearly emptied of fish. Pike, for which this river had a national celebrity, are now seldom to be met with. Perch of any size are a rarity; roach and dace are fast disappearing; bleak have nearly gone; and eels, even, which thrive anywhere, and everywhere, and seem to defy every process of extirpation, are very seldom taken above the thickness of one's finger, except in a strong flood, when they run down to the sea with the falling waters. Most of the open rivers in England are in a similar predicament; and, therefore, what with the preserving of private streams and waters, and the non-preserving of public rivers, the angler's occupation is undoubtedly on the wane; and, in all probability, unless a change take place very speedily, will soon be gone altogether.

This matter has been taken up on the Thames in a proper spirit, and the regulations adopted are carried out in an efficient manner, so that the smoke-dried Londoner, who is content to fish fairly, as a true brother of the craft ever should, can now obtain good sport, and fine air, and a soothing recreation, without unreasonable expense, and without the annoying intervention of any preserving nuisance, too common, it is to be lamented, in our merry England. And if this praiseworthy example were imitated in other parts of the country, destructive poaching, as far as fish are concerned, would be put down at once.*

If the influential proprietor who guards his waters as a miser watches his gold, were to be at half the trouble and a hundredth part of the expense, in getting up associations, and cordially assisting them in preserving and protecting the public waters in his district from illegal

* Since these remarks were penned, the following extract, from the Sunday Times of September 14, 1845, will show that a little more activity prevails on this subject.—“The fence-time in the Severn, during which it will be unlawful to fish there, commences on the 14th instant. The fence-months for the Wye, in the counties of Radnor, Brecon, and Hereford, commence on the 15th September, and end on the 11th of February, both days inclusive; and for the Wye, in the counties of Gloucester and Monmouth, they commence on the 16th September, and end on the 10th February, both days inclusive; and we are glad to hear, that the associations are determined to enforce a rigid observance of the law in this respect.” This is as it should be. The law is sufficient, if properly acted on. By the new fishing-act, all rivers in England and Wales are to be closed on the 13th September in each year; and any person catching, or having in his possession any trout, measuring in length less than seven inches from eye to fork, will subject himself to a penalty not exceeding *ten pounds*, nor less than *five*. These are all moves in the right direction, and if properly and impartially persevered in, will ultimately have a very beneficial effect.

netting and unfair fishing, which it now costs him to earn a churlish reputation, he would, in a very few seasons, furnish such a fund of amusement to the middle and lower classes, and such an abundant supply of agreeable food for all, that his own waters would be held sacred by common consent, and his own peculiar enjoyments anxiously regarded.

Most country gentlemen are magistrates; and they might accomplish all this without incurring the odium which would attach to a mere private individual, who should attempt such a reformation. But so long as the present selfish and exclusive system continues, so long will the lower orders plunder the preserves of the gentry, and so long will the poacher find commiseration and sympathy from all but the privileged class.

Besides, mark the mischief which ensues in a national point of view. The gentleman of small means—the half-pay officer—the retired tradesman—the young man with an income derivable from the funds, sufficient for rational wants, but destitute of landed estate;—hundreds of persons of this description seek on the continent the recreation and reasonable amusement which are denied them at home; and there, permanently residing in comparative luxury, expend the money which is drawn from the resources of their own country. Whose fault is this? Where lies the blame? Laws which are made for one class only, and are therefore entirely one-sided and exclusive in spirit and in operation, are sure to produce this, in common with other evil results. High-minded men are driven from their country when it becomes the theatre of injustice.

One thing, however, is now pretty certain: the present code of laws with reference to field-sports in general must

undergo a speedy and searching revision, with a view to some comprehensive alteration and amelioration. It is useless for the advocates of exclusiveness to deny the fact that these laws, in their present form, are generally detested through the country; and that they constitute a fertile source of the acknowledged increasing degeneracy of the English peasantry. These unjust laws seem to tell them that they are to have no enjoyments except in the beer-shops; that every slight recreation by which they may alleviate their condition is to be churlishly forbidden; and that ceaseless, unmitigated, hopeless toil is to be their legalised portion. And how, indeed, can they think otherwise, when they find the poor wretch who snares a hare or kills a fish for a starving family, is subjected to a severer punishment and a deeper degradation, than the remorseless scoundrel who lives by swindling the unsuspecting; or the shameless lady of rank, who, unurged by misery and want, steals his lawful and undoubted property from the counter of some industrious or perhaps needy tradesman?

The statesman who will deal justly and fearlessly with these bad laws, treat them with a high hand, and look only to the public good, will do more to shut up county jails, and empty union workhouses, than all the law-tinkers during the last half century put together.

We once had a conversation on this subject with a Yorkshire peasant—a fine fellow—who was a day-labourer in the village where his grandfather had formerly been a small occupier. His remarks were shrewd, temperate, and for the most part, just. His head was full of natural good sense; and his ideas were delivered under the calm and settled conviction that, although his own chance was pretty well over, a brighter day would

certainly return for a future generation. We purchased an old top-joint of him; and the little incident gave rise to the following song, which embodies much of what he said, and faithfully expresses the tenor of his thoughts.

Song.

I.

When this old rod was new—
 (My grandsire cut the bough,
And formed its tapering length;
 Methinks, I see him now!)
Old England's noble peasantry
 Were loyal, firm, and true;
And blythe were English hearts,
 When this old rod was new!

II.

When this old rod was new,
 Our fathers liv'd like men;
They wrought their toil with joy,
 O'er all their native plain:
And merrily foamed the ale,
 Which each goodwife could brew,
For all untaxed it ran,
 When this old rod was new!

III.

When this old rod was new,
 Each farm was snug and small;
Each "rood maintained its man,"
 And Hope shone out for all!
Now, paupers crowd the soil,
 Since farms grew large and few;—
They dared not use us so,
 When this old rod was new!

IV.

When this old rod was new,
 No treadmills stained the land;
No giant jails were built,
 No Union workhouse planned;

The rich looked on the poor,
As brother staunch and true,
Nor robbed him of his right,
When this old rod was new!

V.

When this old rod was new,
No fires illumed the sky,
To write in words of flame,
The poor man's misery.
Employment was his right,
His wages *fair* he drew—
Oppression was unknown,
When this old rod was new!

VI.

When this old rod was new,
No factory mushroom dared,
Wring wealth from blood and tears,
And hold that wealth unshared!
The toil-worn man had friends,
Nor mean, nor weak, nor few,
But nobles of the land,
When this old rod was new!

VII.

When this old rod was new,
The sons of toil could ply
The "gentle art" right cheerily,
And cast the treacherous fly;
But time hath wrought sad change,
A change the land shall rue—
No keeper marred the sport,
When this old rod was new!

VIII.

When this old rod was new,
No British man might die
On British ground, 'mid British wealth,
Of want and misery.
No one-eyed laws were made,
The rich alone to view;
They did not punish poverty,
When this old rod was new!

IX.

When this old rod was new,
We loved the house of God,
And learned in all our griefs,
To kiss the chastening rod;
The church we sought with joy;
Our pastors served us true—
No magistrates were they,
When this old rod was new!

X.

When this old rod was new,
Our fathers held the creed,
That God will give to all,
According to their deed.
Now, this is all forgot,
Or honoured but by few;
It was not so, I trow,
When this old rod was new!

XI.

When this old rod was new—
By heaven, 'twill not be long,
Ere time bring deep revenge,
For meanest human wrong!
Her glory on the wane,
Old England now must rue
The policy pursued,
Since this old rod was new!

XII.

When this old rod was new—
Nay, take it, sir, and give
The pittance I demand,
That my poor bairns may live.
It breaks my heart to part,
And tears mine eyes bedew—
I wish I had been born,
When this old rod was new!

With our depressed views of the river-fishing in England, we can scarcely recommend our brethren of the craft, to any particular spots, for the indulgence of their

favourite sport, beyond what we have previously enumerated. The open rivers of the country are visitable at any town or village on their banks, and therefore the angler has little to do, but choose his stream, and start off to the point most convenient for his purpose. The difficulties in the way of angling, as far as travelling is concerned, are rapidly disappearing. Railways are traversing the kingdom in every direction; and the sportsman may be deposited in almost any locality, two hundred miles from London in the course of six or eight hours,—the interval between his breakfast and dinner. He has only to inspect a good map; look out for an open river; ascertain some pleasant town or quiet village on its banks; and book himself by rail for the station nearest to the selected spot. But the angler who loves his art, as none but an angler can; and desires to pursue his cherished recreation, undisturbed by the malign influence of game-preservers, and unembittered by the sneers of money-grubbing fools, must visit the Continent. There he may roam unmolested and uncriticised, if his deportment be that of a quiet sensible man, and a gentleman; and his sport will generally be such as to satisfy the most sanguine professor.

Fishing Rivers of England.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—The Ouse and the Ivel.

BERKSHIRE.—The Thames, Kennet, Lambourn, and the Lodden.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.—The Thames, Colne, Ouse, Lyssel, and Tame.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The Ouse, Nene, and Cam.

CHESHIRE.—The Mersey, Weever, and Dee.

CORNWALL.—The Tamar, and the Camel.

CUMBERLAND.—The Eden and Derwent.

DERBYSHIRE.—The Derwent, Dove, Erwash, and Trent.

DEVONSHIRE.—The Tamar, Taw, Exe, Teign, and Dart.

DORSETSHIRE.—The Stour, Frome, and Char.

DURHAM.—The Wear, Tees, Tyne, and Derwent.

ESSEX.—The Thames, Blackwater, Colne, Chelmer, Stour, Crouch, and Roding.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The Severn, Avon, Wye, Lower Avon, Thames, Colne, and Lech.

HAMPSHIRE.—The Avon, Test, Itchen, and Stour.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—The Wye, Monnow, and Lugg.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—The Lea, Stort, and Colne.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.—The Ouse and Nene.

KENT.—The Thames, Medway, Darent, Stour, Cray, and Rother.

LANCASHIRE.—The Mersey, Irwell, Ribble, Loyne, Lavern, Wyre, Alt, Hodder, Roche, Duddon, Winster and Ken.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—The Avon, Soare, Wreke, Anker, and Welland.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The Humber, Trent, Witham, Welland, and Ancolm.

MIDDLESEX.—The Thames, Lea, and Colne.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.—The Wye, Monnow, Rumney, and Uske.

NORFOLK.—The Great Ouse, Nen, Little Ouse, Waveney, Yare and Bure.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The Welland and the Nene.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The Tyne, Wansbeck, Coquet, Aln, Blyth, and Reed.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—The Trent and Idle.

OXFORDSHIRE.—The Windrush, Evenlode, Charwell, and Thames.

RUTLANDSHIRE.—The Welland and Guash or Wash.

SHROPSHIRE.—The Severn and the Teme.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The Parret, Thone, Ivel, Brew, and Avon.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—The Trent, Dove, Churnet, Stour, Peak and Manyfold.

SUFFOLK.—The Stour, Waveney, Little Ouse, Larke, Deben, Gipping, and Orwell.

SURREY.—The Thames, Mole, Wey, and Wandle.

SUSSEX.—The Arun, Adur, Ouse, and Rother.

WARWICKSHIRE.—The Avon, Tame, and Arrow.

WESTMORELAND.—The Eden, Lune, and Ken.

WILTSHIRE.—The Upper and Lower Avon, the Nadder, Willey, Bourn, and Kennet.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—The Severn, Teind, and Avon.

YORKSHIRE.—The Ouse, Aire, Don, Derwent, Calder, Wharf, Nidd, Ure, and Hull.

Principal Rivers of North Wales.

CAERNARVONSHIRE.—The Conway and the Seint.

DENBIGHSHIRE.—The Clywd, Elwy, Dee, and Conway.

FLINT.—The Clywd, Wheeler, Elwy, Allen, Sevion, and Dee.

MERIONETH.—The Eden, Dysi, and Dee.

MONTGOMERYSHIRE.—The Tannat, Severn, and Vyrnwy.

ANGLESEA.—Contains no waters of any importance to the angler.

Principal Rivers of South Wales.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.—The Wye and the Uske.

CARDIGANSHIRE.—The Tyvy, Rydel, Dovey, and Wyra.

CAERMARTHENSHIRE.—The Towy, Tyvey, and Taff.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.—The Elwy, Tawy, Rumney, Taff, and Neath.

PEMBROKSHIRE.—The Twyvy and the Cleddy.

RADNORSHIRE.—The Wye and the Teme.

SCOTLAND.

And here awhile the Muse,
 High-hoivering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA in romantic view;
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of wat'ry wealth
 Full; winding deep and green, her fertile vales;
 With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak.

Thompson.

THERE is perhaps no country in Europe, taking all things into the account, its comparatively limited extent, number and length of streams, size of lakes, etc., etc., so favourable for the purposes of the angler, as Scotland. Every little river, burn, torrent, or creek, however

narrow its bed or limited its range, is full of fine trout; whilst at the same time, the whole country abounds with immense quantities of the varieties of the noble salmon; the fish above all others, best qualified to afford the angler the most heart-stirring and refined amusement to which his art can aspire.

Scotland, being but a small country, bounded on all sides, but one, by the ocean; and being, moreover, very hilly and mountainous, all the waters which flow from its bosom, have an easy, short, and rapid descent to the sea; and these circumstances are favourable to the prolific powers of the trout and salmon, and are the cause of those remarkable facilities which the rod-fisher enjoys in every portion of the "land-o'-cakes." There are here no long tracks of flat country, through which drowsy rivers meander with a sluggish motion, and thus become comparatively unfit for the higher and more skilful species of angling; but every thing is rushing, rapid, clear, and sparkling; from the banks of the Tweed to John-o-Groat's house. In every direction, and in beautiful variety, you fall in with the fine majestic river, the limpid bubbling stream, the mountain torrent, and the silvery rivulet, with their countless millions of salmon and trout, which revel in unbounded freedom in their delicious waters, without a rival, and unconscious of any enemy, save the tyrant, man.

But, rich as Scotland is in piscatory resources and facilities, this is not her only claim upon the attention of the angler. There is a remarkable degree of ease and pleasure in angling in this country, arising from another source. Scotland affords, in the first place, a comparatively open and free field for the pursuit of this delightful and rational amusement. Impediments arising from

exclusive preserves, and pet waters, are of very rare occurrence indeed; and the fair and gentlemanly sportsman, will experience but little interruption from obstructions of this description. Indeed, it may almost be said, that nuisances of this nature are entirely unknown in Scotland. On this account all the movements of the wanderer are free and unfettered. The sport is so universally indulged in, that there is not a town or village in the whole country, situated near a river or stream of any kind, in which you will not meet with anglers of first-rate pretensions; men too, who are far above any mean feeling of petty jealousy, at your intrusion into their accustomed haunts, or your participation in their favourite amusement. In fact, despicable and unworthy feelings or sentiments of this kind, can never be encouraged, or even generated in a country, where every mere boy can go out and fill his creel with the finest trout in a few hours, and perhaps bring home half a dozen prime and delicious salmon into the bargain.

But free and unrestrained as the angler's personal movements are in this country; they are not more so than the movement of his tackle. Here there are scarcely any impediments to the full and free use of the fly, arising from trees, or bushes, or underwood of any kind. The country is remarkably open; and the rushing and impetuous waters of the fresh streams, scoop out for themselves such broad and capacious beds, that ample room is afforded for the full swing of the very longest line, which a man can use with a rod. You may wander down the banks of a river for twenty or thirty miles, and never stumble on a single tree or bush. This is especially the case with the river Tweed; for from its source to the town of Peebles, there is scarcely a solitary twig to be seen on its banks.

Another great advantage which the angler enjoys in Scotland, arises from the fact, that he need not be so fastidious about his flies as he would require to be, or rather as he would be induced to be, in other countries, by the mere force of custom and prejudice. If you have any stock of tolerably well-made flies, and the waters are in good order, you may as surely calculate upon good sport, as upon the appearance of to-morrow's sun. In a word, disappointment can never be permanently, or even generally, experienced in this splendid fishing country.

We have presented our readers with a list of the rivers of Scotland; and where all the waters are so good, it is almost unnecessary to declare a preference for any; but for the sake of our countrymen in the south of England, who may be induced to pay a visit to Caledonia's streams, we shall point out two or three localities, which will not fail to afford them as full a share of sport as they can have any reasonable right to expect. There can be no disappointment or want of success here, provided that ordinary skill and ordinary industry are faithfully combined.

The Tweed is, beyond all question, the finest river in Scotland for either trout or salmon; nay, we may almost venture to add, that take it as a whole, there is no river like it in all Europe. The angler can fish it with the fly perfectly unmolested, from its source to its mouth. During the first thirty miles of its course, not a bush nor a tree is to be seen; nothing but the limpid stream winding its murmuring way among hills of considerable elevation, in many cases rounded as in a lathe, and covered with the loveliest verdure to their very summits. To an eye long familiarised with the soft and rich, but comparatively tame scenery of merry England, a ramble

along the banks of the Tweed in this part of its course will afford a novel and truly delightful treat. Fine rippling rushing streams, as clear and transparent as the purest crystal, will attract the enraptured angler every fifty or sixty yards on his route ; whilst the broad channelled bed of the river, free from bush or twig, or impediments of any kind, will afford him every possible facility for casting his line, or landing his fish. If there be a single breath of air wandering about these hills, it soon frisks upon the surface of the glassy waters ; so that even in the brightest weather the industrious angler can scarcely be disappointed of his sport. The supply of fish seems to be nearly inexhaustible, for from sixteen to twenty dozen trout, with a goodly sprinkling of salmon, are no uncommon result of a single days' work by an expert and persevering sportsman.

Another great advantage which the Tweed possesses, as a fishing river, arises from the circumstance, that all her tributary streams will afford the angler an almost endless succession of splendid sport. They are all supplied in rich abundance with trout and salmon ; and as they flow from many opposite directions, they afford to the inhabitants of widely separated sections of the kingdom, the opportunity of enjoying the most delightful amusement in all parts of their waters. But good as their tributary streams unquestionably are, and lavishly supplied with fish, as experience will prove them to be ; they are still not to be compared with the parent water. The angler will be compelled to acknowledge that the Tweed stands unrivalled, and that there are few streams—we may almost say, none—which can compete with this delightful fishing river.

The principal tributaries of the Tweed, in which we

have ourselves angled, are the Whitadder, the Blackadder, the Jed, and the Teviot, all three abound with fish, and we can safely say, few foreign streams have afforded us such delicious sport.

After the waters of the Tweed and its various tributaries, we have found the best localities in Scotland, on the banks of the rivers, in Forfarshire, Argyleshire, and Dumfriesshire. Indeed, there is such a prodigious quantity of salmon and trout, in all the waters which flow through this part of Great Britain, that any particular enumeration of them is altogether unnecessary. The angler can scarcely go wrong. The waters on which he throws his fly may be of comparative value; but he may rely on it, none will be entirely barren or unprofitable.

We cannot, however, close this general and very brief sketch of the waters of Scotland, without noticing the very fine fishing which her lochs or lakes afford. These beautiful waters are so romantic by nature, and have such a halo of romance thrown over them by the sweet fictions of the past, that many thousand foreign visitors repair to them every season, for the sole purpose of gazing on their beautiful scenery, and indulging in those feelings which the associations connected with them are calculated to inspire.

These lakes abound with large trout; but generally speaking they can only be obtained by means of a boat, from which the angler must make his casts; as fishing from the sides of these lochs or lakes is, for many reasons, entirely out of the question.

The remarkably fine red bourn trout is to be found occasionally of a prodigious size in some of these mountain lochs. Prideaux Selby, Esq. (the celebrated ornithologist, whose elaborate work originated the most splendid

review that Blackwood's Magazine, or indeed the entire English press ever produced) and Sir William Jardine of Edinburgh have been known to kill trout of this description, in several lochs a short distance from Glasgow, full twelve pounds in weight. They were as red and as rich as the finest salmon; and exhibited truly magnificent proofs of the skill of these accomplished anglers.

In Loch Aire, as well as in some other lakes, fine large bull trout have been occasionally caught, of the enormous weight of full fifty pounds. These fish, as well as the bourne trout, must be angled for with a small trout, large minnow, or big gudgeon; and very strong tackle, combined with great skill, patience and perseverance, is indispensably necessary.

A list of these lochs is subjoined to this brief notice of Scotland; and all that is further necessary to be observed is, that the angler can scarcely make an unsuccessful, or a fruitless choice. These waters are all so abundantly supplied with fish, that convenience or fancy may safely guide his judgment in making a selection.

Scottish Rivers.

The whole of Scotland abounds with rivers and lakes, which are full of trout and salmon. Indeed, Scotland is a splendid country for the purposes of the angler.

The following is a list of the principal rivers and streams, few of which will fail to fill the creel of the enthusiast, and gratify his love of fine, bold, romantic scenery.

ABERDEENSHIRE.—The Dee, the Don, the Urie, the Ythan, and the Deveron.

ARGYLESKIRE.—The Orchy, the Awe, the Wrotry, and the Aray.

AYRSHIRE.—The Aire, the Lugan, the Doon, the Girvan, the Stinchar, the Dusk, the Glennap, and the Irvine.

BANFFSHIRE.—The Spey, the Avon, and the Deveron.

BERWICKSHIRE.—The Black-adder, the Whit-adder, the Tweed, the Eye, and the Leader.

CAITHNESS.—The Thurso, the Wick, the Richen, and the Berrydale. The Thurso is celebrated for a remarkable draught of fish, July 23, 1743–4, when, at one haul, there were caught two thousand, five hundred, and sixty salmon.

DUMBARTONSHIRE.—The Clyde, the Avon, the Gire, the Leven, and the Endrich.

DUMFRIES.—The Nith, the Lugar, the Cairn, the Annan, the Esk, the Ewes, the Liddle, and the Larke.

MID-LOTHIAN.—The Water of Leith, the Almond, the Forth, and the Esk.

ELGINSHIRE.—The Spey, the Findhorn, and the Lossie.

FIFESHIRE.—The Leven, the Eden, the Orr, and the Lochty.

FORFARSHIRE.—The North and the South Esk, and the Tay.

HADDINGTONSHIRE.—The Tyne, and the Yester.

INVERNESS.—The Ness, the Oich, the Fyers, the Dundreggan, and the Clonnie.

KINCARDINESHIRE.—The Bervie, the Dee, and the North Esk.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT.—The Nith, the Dee, the Orr, the Deugh, the Fleet, and the Kern.

LANARKSHIRE.—The Clyde, the Annan, the Tweed, the Nethan, and the Avon.

NAIRNSHIRE.—The Nairne, the Findhorn, and the Calder.

PEEBLESSHIRE.—The Tweed, and the Lyne.

PERTHSHIRE.—The Tay, the Lochy, the Lyon, the Tunel, the Almond, and the Earn.

RENFREWSHIRE.—The Clyde, the Grief, the Duchal, and the Black and White Cart.

ROSS.—The Beauly, the Launan, and the Orren.

ROXBURGHSHIRE.—The Tweed, the Teviot, the Ale, and the Yarrow.

STIRLINGSHIRE.—The Forth, the Allan, the Devon, the Carron, the Avon, the Endrick, the Doune, and the Blane.

SUTHERLANDSHIRE.—The Dinmeis, the Naver, the Strathy, the Brora, the Fleet, and the Ailesh.

WIGTONSHIRE.—The Burn, the Luce, the Crea, the Tarf, and the Bladenoch.

All these various rivers are fed by tributaries of more or less importance; and all the waters enumerated will afford more or less sport to the wandering angler. In the less frequented parts of the country, the chances of success are, of course, increased; and he who has the time and means at his disposal to make a protracted sojourn in the more northern districts, will have no reason to regret a visit to the wild moorlands of Ross and Sutherland. The scenery is of a character to gratify the worshipper of wild sublimity; and the sport will answer the expectation of the most ardent enthusiast.

The following are the principal lochs or lakes in Scotland — Loch Achray, Aline, Arde, Arklet, Arkey, Aunan-carp, Awe, Alglort, Cateran or Katrine, Chon, Craignish, Crinan, Dochart, Dubh, Earn, Eck, Eil, Ericht, Etive, Feochan, Fine, Fuin, Gilphead, Goil, Laggan, Leven, Luinhec, Long, Lochey, Lomond,

Lydven, Lawe, Maree, Morren, Loch-na-garr, Loch-na-Keal, Ness, Oich, Rannoch, Rausa, Shin, Strathy, Tay, Treag, Vermache, and Veil, etc.

IRELAND.

Islets so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them.
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
And caves where the diamond 's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine lets fall in weeping.
Glens where Ocean comes
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Moore.

IRELAND stands next in celebrity to Scotland for salmon and trout; and indeed, in the opinion of many experienced and accomplished anglers, is deemed fully equal to that favoured country in all its piscatory capabilities.

Ireland being, comparatively speaking, a level country, most of the rivers which flow through to the ocean on all sides, have necessarily a much less rapid and precipitate current than the rivers of Scotland; and, on this account, can scarcely, we apprehend, be fairly placed upon an equality with the trout-streams of the latter country. Still, however, there is splendid sport to be obtained in

the "Green Isle;" and the trout, in point of quality, are, upon the whole, superior to those which are to be found even in the most favoured waters of England or Scotland. Nothing can exceed the richness and delicacy of these fish, when fresh caught in some of the lakes and rivers in the west of Ireland. They are as red as the finest salmon, and as firm and luscious as it is possible to imagine.

On many accounts, Ireland is a delightful country for the purposes of the angler. It is, like Scotland, comparatively free from preserved waters; and the wandering brother of the craft must be unlucky indeed, if he encounter any serious obstacles in his peregrinations through the country. This absence of restraint is itself a source of intense pleasure to the thoughtful and contemplative mind. In addition to this, moreover, the Rambler, whose conduct is that of a fair sportsman and a gentleman, will experience the kindest treatment, and the most unbounded hospitality, from all ranks in this land of warm hearts and witty heads. It will be his own fault if his sojourn in the "Green Isle," be other than a happy and a merry one; and when, after the lapse of years, he looks back upon the perished enjoyments of the past, he will feelingly acknowledge, that his short visit to the "first gem of the sea," was more replete with merriment, with real, downright, hearty fun, than all the other passages of his life put together.

The angler in Ireland must, on no account, omit to pay a visit to the county of Galway; for in this district will be found in rich and varied abundance all that the most enthusiastic sportsman can possibly desire. Trout and salmon flock about the water in countless shoals; and the fine sparkling streams wander through the most beautiful and romantic country imaginable.

In the neighbourhood of Connemara, which is the wildest part of the county, the numerous landscapes are bold and romantic; and the eye of the tourist sweeps over them with inexpressible delight. These magnificent scenes may be considered, perhaps, in some degree inferior to those of Killarney; but the lofty and barren hills, the numerous lakes shut in by surrounding mountains, and the steep crags overhanging the glassy surfaces of innumerable sheets of water dotted with islands, render it difficult to acquiesce in the correctness of the preference. Certain it is, however, that nature has been all-bountiful in the vicinity of Connemara, and has displayed her charms with a liberal and lavish hand. No scenery in the western islands of Scotland can surpass the alluring prospects which meet the eye of the wanderer at every turn in these romantic fastnesses; and in no part of the British isles can the angler cast his line upon the waters under more fervid impressions of the sublime and beautiful, than among the wild hills of western Ireland.

Some of the principal Fishing Rivers and Lakes in Ireland.

ANTRIM.—The Bann, Lagan, and Bush.

ARMAGH.—The Blackwater, Bann, and Newry.

CARLOW.—The Barrow and Slaney.

CAVAN.—The Woodford, Croghan, and Erne.

CLARE.—The Shannon and Fergus.

CORK.—The Blackwater and Lee.

DONEGAL.—The Foyle, Fin, Swilly, Lifford, and Derg.

DOWN.—The Bann, Lagan, and Newry.

DUBLIN.—The Liffy.

FERMANAGH.—The Lough and the Erne.

GALWAY.—The Shannon, Clair, Galway, and Dunmore.

KERRY.—The Blackwater, Feal, Gale, Brick, and Cushin.

KILDARE.—The Liffey, Barrow, and Boyne.

KILKENNY.—The Barrow, Suir, and Nore.

KING'S COUNTY.—The Shannon, Silver, Boyne, and Barrow.

LEITRIM.—The Shannon.

LIMERICK.—The Shannon, Maig, and Deel.

LONDONDERRY.—The Boyle and the Bann.

LONGFORD.—The Shannon, Inny, Camlin, and Fallen.

LOUTH.—The Boyne, Louth, and Dee.

MAYO.—The Moy, Munree, Deel, and Gora.

EAST MEATH.—The Boyne.

WEST MEATH.—The Boyne and Brosna.

MONAGHAN.—The Logan and the Fin.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—The Barrow and the Nore.

ROSCOMMON.—The Shannon and Suck.

SLIGO.—The Sligo and Moy.

TIPPERARY.—The Suir.

TYRONE.—The Blackwater, Mourne, and Foyle.

WATERFORD.—The Suir, and Blackwater.

WEXFORD.—The Barrow and Slaney.

WICKLOW.—The Slaney, the Bann, and Leitrim.

Principal Lakes.

Lough, Neagh, Earne, Mask, Corrib, Foyle, Ree, Allen, Lakes of Killarney, Swilly, Derg, and many others dispersed all over the Kingdom.

All these rivers and lakes, are fed by numerous tributaries, well supplied for the most part with fish: civility and cheapness are characteristic of the country; hospitality to the stranger is the national motto; and the wanderer, who takes no part in the miserable religious and political squabbles which distract this fine country, will

find his time pass most agreeably as far as his personal comforts are concerned; and the prolific waters will supply him with his favorite sport to his heart's content.

Brother of the Angle—we must part. We have opened a wide field for the indulgence of thy innocent recreation; and if we have contributed one single mite to thy stock of rational and contemplative enjoyment, we shall not have laboured in vain.

Thou mayest possibly know something of prosperity; but thou art not so fortunate as to escape the shocks of adversity. In either case, snatch the rod, and hasten to the murmuring waters; the music of those gentle moralists will steal into thy heart,—will aid thee to temper the one, and soothe the other.

We wish thee bright streams, and breezy morns, and shadowy skies, a light bosom and a clear conscience, and so bid “God speed thee well.”

APPENDIX.

NO. I. SALMON FISHERIES.

THE following particulars relative to the Salmon, considered in a commercial point of view, may prove interesting to the reader.

“Salmon-fisheries,” Marshall observes, “are copious and constant sources of human food; they rank next to agriculture. They have indeed one advantage over every other internal produce,—their increase does not lessen other articles of human subsistence. The salmon does not prey on the produce of the soil, nor does it owe its size and nutritive qualities to the destruction of its compatriot tribes. It leaves its native rivers at an early state of growth; and going, even naturalists know not where, returns of ample size, and rich in human nourishment; exposing itself to the narrowest streams, as if nature intended it a special boon to man. In every state of savageness and civilisation, the salmon must have been considered as a valuable benefaction to this country.”

Such salmon as are taken in estuaries or rivers are, of course, the property of those to whom the estuaries or rivers belong; the fisheries in them frequently letting for very large sums; but of late, very considerable quantities of salmon have been taken in exposed bays, and in the open sea, where the fishing is free to any one who chooses to engage in it.

The London market, where the consumption is immense, has been, since the year 1790, principally

supplied from the Scottish rivers. The Tweed fishery is, in point of magnitude, the first in the kingdom. The take is sometimes quite astonishing, several hundreds having been repeatedly caught by a single sweep of the net. Salmon are also despatched in fast vessels from the Spey, the Tay, and other Scottish rivers, for London, neatly packed in ice; by which method they are preserved quite fresh.

When the season is at its height, and the catch greater than can be taken off fresh, then the fish are salted, pickled, or dried for winter consumption at home, and for foreign markets. Formerly, such part of the Scottish salmon as was not consumed at home, was pickled and kitted after being boiled, and was in this state sent up to London, under the name of Newcastle salmon. Within the memory of many now living, salted salmon formed a material article of household economy in all the farm-houses in the vale of the Tweed; insomuch, that in-door servants were accustomed to stipulate that they should not be compelled to make more than two meals a-week out of salmon. Its ordinary price was then 2s. the stone of 19 lbs.; but it is now never below 12s., often 36s., and sometimes 42s. the stone. This rise in the price of the fish has produced a corresponding rise in the value of the salmon-fisheries, some of which are extremely valuable. There are considerable fisheries in some of the Irish and English rivers; but they are far inferior to those of Scotland.

General Report of Scotland, vol. iii. p. 327.

The Scottish salmon-fisheries seem to have attained their maximum value towards the end of the last war, when the fisheries in the Tweed were let for from

£15,000 to £18,000 a-year; and those of the Tay, Dee, Spey, etc., were proportionably valuable. But the value of the Scottish salmon-fisheries has, speaking generally, declined greatly of late years; in consequence, partly and principally, of a diminished supply of fish in the rivers, but in some degree also from the greater facility of communication between London and Liverpool, and the consequent importation of fresh salmon from Ireland into the London markets. We have been fortunate enough to obtain, from a source on which every reliance may be placed, the following—

Account of the Quantity of Salmon packed in Ice, imported into London from Scotland, during each of the Eight Years ending on the 14th of October, 1841, and of the Wholesale Price of the same.

Years ending Oct. 14, 1841.	Weight of Fish.	Average Price per lb., about	Total Value.
	lbs.	d.	£
1834	3,432,800	9½	135,900
1835	4,740,960	9	177,800
1836	2,751,840	10½	120,400
1837	3,617,600	10	150,950
1838	2,396,800	10½	104,100
1839	1,830,080	11	83,880
1840	1,697,920	11	77,850
1841	3,192,672	8¾	116,400

This, it will be observed, is independent of the pickled salmon brought from Scotland, the quantity and value of which varies as much as that of the fresh salmon. But we are well assured, that on an average of the last eight years, its value has not exceeded £12,000 a-year. On an average, the retail price of salmon in London may be

taken at from 50 to 75 per cent. above the wholesale price.

We may remark, by the way, that as by far the largest portion of the salmon made use of in London comes from Scotland, the above statement shows that its consumption in the metropolis is not nearly so great as is generally supposed. In fact, it is little used except by the more opulent classes; and nothing that is not generally used by the middle classes, or by them and the lower, is ever of much importance. The little influence over prices caused by a large increase of supply, is also a striking feature in this return.

Decrease of the Supply of Salmon, Poaching, etc.

The decrease of salmon in the English and Scottish rivers, particularly of late years, is a fact about which there can be no manner of doubt (Report of Committee of House of Commons on Scottish Salmon Fishing in 1843.) Much unsatisfactory discussion has taken place as to its causes, which are probably of a very diversified character. A good deal has been ascribed to the increase of water-machinery on the banks of the different rivers; but we hardly think that this could have much influence, except, perhaps, in the smaller class of rivers. Weirs, or salmon traps, as they are called, have also been much objected to; though, as we have been assured, with still less reason. On the whole, we are inclined to think, that the falling off in the supply of this valuable fish, is principally to be ascribed to the temptation to *overfish* the rivers, caused by the high price of salmon—to the prevalence of poaching—and, more than all, to the too limited duration of the *close time*. In 1828, after a great deal of discussion and inquiry, an act was passed

(9 Geo. IV., c. 39), which has done a good deal to remedy these defects, in so far, at least, as respects the Scottish fisheries. The rivers are shut from the 14th of September to the 1st of February; and every person catching, or attempting to catch fish during that period, is liable to a penalty of not less than £1, nor more than £10, for every offence, besides subjecting himself to the forfeiture of the fish, if he have any, and such baits, nets, or other implements, as he may have been using at the time. Many penalties are also inflicted upon poachers and trespassers; and provision is made for watching and guarding the rivers. We understand that this act has had a very good effect; although it is believed that it would be better were the *close time* extended from the first of September to the middle of February.

Previously to 1842, the importation of foreign salmon was prohibited; but among the important and beneficial changes effected by the tariff act of that year, the repeal of this prohibition, and the admission of foreign salmon to our markets on payment of a duty of 10s. 6d. a cwt., is one of the foremost. The importation has not, however, been nearly so great as was anticipated. It appears from the Customs' returns, that during the eleven months ending the 5th of December, 1843, the total imports of foreign salmon amounted to 910 cwt., 2 qrs, 7 lbs.; of which 824 cwt., 3 qrs., 22 lbs. (92,394 lbs.) were entered for consumption. This salmon was almost all brought from Holland, the anticipated imports from Norway and Sweden having turned out quite trifling in amount. The official returns do not afford the means of discriminating between fresh and pickled salmon; but we believe by far the larger portion of the imports during the last year (1843) was fresh.

Return, shewing the Export of Salmon from the Port of Bergen in Norway, with the Average Prices of the same, free on board, in the years 1839, 1840 and 1841.

Articles.	Quantity exported.	English weights and measures.	Prices in Sterling, at the average rate of exchange.					
1839.								
Smoked, 1st quality	1,374 lbs.	per lb.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Ditto. inferior -	Home con- sumption	—	0	0	10 to 0	0	0	8
Salted - - - -	59½ barrels.	per barrel nett 32lb.	0	0	8 to 0	0	0	6
Fresh, first in season	—	—	4	0	0			
Ditto, later in ditto	—	—	0	0	10 to 0	0	0	8
			0	0	5 to 0	0	0	4
1840.								
Smoked, 1st quality	1,370 lbs.	per lb.	0	0	11 to 0	0	0	9
Ditto, inferior - -	—	—	0	0	8 to 0	0	0	7
Salted - - - -	42 barrels.	per barrel	4	0	0			
Fresh, first in season	—	—	0	0	11 to 0	0	0	9
Ditto, later in ditto	—	—	0	0	6 to 0	0	0	5
1841.								
Smoked, 1st quality	1,170 lbs.	per lb.	0	1	0 to 0	0	0	10
Ditto inferior - -	—	—	0	0	9 to 0	0	0	8
Salted - - - -	26 barrels.	per barrel	4	0	0			
Fresh, first in season	—	—	0	1	0 to 0	0	0	10
Ditto, later in ditto	—	—	0	0	6 to 0	0	0	5

Return of the Quantities of Salmon exported from Norway in each of the undermentioned years.

Year.	Salted Salmon.	Smoked Salmon.
1835	142 barrels	6,508 lbs.
1836	144½ „	6,357 „
1837	106 „	4,758 „
1838	8 „	4,353 „
1839	17¾ „	3,832 „
1840	368¼ „	4,441 „
1841	169¾ „	7,472 „

It is enacted by statute (1 George I. st. 2. cap. 18), that no salmon shall be sent to any fishmonger or fishseller in England, of less than six pounds' weight, under a penalty of 5*l*. The 58th George III. cap. 43, authorises the justices at quarter sessions to appoint conservators of rivers, and to fix the beginning and termination of the *close time*. The penalty on poaching and taking fish in *close time* is by the same act fixed at not more than 10*l*., and not less than 5*l*., with forfeiture of fish, boats, nets, etc. etc.

Acts regulating the Salmon Fisheries in Scotland.

I. By an act passed in the 9th year of George IV., A.D. 1828, for the preservation of the salmon-fisheries in Scotland, and repealing that of 1424, it was enacted that no salmon, grilse, sea-trout, or other fish of the salmon kind, shall be taken in or from any river, stream, lake, water, or estuary whatsoever, or on any part of the sea-coast, between the 14th day of September, and the 1st day of February.

II. That such person or persons as take, fish for, or attempt to take, one or any of the fish above-mentioned, during close time, shall forfeit and pay any sum not less than one pound sterling, and not exceeding ten pounds; also that the net or engine employed by the offender shall be included in the forfeiture.

III. That a trespass with intent to kill fish, shall be punished by a penalty of from ten shillings to five pounds.

IV. That such as sell, or have in possession, smelts, or the young fry of the salmon, or disturb the parent fish whilst spawning, shall be fined in sums not exceeding ten pounds nor under one pound sterling.

V. That those who take, or expose to sale, fish of the salmon kind, captured betwixt the 14th of September and the 1st of February, shall pay for each fish so exposed from one to two pounds as shall be thought proper.

VI. That such person or persons as make use of lights to assist in killing fish, shall, for each offence, forfeit not less than the sum of two, and not exceeding that of ten pounds.

VII. That the sum ordained by the act 1477 as a penalty for using cruives during the forbidden season, shall be raised to a fine not under five pounds nor above twenty pounds.

VIII. That the occupiers of fisheries must secure, remove, or put to some other use, their boats, oars, and tackle, for the period prohibited, or otherwise incur a penalty of from two to ten pounds.

IX. Provides, that the penalties above-mentioned shall go to the informer, and be recoverable before the Sheriff and Justice of the Peace Courts.

X. That it shall be lawful for any two proprietors, by three several advertisements to call a meeting, at which it shall be lawful to assess one and all of the said proprietors, for the purpose of enforcing the said act, and appointing clerks, bailiffs, and other officers.

XI. That it shall be lawful to detain offenders against the above provision of the act, without any warrant, and so bring them before a justice of the peace, or other competent courts.

XII. That two justices of the peace, although interested, if not parties, may act against offenders, or give evidence against them.

XIII. That no prosecution, unless instituted within six months of the time of committing the offence, shall hold good against the offenders.

XIV. That this act shall not extend to the Tweed and its tributaries, nor to those rivers lying in the counties of Dumfries and Wigton, and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

NO. 2.—LEGAL ENACTMENTS CONCERNING FISHERY
IN FRANCE.

THE following extracts from the French piscatory code, may be useful to the angler in France.

It is necessary to premise, that it is almost impossible to give a precise digest of these laws, because the executive has the power of issuing certain *ordonnances* which govern different clauses of the code—a prerogative which it is not slow to exercise. The *articles*, however, which we have extracted, still remain in full operation.

LAWS OF THE 15TH APRIL, 1829.

CHAP. I.

ON THE RIGHT OF FISHING.

ART. 1.—The right of fishing shall be exercised for the benefit of the state.

1st. In all the large waters, rivers, canals, and cross-drains navigable, or capable of being navigated with boats, or rafts, the maintenance of which is at the expence of the state, or its assigns.

2nd. In the arms, creeks, branches and ditches which derive their water from large waters and navigable rivers, in which it is possible at all times to pass or penetrate freely in a fishing boat, and of which the maintenance is equally at the expence of the state.

Provided always, that the already existing canals, and ditches, or those which shall be hereafter cut out in private properties, and maintained at the expence of the proprietors, be excepted.

ART. 2.—In all the rivers and canals exclusive of those which are designated in the preceding article, the proprietors of rivers, shall have, each on his side, the right of fishing up to the middle of the course of the river, without prejudice to any contrary right established by possession or title.

ART. 5.—Every individual, who shall employ himself in fishing on the larger waters, and navigable rivers, canals, streams, or water-courses of whatever description, without permission from him to whom the right of fishing appertains,—shall be condemned to a fine of 25 francs at least, and 100 francs at most, independent of the injury inflicted.

Moreover, a restitution of the value of the fish which have been illegally taken may be enforced, and a confiscation of the nets and implements of the fisher may be also pronounced.

Nevertheless, it is permitted to every individual TO FISH WITH A FLOATING LINE HELD IN THE HAND, in the large waters, rivers, and canals designated in the two first paragrapgs of the FIRST ARTICLE of the present law, THE TIMES OF SPAWNING EXCEPTED.*

* *i. e.* With rod and line.

CHAP. IV.

ON THE PRESERVATION AND POLICE OF A FISHERY.

ART. 27.—Whosoever shall employ himself in fishing during the seasons and hours prohibited by the *ordonnances*, shall be punished by a fine of from 30 to 200 francs.

ART 28.—A fine of from 30 to 100 francs will be pronounced against those who shall use, at any time, or in any large water, river, canal, or stream whatever, any one of the methods or modes of fishing, or of the instruments or engines for fishing, prohibited by the *ordonnances*.

If the offence take place during the *time of spawning*, the fine will be from 60 to 200 francs.

ART. 29.—The same fine shall be pronounced against those who shall use for *any other fishing*, the nets permitted to be employed *solely* for fish of a *small species*.

NO. 3.—SCALE OF COMPARATIVE MEASUREMENTS OF
ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

		Yds.	ft.	in.
The Metre =	- - - - -	1	0	$3\frac{33}{100}$
The Kilometre = 1000 metres	- - - - -	1,092	1	9
The Myriametre = 10,000 metres = 10 Kilometres	-	10,925	2	6

The Mile	- - - - -	1,760	0	0
Quarter do.	- - - - -	440	0	0
Half do.	- - - - -	880	0	0
Three Quarters do.	- - - - -	1,320	0	0

TABLE

In which the comparative Values of the English Mile and the French Kilometre are exhibited at one View, for the benefit of the Pedestrian in France, who will do well to copy it into his Note-book. The results are sufficiently near for all useful purposes.

Kilometres.			Yds.	ft.	in.	Kilometres.			Yds.	ft.	in.
1	-	-	1,092	1	9	45	-	-	49,166	0	9
2	-	-	2,185	0	6	46	-	-	50,258	2	6
3	-	-	3,277	2	3	47	-	-	51,351	1	3
4	-	-	4,370	1	0	48	-	-	52,444	0	0
5	-	-	5,462	2	9	49	-	-	53,536	1	9
6	-	-	6,555	1	6	50	-	-	54,629	0	6
7	-	-	7,648	0	3	51	-	-	55,721	2	3
8	-	-	8,740	2	0	52	-	-	56,814	1	0
9	-	-	9,833	0	9	53	-	-	57,906	2	9
10	-	-	10,925	2	6	54	-	-	58,999	1	6
11	-	-	12,018	1	3	55	-	-	60,092	0	3
12	-	-	13,111	0	0	56	-	-	61,184	2	0
13	-	-	14,203	1	9	57	-	-	62,277	0	9
14	-	-	15,296	0	6	58	-	-	63,369	2	6
15	-	-	16,388	2	3	59	-	-	64,462	1	3
16	-	-	17,481	1	0	60	-	-	65,555	0	0
17	-	-	18,573	2	9	61	-	-	66,647	1	9
18	-	-	19,666	1	6	62	-	-	67,740	0	6
19	-	-	20,759	0	3	63	-	-	68,832	2	3
20	-	-	21,851	2	0	64	-	-	69,925	1	0
21	-	-	22,944	0	9	65	-	-	71,017	2	9
22	-	-	24,036	2	6	66	-	-	72,110	1	6
23	-	-	25,129	1	3	67	-	-	73,203	0	3
24	-	-	26,222	0	0	68	-	-	74,295	2	0
25	-	-	27,314	1	9	69	-	-	75,388	0	9
26	-	-	28,407	0	6	70	-	-	76,480	2	6
27	-	-	29,499	2	3	71	-	-	77,573	1	3
28	-	-	30,592	1	0	72	-	-	78,666	0	0
29	-	-	31,684	2	9	73	-	-	79,758	1	9
30	-	-	32,777	1	6	74	-	-	80,851	0	6
31	-	-	33,870	0	3	75	-	-	81,943	2	3
32	-	-	34,962	2	0	76	-	-	83,036	1	0
33	-	-	36,055	0	9	77	-	-	84,128	2	9
34	-	-	37,147	2	6	78	-	-	85,221	1	6
35	-	-	38,240	1	3	79	-	-	86,314	0	3
36	-	-	39,333	0	0	80	-	-	87,406	2	0
37	-	-	40,425	1	9	81	-	-	88,499	0	9
38	-	-	41,518	0	6	82	-	-	89,591	2	6
39	-	-	42,610	2	3	83	-	-	90,684	1	3
40	-	-	43,703	1	0	84	-	-	91,777	0	0
41	-	-	44,795	2	9	85	-	-	92,869	1	9
42	-	-	45,888	1	6	86	-	-	93,962	0	6
43	-	-	46,981	0	3	87	-	-	95,054	2	3
44	-	-	48,073	2	0	88	-	-	96,147	1	0

COMPARATIVE SCALE.

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Kilometres.		Yds.	ft.	in.	Kilometres.		Yds.	ft.	in.
89	-	97,239	2	9	95	-	103,795	1	3
90	-	98,332	1	6	96	-	104,888	0	0
91	-	99,425	0	3	97	-	105,980	1	9
92	-	100,517	2	0	98	-	107,073	0	6
93	-	101,610	0	9	99	-	108,165	2	3
94	-	102,702	2	6	100	-	109,258	1	0

Miles,		Yards.	Miles.		Yards.
1	-	1,760	12	-	21,120
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	2,200	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	21,560
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	2,640	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	22,000
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	3,080	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	22,440
2	-	3,520	13	-	22,880
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	3,960	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	23,320
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	4,400	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	23,760
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	4,840	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	24,200
3	-	5,280	14	-	24,640
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	5,720	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	25,080
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	6,160	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	25,520
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	6,600	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	25,960
4	-	7,040	15	-	26,400
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	7,480	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	26,840
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	7,920	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	27,280
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	8,360	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	27,720
5	-	8,800	16	-	28,160
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	9,240	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	28,600
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	9,680	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	29,040
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	10,120	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	29,480
6	-	10,560	17	-	29,920
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	11,000	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	30,360
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	11,440	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	30,800
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	11,880	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	31,240
7	-	12,320	18	-	31,680
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	12,760	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	32,120
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	13,200	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	32,560
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	13,640	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	33,000
8	-	14,080	19	-	33,440
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	14,520	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	33,880
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	14,960	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	34,320
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	15,400	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	34,760
9	-	15,840	20	-	35,200
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	16,280	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	35,640
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	16,720	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	36,080
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	17,160	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	36,520
10	-	17,600	21	-	36,960
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	18,040	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	37,400
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	18,480	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	37,840
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	18,920	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	38,280
11	-	19,360	22	-	38,720
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	19,800	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	39,160
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	20,240	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	39,600
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	20,680	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	40,040

Miles.				Yards.	Miles.				Yards.
23	-	-	-	40,480	37	-	-	-	65,120
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	40,920	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	65,560
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	41,363	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	66,000
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	41,800	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	66,440
24	-	-	-	42,240	38	-	-	-	66,880
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	42,680	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	67,320
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	43,120	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	67,760
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	43,560	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	68,200
25	-	-	-	44,000	39	-	-	-	68,640
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	44,440	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	69,080
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	44,880	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	69,520
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	45,320	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	69,960
26	-	-	-	45,760	40	-	-	-	70,400
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	46,200	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	70,840
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	46,640	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	71,280
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	47,080	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	71,720
27	-	-	-	47,520	41	-	-	-	72,160
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	47,960	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	72,600
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	48,400	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	73,040
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	48,840	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	73,480
28	-	-	-	49,280	42	-	-	-	73,920
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	49,720	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	74,360
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	50,160	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	74,800
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	50,600	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	75,240
29	-	-	-	51,040	43	-	-	-	75,680
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	51,480	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	76,120
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	51,920	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	76,560
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	52,360	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	77,000
30	-	-	-	52,800	44	-	-	-	77,440
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	53,240	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	77,880
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	53,680	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	78,320
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	54,120	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	78,760
31	-	-	-	54,560	45	-	-	-	79,200
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	55,000	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	79,640
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	55,440	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	80,080
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	55,880	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	80,520
32	-	-	-	56,320	46	-	-	-	80,960
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	56,760	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	81,400
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	57,200	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	81,840
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	57,640	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	82,280
33	-	-	-	58,080	47	-	-	-	82,720
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	58,520	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	83,160
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	58,960	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	83,600
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	59,400	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	84,040
34	-	-	-	59,840	48	-	-	-	84,480
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	60,280	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	84,920
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	60,720	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	85,360
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	61,160	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	85,800
35	-	-	-	61,600	49	-	-	-	86,240
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	62,040	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	86,680
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	62,480	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	87,120
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	62,920	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	87,560
36	-	-	-	63,360	50	-	-	-	88,000
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	63,800	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	88,440
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	64,240	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	88,880
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	64,680	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	89,320

COMPARATIVE SCALE.

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Miles.				Yards.	Miles.				Yards.
51	-	-	-	89,760	56 $\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	99,880
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	90,200	57	-	-	-	100,320
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	90,640	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	100,760
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	91,080	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	101,200
52	-	-	-	91,520	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	101,640
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	91,960	58	-	-	-	102,080
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	92,400	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	102,520
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	92,840	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	102,960
53	-	-	-	93,280	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	103,400
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	93,720	59	-	-	-	103,840
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	94,160	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	104,280
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	94,600	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	104,720
54	-	-	-	95,040	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	105,160
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	95,480	60	-	-	-	105,600
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	95,920	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	106,040
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	96,360	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	106,480
55	-	-	-	96,800	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	106,920
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	97,240	61	-	-	-	107,360
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	97,680	$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	107,800
$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	98,120	$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	108,240
56	-	-	-	98,560	$\frac{3}{4}$	-	-	-	108,680
$\frac{1}{4}$	-	-	-	99,000	62	-	-	-	109,120
$\frac{1}{2}$	-	-	-	99,440					

THE END.

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